J. J. M Carter

CHANGE OF AIR,

OR THE

PHILOSOPHY OF TRAVELLING;

BEING

AUTUMNAL EXCURSIONS

THROUGH

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, ITALY, GERMANY,

AND

BELGIUM;

WITH

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS ON THE MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND MEDICINAL INFLUENCE OF TRAVELLING-EXERCISE, CHANGE OF SCENE, FOREIGN SKIES, AND VOLUNTARY EXPATRIATION.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

WEAR AND TEAR OF MODERN BABYLON.

BY JAMES JOHNSON, M. D.
PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING.

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PREFACE.

As the title-page fully expresses the nature of this little volume, a few words only of Preface will be necessary. The Work consists of three Parts, united by the thread of the subject. The FIRST contains some observations on that WEAR and TEAR of mind and body, which we particularly remark in civilized life, and especially in large cities; together with some suggestions as to the antidote or remedy. The SECOND Part consists of reflections and observations made during excursions through France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, in the years 1823 and 1829; partly for recreation—but principally for renovation of health. The THIRD division contains some remarks and speculations on the moral, physical, and medicinal influence of foreign, and especially of an Italian climate and residence, in sickness and in health. In each of these divisions, the author hopes that he has been able to combine utility with some portion of amusement, for those (and they are many) who, like himself, seek an occasional renovation of health, in a temporary relaxation from the toils and cares of avocation.

Novelty in *description* is now quite out of the question—and from *description* he has generally abstained. Impressions and reflections will continue to be varied, till the minds and features

of human beings become similar to each other—and in this respect only, can novelty, or rather variety of sentiment be expected. The construction of this volume will shew that the author estimated its value at a very low rate, and consequently imposed but a very moderate tax on the public. He did not—indeed he could not, travel as an Antiquarian, Painter, Architect, Botanist, Geologist, or Politician. He roamed from place to place, as a philosophic observer. It is well known that many people migrate annually to Italy, in search of health—and there find a grave;—while a still larger class go thither in quest of pleasure or improvement, and bring back the seeds of disease. The observations of a medical traveller, not inexperienced in the investigation of climatorial influence on the human constitution, mental and corporeal, may prove useful to those who wander or sojourn on the classic soil of Italy, for any of the above purposes;—while the reflections which he has hazarded on the *moral* effects of foreign residence, or rather *expatriation*, may possibly interest a still wider circle of readers.

The author is well aware of the many imperfections and verbal errors of this little volume, which, the nature of his avocations, after the bustle of travelling, gave him little time to rectify. But he throws himself on the mercy of the critic and of the reader, with a just confidence that they will make allowance for the circumstances under which the work was composed.

J. J.

Suffolk Place, Pall Mall,
1*st March*, 1831.

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CHANGE OF AIR,

OR THE

PHILOSOPHY OF TRAVELLING.

RETROSPECTION.

As the carriage moved slowly up Shooter's Hill, one fine autumnal morning, I turned round to take a parting look at MODERN BABYLON. My eye ranged along the interminable grove of masts that shewed her boundless commerce—the hundred spires that proclaimed her ardent piety—the dense canopy of smoke that spread itself over her countless streets and squares, enveloping a million and a half of human beings in murky vapour. Imagination is always active, and memory is her prompter. Thirty years had rolled away since the same metropolis first burst on my view, in an opposite direction. Alas, how changed were my feelings, as well as my features, by that lapse of time! I can still distinctly remember the sensations that thrilled through my breast when London first expanded itself before me. Fortune, fame, pleasure, were prominent features in the mental perspective, and sanguine HOPE repelled every doubt of success!

——————— for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

But when I mingled with the chafing "tide of human existence" at Charing Cross, my heart sunk within me—I felt, as it were, annihilated—lost, like a drop of water in the ocean—suddenly hurled from

the giddy heights of imagination, and overwhelmed in the tumultuous stream of living beings that flowed in all directions around me. I believe there are very few who do not experience this feeling of abasement on first mixing with the crowd in the streets of London. Such, at least, was the depressive effect on myself, that all my fond dreams of ambition fled—my moral courage failed—and I abandoned that metropolis which a youthful imagination had pictured as the scene of aggrandizement and happiness, to wander for twenty years, by sea and land, over the surface of this globe—

> Where Polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
> Or Equinoctial suns for ever glow—
> From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
> To the bleak coast of savage Labrador.

To those who have approached the MIGHTY CITY, with more chastened hopes, but more matured judgment—with less sanguine expectations, but with more steady courage—better qualified to plunge into the vortex of competition, by inflexible resolution to "conquer difficulties by daring to oppose them," the following observations, from one who has experienced the influence of baleful as well as beneficial skies—of civic as well as erratic life, may not be without some interest.

WEAR AND TEAR.

There is a condition or state of body and mind, intermediate between that of sickness and health, but much nearer the former than the latter, to which I am unable to give a satisfactory name. It is daily and hourly felt by tens of thousands in this metropolis, and throughout the empire; but I do not know that it has ever been described. It is not curable by physic, though I apprehend that it makes much work for the doctors ultimately, if not for the undertakers. It is that WEAR AND TEAR of the living machine, mental and corporeal, which results from over-strenuous labour or exertion of the intellectual faculties, rather than of the corporeal powers, conducted in anxiety of mind and in bad air. It bears some analogy to the state of a ship, which, though still sea-

worthy, exhibits the effects of a tempestuous voyage, and indicates the propriety of re-caulking the seams and overhauling the rigging. It might be compared to the condition of the wheels of a carriage, when the tyres begin to moderate their close embrace of the wood-work and require turning. Lastly, it bears no very remote similitude to the strings of a harp, when they get relaxed by a long series of vibrations, and demand bracing up.

This WEAR-AND-TEAR COMPLAINT (if the designation be allowed) is almost peculiar to England, and is probably a descendant of the old "ENGLISH MALADY," about which so much was written a century ago. And why should it predominate in London so much more than in Paris? The reason is obvious:—In London, business is almost the only pleasure—in Paris, pleasure is almost the only business. In fact, the same cause which produces the WEAR-AND-TEAR malady, namely, hard work, or rather over-exertion, is that which makes our fields better cultivated, our houses better furnished, our villas more numerous, our cottons and our cutlery better manufactured, our machinery more effective, our merchants more rich, and our taxes more heavy than in France or Italy. If we compare the Boulevards, the cafés, the jardins, the promenades of Paris, with corresponding situations in and around the British Metropolis, we shall be forced to acknowledge that it is nearly "all work and no play" with JOHN BULL during six days of the week, and vice versâ with his Gallic neighbours. Does this "wear and tear" tell at last upon John's constitution, intellectual and corporeal? I do not speak of the mere labour of the body. The fatigue induced by the hardest day's toil may be dissipated by "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" —but not so the fatigue of the mind! Thought and care cannot be discontinued or cast off when we please, like exercise. The head may be laid on the pillow, but a chaos of ideas will infest the over-worked brain, and either prevent our slumbers, or render them a series of feverish, tumultuous, or distressing dreams, from which we rise more languid than when we lie down!

But it will be asked—can this apply to the immense mass of seasoners or sojourners in Babylon, who have nothing to think of but pleasure or dissipation—those "*nati consumere fruges*," who remain as torpid as the owl while the light of Heaven is on the earth, and flutter in foul air while all other created beings are asleep? Yes.

They, too, experience the "WEAR AND TEAR" of high civilization, fully as much as those whose intellectual and corporeal powers are worn down and expended in the most useful as well as the most honourable avocations. It would be a very unequal distribution of justice were it otherwise!

PREMATURE OLD AGE.

It cannot be necessary to minutely describe that WEAR AND TEAR of the *morale and the physique*, which is too widely felt not to be readily recognized. The experienced eye detects it at a single glance in every street, in almost every habitation—in the senate and in the theatre—at the bar and at the altar—in the cabinet, the court: in short, in every spot where art, science, literature, or civilization can be found. One of the most striking features of this state is that which indeed would be, *à priori*, expected—PREMATURE AGE. Every one knows that a precocious developement of the intellectual faculties, generally winds up, in the end, with an early failure of the mental powers. Now modern education, male and female, has a constant tendency to do that artificially, which Nature, in a capricious mood, sometimes does voluntarily;—namely, to give birth to precocity of intelligence—with this difference, that the artificial precocity stamps its baneful mark on the physical organization as well as on the intellectual capacities of the individual, thus urged forward too quickly along the path of existence. The "march of intellect," then, is a *forced* march—and military men well know that *forced* marches will wear out the best troops that ever trode the field. The terrible competition and struggle for pre-eminence, introduced into all systems of male and female education, are not relaxed when scholastic discipline is at an end. Alas, no! A new and destructive element is then added—CARE! The studies of youth are untinctured by anxiety, except that of emulation; and they are sustained by that almost inexhaustible elasticity of mind which is inherent in the juvenile constitution. But when the next act of the drama comes to be performed—when the curtain is drawn up, and we step forward on the stage of life, the competition is not merely for honorary rewards, but, among a large majority of society, for actual subsistence! This struggle,

inductive of premature old age, is, of course, increased and rendered more baleful by the crowded state of all the learned professions—which redundancy of hands, or rather of heads, is itself produced, in a great degree, by the taste or mania for excessive education. Man naturally, and almost universally, aims at bettering his condition—that is, at rising a step above his present station. This impulse is, if possible, still more active with respect to his offspring. The consequence is a general and unquenchable thirst for knowledge and intellectual acquirements of all kinds, as the means of accomplishing the great object in view. This, in fact, is the MARCH, or rather the RACE of INTELLECT, in which the *progression* is with the head instead of the feet. And it is not in the higher pursuits of literature and science—of divinity, law, medicine, and politics *only* that this system obtains; in every art, from the most refined to the most mechanical, one leading feature, one pervading object, is to work the brain in preference to the hand. That man was designed by his Creator to exercise both his intellectual and muscular powers, is as clear, from the organization of his body, as it is evident, from the structure of his teeth, that he was destined to live on animal and vegetable food. Nor does it appear that Nature is very squeamish about the relative proportions of intellectual and corporeal labour. We see people—almost whole nations, enjoy health and compararive happiness with scarcely any exercise of the thinking faculties—and we observe whole classes of society, as, for example, LAWYERS, run through the usual range, apparently, of human existence, with infinitely more work of the head than of the body. Yet there is a certain limit to this disproportion between mental and corporeal action, beyond which we cannot go without offering a violence to Nature, which is sooner or later resented.

———————— sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra citraque nequeat consistere rectum.

Compare, for instance, the coal-heaver on the banks of the Thames, straining daily, like an Atlas, under a load of "Northumbria's entrails," and passing through his stomach and veins some three or four gallons of porter, with the barrister, straining his brain during twelve hours in the day, from beginning to end of term, with scarcely any exercise of

his muscles. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between these two classes of operatives, as far as *complexion* is concerned;—but strip them of their habiliments—wash off the charcoal and hair-powder—and examine their constitutions:—You will find that the "WEAR AND TEAR" of body and mind has forwarded each of them a step or two, *in advance*, on the path of human existence. It will be said, indeed, that many instances of longevity are found in the most sedentary and literary professions, as well as in the most toilsome trades. No doubt of it. Chelsea and Greenwich present us with veteran soldiers and sailors of 80, 90, and 100 years. But is it to be inferred from these specimens, that a naval or military life includes no extra wear and tear of the constitution, except what is connected with battle? If the silent sea and tented plain could give up faithful records of the past, it would be found that both cruizing and campaigning wear down and wear out the powers of life, independently of gunpowder or steel; and that at a very rapid rate indeed! It is well known that the soldier and sailor, especially the latter, appears to be 50 at the age of 40, and so on in proportion. The wear and tear of a sea life did not escape the penetrating observation of Homer, who distinctly says that—

"Man must decay when man contends with storms."

To present the Chelsea and Greenwich pensioner as proofs of the longevity of a naval and military life, is to take the exception for the general rule:—it is like pointing to the Pyramids, for proof that TIME had broken his scythe, while we shut our eyes to the mouldering ruins of Egypt, Greece, and Italy. And so it is with the tens of thousands who labour inordinately with the brain, whether in literature, law, science, or art—the octogenarians and the nonogenarians whom we meet with, are only the human pyramids that have withstood, somewhat longer than usual, the extra wear and tear of avocation.

The actuary and the statistical enquirer may tell us that the duration of human life is greater now than it was a century ago. This may be the case; but it does not affect my argument. It only proves the diminution of some of those physical agencies which curtailed the range of existence among our ancestors—and holds out the probability, that our successors may be able to check the influence of many of those moral ills which shorten, or, at all events, embitter life among us.

If three score years and ten be the number allotted to man, and we find that the average range of his existence is little more than half that number, there must surely be "something rotten in the constitution," (independent of the mere accidents to which civilization exposes us) to abridge so tremendously the short span of being to which man is doomed in this transitory scene! But granting, for the sake of argument, what I deny, in point of fact, that this wear and tear, this over-exertion, this super-excitement, made no appreciable difference in the ratio of mortality, so as to be tangible in the calculations of an actuary, will it be inferred from thence that health and happiness are not sufferers in the collision? Are not whole tribes of maladies, mental and corporeal, thus engendered, which may not materially shorten life, but must render it a burthen rather than a blessing? Yes! The devastation which is worked in this way far exceeds calculation or belief. We may safely come to the conclusion, then, that the WEAR and TEAR of avocation induces the semblance, if not the reality, of PREMATURE OLD AGE.

CARE-WORN COUNTENANCE.

Whether the *seat* of our feelings and our passions be in the head or in the heart, one thing is certain, that their *expression* is in the countenance. To mask or conceal this expression is the boast of the villain—the policy of the courtier—the pride of the philosopher—and the endeavour of every one. It may appear remarkable that it is much easier to veil the more fierce and turbulent passions of our nature, as anger, hatred, jealousy, revenge, &c. than the more feeble and passive emotions of the soul, as grief, anxiety, and the various forms of CARE. The reason, however, is obvious. Vivid excitement and tempestuous feeling cannot last long, without destroying the corporeal fabric. They are only momentary gusts of passion, from the effects of which the mind and the body are soon relieved. But the less obtrusive emotions resulting from the thousand forms of solicitude, sorrow, and vexation growing out of civilized life, sink deep into the soul, sap its energies, and stamp their melancholy seal on the countenance, in characters which can neither be prevented nor effaced by any exertion or ingenuity of the mind! The tornado, and the cataract from the clouds,

wear not such deep furrows in the mountain's rocky side, as the faintly murmuring rill, whose imperceptible but perpetual attrition effectuates more in the end, than the impetuous but transitory rush of the roaring torrent engendered by the storm, not fed by the spring.

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.

This care-worn countenance, in short, is a more obvious mark of the WEAR AND TEAR of mind, in modern civilized life, than premature age:—for age is relative, and its anticipated advance can only be appreciated by a knowledge of its real amount, which can seldom be attained.

ETIOLATION, OR BLANCHING.

The inhabitants of a city may easily be distinguished from those of the country, by the pallor of their complexions. The care-worn countenance, last alluded to, is generally "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," but the etiolation or blanching which I am now to notice, takes place independently of much thinking or mental anxiety. It cannot, in fact, boast of such an intellectual origin as the other. It is the result of physical, rather than of moral causes—more especially of bad air, inexposure to the light of heaven, sedentary avocations, inactivity, late hours, &c. I have used the word etiolation, because I think it perfectly appropriate. When a gardener wishes to etiolate, that is, to blanch, soften, and render juicy a vegetable, as lettuce, celery, &c. he binds the leaves together, so that the light may have as little access as possible to their surfaces. In like manner, if we wish to etiolate men and women, we have only to congregate them in cities, where they are pretty securely kept out of the sun, and where they become as white, tender, and watery as the finest celery. For the more exquisite specimens of this human etiolation, we must survey the inhabitants of mines, dungeons, and other subterranean abodes—and for complete contrasts to these we have only to examine the complexions of stage-coachmen, shepherds, and the sailor "on the high and giddy mast." Modern Babylon furnishes us with all the intermediate shades of etiolation, from the "green and yellow

melancholy" of the BAZAR MAIDEN, who occupies somewhat less space in her daily avocations and exercise, than she will ultimately do in her quiet and everlasting abode, to the languishing, listless, lifeless ALBINOS of the boudoir, etiolated in HOTHOUSES, by the aid of "motley-routs and midnight madrigals," from which the light as well as the air of Heaven is carefully excluded! Thus penury and wealth, obscurity and splendour, industry and idleness, the indulgence of pleasure and the endurance of pain, all meet at the same point, and, by the mysterious workings of an over-ruling Providence, come to the same level, in this respect, at last! That voluntary dissipation should suffer all the evils attendant on necessary and unavoidable avocation, no one can regret:—but that useful toil and meritorious exertion should participate, and more than participate in the miseries which follow in the train of the "gay licentious proud," is a melancholy reflection. The longer we live in this world, however, and the more narrowly we watch the ways and the fate of man, the more we shall be convinced that vice does *not* triumph here below—that pleasure is invariably pursued by pain—that riches and penury incur nearly the same degree and kind of taxation—and that the human frame is as much enfeebled by idleness as it is exhausted by labour.

But to return to etiolation. What does this blanching indicate? In the upper classes of society, it indicates what the long nails on the fingers of a Chinese indicate—NO AVOCATION. In the middling and lower orders of life, it indicates UNHEALTHY AVOCATION—and among the thinking part of the community, it is one of the symbols or symptoms of WEAR and TEAR of constitution. But different people entertain different ideas respecting etiolation. The fond and fashionable mother would as soon see green celery on her table as brown health on the cheek of her daughter. When, therefore, the ladies venture into the open carriage, they carefully provide themselves with parasols to aid the dense clouds of an English atmosphere in preventing the slightest intrusion of the cheerful, but embrowning rays of Phœbus. In short, no mad dog can have a greater dread of water, than has a modern fine lady of the solar beams. So much does this Phœbophobia haunt her imagination, that the parasol is up, even when the skies are completely overcast, in order apparently, and I believe designedly, to prevent the attrition of the passing zephyr over her delicate features and complexion!

I have alluded to the mark of gentility in the male sex of China—long nails on their fingers. I would strongly recommend the British fair to imitate the Chinese ladies, by compressing their feet into pretty little toys, for ornament rather than for use. As they never walk *during the day*, the crippling process will not be attended with any inconvenience—while it will prevent them from jumping (or to use a more fashionable term, *gallopading*) six hours *every night*, in an atmosphere somewhat similar to that of the black-hole in Calcutta, by which a prodigious WEAR and TEAR of their constitution will be saved.

RECIPROCITIES OF MIND AND BODY.

Does ETIOLATION merely indicate the nature of avocation and dissipation in civilized life? It indicates much more than these; but the complete investigation of the subject cannot be undertaken in this place. This etiolation is but the external sign of a host of internal modifications, if not changes of vital powers and functions, that exert a greater influence over our health and happiness, than is generally known or imagined. Is it to be supposed that the pallid cheek, the lack-lustre eye, the care-worn countenance, the languid gait, the flaccid muscle, and the indisposition to exertion, are purely insulated phenomena, unconnected with deep-rooted deviations from sound health of body and mind?—No, verily! Man is a curious and compound machine, animal and intellectual. He, in company with other living beings, has organs that are *not* under his command, and which digest his food, circulate his blood, and repair the wear and tear of the day, without his knowledge or consent. He has *voluntary* muscles, by which he transports himself from place to place—erects edifices—constructs manufactures—and becomes equally expert in cultivating the fields in peace, and covering them with the dead bodies of his fellow-creatures in war! But he has a sentient and intellectual system. His senses, like faithful videttes, convey to the mind intelligence of every thing that passes in the world around him; and from these impressions the MIND forms its ideas, its judgments, and its determinations. That man excels all other animals in his intellectual system, there can be little doubt; but it would not be difficult to shew that, for this superiority, he pays a heavy tax in health and happiness!

The animal and intellectual—in other words, the SPIRITUAL and MATERIAL portions of our being may be distinct essences, and the former may survive the latter in "another and a better world;"—but here below, they are linked in the strictest bonds of reciprocity, and are perpetually influenced, one by the other. Thus, let certain substances be applied to certain sensible parts of our material fabric—as antimony or Prussic acid to the nerves of the stomach. The muscles become enfeebled—and the mind, even of the proudest hero, falls prostrate with its suffering companion in the animal life! Shakspeare was too observant of human nature not to notice this; and he repeatedly exemplifies it. An invisible, but a material agent, MALARIA, is made to annihilate the courage of Cæsar.

> He had a fever when he was in Spain;
> And when the fit was on him I did mark
> How he did shake ————————
> His *coward* lips did from their colour fly;
> Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
> Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
> Alas! it cried—"Give me some drink Titinius,"
> As a sick girl.

SEA-SICKNESS is another familiar illustration. Whoever has crossed the Channel, for the first time, in stormy weather, and felt the horrors of Neptune's seasoning, must remember its depressing influence on every faculty of the soul! But does the mind fail to repay these acts of civility received from the body? No, indeed. More than half of our corporeal discomforts, and even diseases, are produced by perturbation and tribulation of mind. Look at the great commercial world. It may be compared to a monstrous animal whose brain or sensorium is placed on Cornhill, but whose nerves or feelers extend to the four quarters of the globe. Every event, political or commercial, that occurs on any one point of the earth's surface, vibrates along these nerves, and is tremblingly felt by the sensory "ON CHANGE"—whence it radiates to every part of the capital and of the kingdom! What must be the consequence of such a state of things, when it is well known that even in the most quiet and domestic circles of life, a sudden gust of passion, a transient sense of fear, an unexpected piece of intelligence—in short, any strong emotion of

the mind, will cause the heart to palpitate, the muscles to tremble, the digestive organs to suspend their functions, and the blood to rush in vague and irregular currents through the living machine? The detection of Antiochus's passion for Stratonica by the pulse, is a proof how early the influence of the mind on the heart was remarked. It is well known that Philip the Fifth, of Spain, died suddenly on learning the disastrous defeat of the army near Plaisance. Zimmerman states that, on opening his body, the heart was found burst. The minutest capillary tube through which the vital current flows, is under the influence of mental perturbation. *Shame* will crimson the cheek :—Let the emotion be changed to *fear*, and the lily usurps the seat of the rose—the face is blanched and bloodless. Anger can rouse the vital organs into such preternatural activity as to overcome, for a time, habitual decripitude. Thus Muley Moloc, though lying on the bed of death, worn out by an incurable disease, and not expected to live an hour, started from his litter during the important crisis of a battle between his troops and the Portuguese—rallied his army—led them to victory—and immediately expired! These and a thousand instances that might be cited, may enable us to form some idea of the wide range of physical effects resulting from the almost unlimited "play of the passions" among so thinking, so reading, so commercial, and so political a people as the English.

It is by the brain, or organ of intellect, that man is distinguished and raised above all other animals. The nerves of sense, by which impressions are conveyed to this organ, are not so acute in the lord of the creation as in many of the inferior orders of animated beings. He is surpassed by the eagle in sight—by the hare in hearing—and by almost all other animals in *taste*. But when the human species began to congregate in cities, it was soon obvious that the exertion of the *intellect* must predominate over that of the body. As civilisation advanced, intellectual labour came more into demand, and the labourers multiplied in proportion. At the present period, as was before observed, the employment of a very large class of human beings, especially in cities, consists almost entirely of mental exertion. To such an extent is intellectual labour now arrived, that a very large and influential class of society live entirely, and support themselves honourably, by "teaching the young ideas how to shoot"—while others, who have no actual occupation, rack their minds with inventions,

schemes, and projects, that fade away as fast as they are engendered.

It is well known that, the more a voluntary muscle is exercised, within a reasonable limit, the stronger and more capable of exertion it becomes. It is so with the intellectual faculties. The more these faculties are brought into play, (*within a certain bound of moderation,*) the more extensive becomes the sphere of their power. The senses of touch, smell, hearing, all acquire acuteness in proportion as they are exercised. But this extra developement and sensibility of the intellectual faculties cannot take place but at the expense of some corporeal function or structure. An attentive examination of every class of society from the prime minister down to the attorney's clerk, will convince us that, in proportion as the intellect is highly cultivated, improved, and strongly exerted, the body suffers—till a period at length arrives, when the corporeal deterioration begins to re-act on the mental powers, and then proud man finds that the elasticity, even of the immortal mind, may be impaired by pressure too long continued—and that, like springs of baser metal, it requires occasional relaxation.

Civilized, and more especially civic life, by rendering the senses more acute, makes the passions more ungovernable. In congregated masses of society, every kind of food for the passions is not only superabundant in quantity, but of the most stimulating quality. Hence, in all the upper classes of society—in all indeed, who work with the head rather than with the hand—and also among those who have no work at all—we find an unnatural and insalutary degree of excitement kept up in the brain and nervous system by the "play of the passions." The extent of injury which our health sustains in this way is beyond all calculation! Plato was not very far wrong when he asserted, that "all diseases of the body proceed from the mind or soul:"—"omnia corporis mala ab anima procedêre." Unquestionably a very great proportion of them originate in this source. In this country, where man's relations with the world around him are multiplied beyond all example in any other country, in consequence of the intensity of interest attached to politics, religion, commerce, literature, and the arts —where the temporal concerns of an immense proportion of the population are in a state of perpetual vacillation—where spiritual affairs excite great anxiety in the minds of many—and where speculative risks are daily run by all classes, from the disposers of empires in Leadenhall Street down to the potatoe-merchant in Covent Garden,

it is really astonishing to observe the deleterious influence of these mental perturbations on the functions of the corporeal fabric. The operation of *physical* causes, numerous as these are, dwindles into complete insignificance, compared with that of anxiety, tribulation, discontent—and I may add ENNUI of mind.

EDUCATION.

Before concluding the subject of WEAR and TEAR of civilized life, and adverting to one or two of the principal means of repair, I shall take the liberty of making a few brief remarks on modern education, and its influence on mind and body. I shall not be ranked among the "*Laudatores temporis acti*," when I avow my conviction that the mode as well as the amount of modern education, as far as *male youth* is concerned, are as much superior to those of former times, as our carriages, machinery, and ships excel those of our ancestors. The only objection is, that youth is forced, by competition, to an exertion injurious to health, and consequently to the ultimate and complete developement of the intellectual powers. The MARCH of INTELLECT compels a competition in universities, colleges, public schools, and private seminaries of education, just as much as among individuals. Let us take, for example, the LONDON UNIVERSITY. The rigid, and I will say, the fair, honourable, and impartial system of examination into the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the adjudication of honours, leaves mediocrity of talent no chance of distinction, however assiduous may be the application. Emulation is so stimulated (*encouragement* is not a sufficiently strong term) that none but the higher order of spirits, in our age, can hope to bear off the prizes of merit—and then only when assisted by unremitted labour. Can this system be objected to?—Certainly not. It is the necessary consequence of the unrestrained thirst after knowledge—the unshackled liberty of the press and of the people—the exuberance of population—and the universal consciousness that "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." Still this tremendous competition and exertion of the intellect, at a period of life when Nature points to and demands exuberance of corporeal exercise, must have a deleterious influence on mind and body—and this injury, though acquired at first by external circumstances, will, in time, be propagated from parent to pro-

geny hereditarily. There appears to be no remedy for the evil at present, except that of employing the holidays of youth in bodily exercise as much as possible in the open air in the country. Parents ought to look to this before the health of their offspring is undermined.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Modern refinement appears to be doing more injury through the medium of female than of male education. In the *latter*, the study of ancient literature and modern science, must tend, if not carried to excess, to elevate the mind and strengthen the intellectual faculties. But surely this cannot be expected from a system which constantly aims at the cultivation and indulgence of certain *senses*—as, for instance, those concerned in music and painting. From ample observation, I am satisfied that the degree of attention bestowed on these acquirements, or accomplishments, is incompatible with an adequate study of the more useful, not to say dignified branches of education, and a proper amount of bodily exercise. I am, indeed, prepared to maintain, and I do not hesitate to assert, that the present system of female education is a system of SENSUALITY, in the broadest—I had nearly said the worst signification of the word! Few are acquainted, or capable of becoming acquainted with the baneful consequences of this system; but many are doomed to feel them. The poisoned arrow, in this case, leaves no wound; but the venom meanders slowly through the veins, and effects its destructive work unseen and unknown! What but evil can be expected from a system of education which enervates the mind and enfeebles the body—which polishes the external *senses*, and leaves the intellect a prey to rust and moth—which excites the imagination and obtunds the judgment—which, to speak out plainly, fosters mere ANIMAL FEELING and discourages MORAL SENSE!

I speak of the abuse and not the use of music. If the "concord of sweet sounds" were made a rational and moderate recreation and relaxation from abstruser and severer studies, it would be all well. But MUSIC is now esteemed the prime accomplishment, and to make any figure in this, the young female must spend four or five hours of the day, and as many of the night, in thrumming the piano and straining

her lungs. But this is not all. The musical mania engenders the desire, and indeed creates the necessity, for a constant round of concerts, operas, and festivals, by which the health of the body is enfeebled—the energies of the soul paralyzed—and the moral principle itself undermined! But as this piece of philosophy is not so likely to gain the female ear as

> ——————————— the note
> That pants or trembles through the eunuch's throat,

I shall take leave of the subject altogether, and proceed to matters of a very different complexion.

THE ANTIDOTE TO WEAR AND TEAR.

Having thus glanced at some of the more prominent features of the WEAR and TEAR of civilized, and especially of civic life, it is natural to enquire if there be any remedy or antidote. There is an ancient maxim which says—"contraria contrariis medentur"—that is—evils or disorders are cured by their opposites. Thus the lassitude of exercise is removed by rest—the feelings of ENNUI are dissipated by employment—the effects of intemperance are overcome by abstemiousness—and, by a parity of reasoning, we should expect that the WEAR and TEAR of the London season, resulting from dissipation in the higher ranks, and avocation, mental anxiety, and a thousand moral and physical ills in all ranks, might be repaired, in some degree at least by pure air, rural relaxation, and bodily exercise. What reasoning would predicate, experience confirms. Let any one, who has a month to spare in the Autumn, take his daily seat on the further extremity of the chain-pier at Brighton, and examine the features of the numerous faces which present themselves on the platform there. He must note the individual countenances. He will perceive these individuals, at first pale and sickly—gradually improve in their looks—and at length MODERN BABYLON. From a "week at Margate" to a "tour among disappear—the chasms perpetually filled up by importations from the Alps," or "travels in Italy," what an infinite variety of ways and means for the recovery of health or the pursuit of pleasure, are laid un-

der contribution by the wealthy, the idle, the laborious, or the luxurious inhabitants of this great metropolis!! The valleys of Wales, the lakes of Cumberland, the lochs and mountains of Scotland, the green hills of Erin—all furnish their quota of health and recreation for the "EVERLASTING CITY" of the British Isles! And no people on the face of this earth more dearly earn, or more richly deserve this autumnal treat—or retreat, than the LONDON CITIZENS. Their proud aristocratic neighbours of WESTMINISTER are entitled to these indulgences by prescriptive right—and probably eye, with some degree of jealousy, the power which industry gives the inferior orders of society to participate in the luxury.

Be that as it may, it is fortunate that the fury of politics, the pursuit of pleasure, the riot of dissipation, the madness of ambition, the thirst of gold, the struggles of competition, the cares of commerce—nay even the confinement of the counter, find one annual interval of relaxation beyond the smoke, and dust, and din of the metropolis. It is probably of little importance to what point of the compass the tourist steers his course. Health and recreation are not confined to North, South, East or West; but may be found in every intermediate radiation from the scene of exhaustion. Why the writer of this volume should direct his steps to the Alps or to the Apennines, for change of air or for health, the reader has no right to inquire;—but why he should tax the public with a BOOK on this occasion, is a very legitimate query—much more easily asked than answered. It must be confessed that between the THAMES and the TIBER—between Ben Nevis and Mont Blanc, there is not a hill or a dale—a palace or a ruin—a city or a village—a cliff or a cataract—a river or a forest—a a manner, custom, or character—scarcely an animal, mineral, or vegetable, that has not been minutely described over and over again. There remains, therefore, but one source of VARIETY, leaving ORIGINALITY out of the question. The objects of survey, animate and inanimate, continue the same, or nearly so—the impressions made on the mind by these objects, and the reflexions growing out of these impressions, are as various, and often as opposite, as the characters of the observers, or the features of their faces. Let us advert to one or two illustrations. How many hundred thousand people must have crossed London Bridge and ascended Fish-street Hill, eying the

Monument as they passed, without hitting on such a pithy sentiment or reflexion as that with which it inspired Pope ?

> "Where yon tall column towering to the skies,
> Lifts its proud head, and like a bully lies."

What a crowd of complex ideas is called forth by these two lines ! The dreadful fire of London—the shocking insinuation resulting from political prejudice—the melancholy reflexion that a public monument should record a scandalous falsehood—the contempt and detestation of Bully, &c. all flash on the mind in an instant, and furnish food for a long train of contemplation.

Even the same or very similar objects strike the same class of people—for instance poets, in a very different manner. Thus the summits of the highest mountains in the old and the new world—the ALPS and the ANDES, excited very dissimilar trains of thought in two cotemporary poets of first rate genius.

BYRON—

> ——————— Above me are the ALPS,
> The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !
> All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
> Gather around these summits, as to shew
> How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave mean man below.

———

CAMPBELL—

> ——————————— Afar,
> Where ANDES, Giant of the Western Star,
> With meteor standard, to the winds unfurl'd,
> Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

This variety of impression from same or similar objects, is not peculiar to poets, but is found among writers of every class. Camper wrote a very amusing and interesting essay on the "shape of a shoe"—Cowper on the pleasures of a sofa—and every one knows how much Sterne made of a short trip to Paris. But without aiming at either

poetry or sentimentality, I may be permitted to state, that the main object of the following tour was HEALTH—and that the observations and reflexions which grew out of the impressions received on the road, were noted as mere amusement. I do not recommend this plan as an example to be followed by all others. After the WEAR and TEAR of metropolitan drudgery, it would probably be wiser to make such a journey (whether North or South) as a passive rather than an active spectator—thus letting the mind rest, while the body is whirled through the fresh air, and the senses are regaled with a constant succession of new scenes. But there are many whose organization and temperament will not permit them to be inactive under any circumstances :—and this, I fear, is my unfortunate case! If that which has furnished amusement to myself, should not prove amusing to others, (technically speaking, should the book be damned,) the detriment will not be very great to society at large—and I can assure the compassionate READER as well as the conscientious critic, that the disappointment will not deprive the WRITER of a single night's rest. He may be permitted to add, in conclusion, that he has passed off nothing as his own which he has drawn from books. Any descriptions which he may have ventured on, are copied from Nature—nor are the reflections arising from scenes or circumstances the echo of other men's thoughts. He is not without a hope that this unostentatious little volume may prove useful, even where it fails in amusement, to many who, like the author, seek health or relaxation in a temporary abstraction from the WEAR and TEAR of metropolitan drudgery.

As a preliminary to the Tour which forms the subject of the remainder of this volume, I think I shall be forgiven in laying before the reader a few observations on the SALUTARY EFFECTS of TRAVELLING, from a medical work lately published. The extract is rather long, but it is so very germain to the object in view, that I shall make no apology for the insertion of it in this place.

SALUTARY EFFECTS OF TRAVELLING EXERCISE.

"Viresque acquirit eundo."

"Since the Continent has been open to the English, there has been no lack of this species of exercise; but there are different kinds of travelling now, as there was different kinds of travellers in the days of Sterne. It is one thing to travel for health, and quite another thing to travel for the sake of studying architecture, viewing pictures, ransacking libraries, collecting antiquities, exploring geological formations, or collecting rare and beautiful specimens of plants. It is entirely with the first kind of travelling that I have to do—namely, that mode which conduces most to the restoration of health, leaving every other consideration entirely out of the question, with the exception of *amusement*, which I consider as essentially connected with the subject of health.

Six individuals, three in health (domestics) and three valetudinarians (one a lady), travelled, in the months of August, September and October, 1823, about 2500 miles, through France, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium, for the sole purpose of HEALTH and such amusement as was considered most contributive to the attainment of that object.

The experiment was tried, whether a constant change of scene and air, combined with almost uninterrupted exercise, active and passive, during the day—principally in the open air, might not ensure a greater stock of health, than slow journies and long sojourns on the road. The result will be seen presently. But in order to give the reader some idea of what may be done in a three months' tour of this kind, I shall enumerate the daily journeys, omitting the excursions from and around those places at which we halted for the night, or for a few days. Our longest sojourn was that of a week, and that only thrice—at Paris, Geneva, and Brussels. In a majority of places, we only stopped a night and part of a day, or one or two days, according to local interest. But I may remark that, as far as I was concerned, more exercise was taken during the days of sojourn at each place, than during the days occupied in travelling from one point to another. The consequence was, that a quarter of a year was spent in one uninterrupted system of

exercise, change of air, and change of scene, together with the mental excitement and amusement produced by the perpetual presentation of new objects—many of them the most interesting on the face of this globe.

The following were the regular journeys, and the points of nightly repose :—1, Sittingbourn—2, Dover—3, Calais—4, Boulogne—5, Abbeville—6, Rouen—7, Along the banks of the Seine to Mantes—8, Paris, with various excursions and perambulations—9, Fontainbleau—10, Auxerre—11, Vitteaux—12, Dijon, with excursions—13, Champagnole, in the Jura Mountains—14, Geneva, with various excursions—15, Salenche—16, Chamouni, with various excursions to the Mer de Glace, Jardin, Buet, &c.—17, Across the Col de Balme to Martigny, with excursions up the Vallais—18, By the Valley of Entrement, &c. to the Great St. Bernard, with excursions—19, Back to Martigny—20, Ivian, on the Lake of Geneva, with excursions —21, Geneva—22, Lausanne, with excursions—23, La Sarna—24, Neuf-Chatel—25, Berne, with excursions and perambulations—26, Thoun—27, Valley of Lauterbrunen, with various circuits—28, Grindenwalde, with excursions to the Glaciers, &c.—29, Over the Grand Scheidec to Meyrengen, with excursions to waterfalls, &c.—30, By Brienz, Lake of Brienz, Interlaken, and lake of Thoun, with various excursions, to the Giesbach and other waterfalls, back to Thoun—31, Berne—32, Zoffengen—33, Lucerne, with various excursions—34, Zoug and Zourich—35, Chaufhausen and Falls of the Rhine—36, Neustad, in the Black Forest—37, By the Vallé d'Enfer to Offenburgh—38, Carlshrue, with excursions—39, Heidelburg—40, Darmstadd—41, Frankfort on the Maine, with excursions—42, Mayence, with excursions—43, Coblentz, Bingen, Bonn, &c.—44, Cologne—45, Aix la Chapelle, with excursions—46, Liege—47, Brussels, with a week's excursions—48, Ghent and Courtray—49, Dunkirk—50, Calais—51, Dover—52, London.

Thus, there were 52 regular journeys during the tour, and 32 days spent in excursions and perambulations. And as there never was so much exercise or fatigue during the journeys as during the days of sojourn and excursions, it follows that the whole of this tour might be made with great ease, and the utmost advantage to health, in two months. As far as natural scenery is concerned, it would, perhaps, be difficult to select a track, which could offer such a succession of

the most beautiful and sublime views, and such a variety of interesting objects, as the line which the above route presents.* It would be better, however, to dedicate three months to the tour, if time and other circumstances permitted, than to make it in two months; though, if only two months could be spared, I would recommend the same line of travel where health was the object. Perhaps it would be better to reverse the order of the route, and to commence with the Rhine, by which plan the majesty of the scenery would be gradually and progressively increasing, till the traveller reached the summit of the Great St. Bernard, the Simplon, or Mont Blanc.

The foregoing circuit was made, as far as the writer is concerned, entirely in the open air; that is to say, in an open carriage—in char-à-bancs—on mules—and on foot. The exercise was always a combination, or quick succession of the active and passive kinds, as advantage was often taken of hills and mountains, on the regular journeys, to get down and walk—while a great part of each excursion was pedestrian, with the char-à-banc or mule at hand, when fatigue was experienced. This plan possesses many advantages for the invalid, over the purely active or purely passive modes of travelling. The constant alternation of the two secures the benefits of both, without the inconvenience of either. As the season for travelling in Switzerland is the hottest of the year, and as, in the valleys, the temperature is excessive, so, great danger would be incurred by the invalid's attempting pedestrian exercise in the middle of the day. But by travelling passively in the hot valleys, and walking whenever the temperature is moderate or the ground elevated, he derives all the advantage which exercise of both kinds can possibly confer, without any risk to his health.

The journeys on this tour varied from 20 to 50 or 60 miles in the day, and were generally concluded by sunset—often much before that period.† The usual routine of meals was, some coffee at sunrise, and then exercise, either in perambulations, excursions, or on the first

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* The tour which follows the one now in question (1829), is probably over a still more interesting tract, as far, at least, as intellectual excitement is concerned.

† The same applies to the tour which follows.

stage of the day's journey. At noon, a *dejeuné à la fourchette*, and then immediately to exercise or to travel; concluding the journey and the exercise of the day by dinner at the 8 o'clock table d'hôte, where a company, of all nations, varying from 10 to 50 or 60 people, were sure to assemble, with appetites of tigers rather than of men. By ten, or half-past ten, all were in bed, and there was seldom a waking interval from that time till six in the morning, the punctual hour of rising.

In this circuit we experienced great and sometimes very abrupt vicissitudes of temperature, as well as other atmospheric changes; but, as will be presently seen, without any bad consequences.—Before I give any exposition of the moral and physical effects of this kind of exercise, I may be permitted to premise, that I made it one of my principal studies during the whole course of the tour, not only to investigate its physiological effects on my own person and those of the party (six in number), but to make constant enquiries among the numerous and often intelligent travellers with whom I journeyed or sojourned on the road. Many of these were invalids—many affected with actual diseases—a considerable portion had had dyspeptic complaints previously, and all were capable of describing the influence of travelling exercise on their mental and corporeal functions. What I am going to say on this subject, therefore, is the result of direct personal experience and observation, in Europe, and in almost every quarter of the globe, unbiassed by any preconceived opinions derived from books or men. I am not without hope that my observations will be of some service to the physician as well as to the invalid, by putting them in possession of facts, which cannot be ascertained under any other conditions than those under which they were investigated in the present instance, or under similar circumstances.

Moral Effects. If abstraction from the cares and anxieties of life, from the perplexities of business, and, in short, from the operation of those conflicting passions which harass the mind and wear the body, be possible under any circumstances, it is likely to be so on such a journey as this, for which previous arrangements are made, and where a constant succession of new and interesting objects is presented to the eye and understanding, that powerfully arrests the attention and absorbs other feelings, leaving little time for reflection on the past, or

gloomy anticipations of the future. To this may be added, the hope of returning health, increased, as it generally will be, by the daily acquisition of that invaluable blessing, as we proceed.

One of the first perceptible consequences of this state of things is a greater degree of serenity or evenness of temper, than was previously possessed. There is something in the daily intercourse with strangers, on the road, and at the TABLE-D'HÔTE, which checks irritability of temper. We are not long enough in each other's society to get into argumentation, or those collisions of sentiment which a more familiar acquaintance produces, and too often raises into altercations, and even irascibility, where the mind and body are previously irritable. These short periods of intercourse are the honeymoons of society, where only good humour and politeness prevail. We change our company before we are intimate enough to contradict each other, and thus excite warm blood. Besides, the conversation generally turns on scenes and subjects with which we are pleased and interested on the road—while political and religious discussions are studiously avoided by all travellers, as if by a tacit but universal compact. One of the best remedies, then, for irritability of temper, is a tour of this kind. A few hundred pounds would be well expended, annually, by many of our rich countrymen, in applying this pleasant remedy to the mind, when soured and unhinged by the struggles after wealth, rank, or power!

I have already portrayed the influence of bad health, and especially of disordered states of the digestive organs, in producing *depression of spirits*, or mental despondency, far worse to bear than corporeal pain. For the removal of this kind of melancholy, there is no other moral or physical remedy of half so much efficacy as a tour conducted on the plan which I have pointed out. It strikes directly at the root of the evil, (as I shall presently shew, when speaking of the *physical* effects of travelling,) by removing the causes on which this sombre and irritable state of mind depends. It is true that, in some cases of confirmed hypochondriacism, no earthly amusement, no change of scene, no mental impressions or excitement, no exercise of the body, can cheer the gloom that spreads itself over every object presented to the eye or the imagination! With them, change of place is only variety of woe—cœlum non animum mutant. Yet, from two or three instances which have come within my knowledge, of the most in-

veterate, and apparently indomitable hypochondriacism being *mitigated* by travelling, (though the mode of conducting the journey was far from good,) I have little doubt that many cases of this kind, which ultimately end in insanity, or at least in monomania, might be greatly ameliorated, if not completely cured, by a system of exercise conducted on the foregoing plan, and urged into operation by powerful persuasion, or even by force, if necessary. The change for the better, in such cases, is not perceptible at the beginning of the tour; but when the functions of the body have once begun to feel the salutary influence of the journey, the mind soon participates, and the gloom is gradually, though slowly dispelled. Where the mental despondency is clearly dependent on disorder of the digestive organs, and has not yet induced any permanent disease of the brain, an almost certain cure will be found in a journey of this kind, for both classes of complaints. It is hardly necessary to observe that beneficial effects, to a greater or less extent, will be experienced in other sombre and triste conditions of the soul, resulting from moral causes, as sorrow, grief, disappointment, crosses in love, &c. by a tour conducted in such a manner as strongly to exercise the body, and cheerfully excite the mind.

In a former part of the work has been shewn the powerful influence of moral causes in deranging the functions of the body through the medium of the intellectual functions. The same functions may be made the medium of a salutary influence. In the greater number of nervous and hypochondriacal complaints, the attention of the individual is kept so steadily fixed on his own morbid feelings as to require strong and unusual impressions to divert it from that point. The monotony of domestic scenes and circumstances is quite inadequate to this object; and arguments not only fail, but absolutely increase the malady, by exciting irritation in the mind of the sufferer, who thinks his counsellors are either unfeeling or incredulous towards his complaints. In such cases, the majestic scenery of Switzerland, the romantic and beautiful views in Italy and the Rhingau, or the keen mountain air of the Highlands of Scotland or Wales, combined with the novelty, variety, and succession of manners and customs of the countries through which he passes, abstract the attention of the dyspeptic and hypochondriacal traveller (if any thing can) from the hourly habit of dwelling on, if not exaggerating, his own real or

imaginary sensations, and thus help to break the chain of morbid association by which he is bound to the never-ending detail of his own sufferings. This is a paramount object in the treatment of these melancholy complaints; and I am convinced that a journey of this kind, in which mental excitement and bodily exercise are skilfully combined, would not only render many a miserable life comparatively happy, but prevent many a hypochondriac and dyspeptic from lifting his hand against his own existence. It would unquestionably preserve many an individual from mental derangement.

This principle was well understood long before medicine was established as a science. At the extremities of Egypt were two temples dedicated to Saturn, and to these the melancholics or hypochondriacs of ancient days were sent in great numbers. There the priests worked on the body as well as the mind by the pretended influence of supernatural, and the real influence of medicinal agents. The consequence was, that miracles, or at least *miraculous* cures were daily performed. The Romans sent their invalids to Egypt for change of scene; and Hippocrates has distinctly recommended those afflicted with chronic diseases, to change the air and soil—'In morbis longis solum mutare.' It would be going out of my province to speak of the benefits of travelling in any other moral point of view than that which is connected with the restoration of health: I shall, therefore, proceed to a consideration of the effects of this combination of mental and corporeal exercise on our bodily functions.

Physical Effects.—The first beneficial influence of travelling is perceptible in the state of our corporeal feelings. If they were previously in a state of morbid acuteness, as they generally are in ill health, they are rendered less sensible. The eye, which was before annoyed by a strong light, soon becomes capable of bearing it without inconvenience; and so of hearing, and the other senses. In short, morbid sensibility of the nervous system generally is obtunded, or reduced. This is brought about by more regular and free exposure to all atmospheric impressions and changes than before, and that under a condition of body, from exercise, which renders these impressions quite harmless. Of this we see the most striking examples in those who travel among the Alps. Delicate females and sensitive invalids, who, at home, were highly susceptible of every change of

temperature and other states of the atmosphere, will undergo extreme vicissitudes among the mountains, with little inconvenience. I will offer an example or two in illustration. In the month of August, 1823, the heat was excessive at Geneva and all the way along the defiles of the mountains, till we got to Chamouni, where we were, at once, among ice and snow, with a fall of 40 or more degrees of the thermometer, experienced in the course of a few hours, between mid-day at Salenche, and evening at the foot of the Glaciers in Chamouni. There were upwards of fifty travellers here, many of whom were females and invalids; yet none suffered inconvenience from this rapid atmospheric transition. This was still more remarkable in the journey from Martigny to the great St. Bernard. On our way up, through the deep valleys, we had the thermometer at 92° of reflected heat for three hours. I never felt it much hotter in the East Indies. At nine o'clock that night, while wandering about the Hospice of the St. Bernard, the thermometer fell to six degrees below the freezing point, and we were half frozen in the cheerless apartments of the monastery. There were upwards of forty travellers there—some of them in very delicate health; and yet not a single cold was caught, nor any diminution of the usual symptoms of a good appetite for breakfast next morning.

This was like a change from Calcutta to Melville Island in one short day! So much for the ability to bear heat and cold by journeying among the Alps. Let us see how hygrometrical and barometrical changes are borne. A very large concourse of travellers started at day-break from the village of Chamouni to ascend the Montanvert and Mer de Glace. The morning was beautiful; but, before we got two-thirds up the Montanvert, a tremendous storm of wind and rain came on us, without a quarter of an hour's notice, and we were drenched to the skin in a very few minutes. Some of the party certainly turned tail; and one Hypochondriac nearly threw me over a precipice, while rushing past me in his precipitate retreat to the village. The majority, however, persevered, and reached the Chalet, dripping wet, with the thermometer below the freezing point. There was no possibility of warming or drying ourselves here; and, therefore, many of us proceeded on to the Mer de Glace, and then wandered on the ice till our clothes were dried by the natural heat of our bodies. The next morning's muster for the passage over the Col de Balme shewed no dam-

age from the Montanvert expedition. Even the Hypochondriac abovementioned regained his courage over a bottle of Champagne in the evening at the comfortable 'Union,' and mounted his mule next morning to cross the Col de Balme. This day's journey shewed, in a most striking manner, the acquisition of strength which travelling confers on the invalid. The ascent to the summit of this mountain pass is extremely fatiguing; but the labour is compensated by one of the sublimest views from its highest ridge, which the eye of man ever beheld. The valley of Chamouni lies behind, with Mont Blanc and surrounding mountains apparently within a stone's throw, the cold of the Glaciers producing a most bracing effect on the whole frame. In front, the Valley of the Rhone, flanked on each side by snow-clad Alps, which, at first sight, are taken for ranges of white clouds, presents one of the most magnificent views in Switzerland, or in the world. The sublime and the beautiful are here protended before the eye, in every direction, and in endless variety, so that the traveller lingers on this elevated mountain pass, lost in amazement at the enchanting scenery by which he is surrounded on every point of the compass. The descent on the Martigny side, was the hardest day's labour I ever endured in my life—yet there were three or four invalids with us, whose lives were scarcely worth a year's purchase when they left England, and who went through this laborious, and somewhat hazardous descent, sliding, tumbling and rolling over rocks and through mud, without the slightest ultimate injury. When we got to the goatherds' sheds in the valley below, the heat was tropical, and we all threw ourselves on the ground and slept soundly for two hours—rising refreshed to pursue our journey.

Now these and many other facts which I could adduce, offer incontestible proof how much the morbid susceptibility to transitions from heat to cold—from drought to drenchings—is reduced by travelling. The vicissitudes and exertions which I have described would lay up half the effeminate invalids of London, and kill, or almost frighten to death, many of those who cannot expose themselves to a breath of cold or damp air, without coughs or rheumatisms, in this country.

The next effect of travelling which I shall notice, is its influence on the organs of digestion. This is so decided and obvious, that I shall not dwell on the subject. The appetite is not only increased; but the powers of digestion and assimilation are greatly augmented. A

man may eat and drink things while travelling, which would make him quite ill in ordinary life.

These unequivocally good effects of travelling on the digestive organs, account satisfactorily for the various other beneficial influences on the constitution at large. Hence dyspepsia, and the thousand wretched sensations and nervous affections thereon dependent, vanish before persevering exercise in travelling, and new life is imparted to the whole system, mental and corporeal. In short, I am quite positive that the most inveterate dyspepsia (where no organic disease has taken place) would be completely removed, with all its multiform sympathetic torments, by a journey of two or three thousand miles through Switzerland, Germany, or any other country, conducted on the principle of combining active with passive exercise in the open air, in such proportions as would suit the individual constitution and the previous habits of life.

There is but one other effect of travelling to which I shall allude, before I close this section; but I think it is a very important one—if not the most important of all. It is the influence which *constant change of air* exerts on the blood itself. Every one knows the benefits which are derived from change of air, in many diseases, when that change is only from one part to another, a few miles separated. Nay, it is proved, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the change from what is considered a good, to what is thought a bad air, is often attended with marked good effects. Hence it is very reasonable to conclude, that the *mere change* of one kind of air for another has an exhilarating or salutary effect on the animal economy. It is true, that we have no instruments to ascertain in what consists this difference of one air from another, since the composition of the atmosphere appears to be nearly the same on all points of earth and ocean. But we know, from observation, that there are great differences in air, as far as its effects on the human frame are concerned. Hence it would appear that the individual, confined to one particular air, be it ever so pure, languishes at length, and is bettered by a change. The idea is supported by analogy. The stomach, if confined to one species of food, however wholesome, will, in time, languish and fail to derive that nutriment from it, which it would do, if the species of food were occasionally changed. The ruddy complexion then of travellers, and of those who are constantly moving from place to place, as stage-coachmen, for

example, does not, I think, solely depend on the mere action of the open air on the face, but also on the influence which change of air exerts on the blood itself in the lungs. I conceive, then, that what Boerhaave says of exercise, may be safely applied to change of air. 'Eo magis et densum, et *purpureum sanguinem esse*, quò validius homo se exercuerit motu, musculorum.' It is to this *constant change of air*, as well as to the constant exercise of the muscles, that I attribute the superiority of the plan of travelling which I have proposed, over that which is usually adopted--where HEALTH is the entire object. On this account, I would recommend some of my *fair* countrywomen, (who have leisure as well as means,) to improve the languid states of their circulation, and the delicacy, or, more correctly speaking, the pallor of their complexions, by a system of exercise in the open air, that may give colour to their cheeks, firmness to their muscles, tone to their nerves, and energy to their minds."*

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* Dr. Johnson on Indigestion.

CHANGE OF AIR,

AN

AUTUMNAL EXCURSION,

&c. &c. &c.

THE STEAMER.

On many a former occasion, the receding cliffs of old England have called forth—

"The voice of sorrow from the bursting heart."

When the vessel's prow turned to foreign and unhealthy climes—when the dangers of the sea and the violence of the enemy," were absorbed in the wretchedness of parting from all that human nature holds dear—when the stern mandates of WAR compelled the youth of Britain to spend the prime of life in traversing the ocean or campaigning on hostile shores—then the separation from friends and native home excited feelings which, in periods of peace, cannot be recognized or appreciated. But it is a wise ordination of Nature that TIME and the frequent repetition of impressions the most dolorous, render the sensations thereby excited less and less vivid, till at length they are scarcely perceptible. We may *remember* these impressions and sensations, but we cannot *recal* them—that is, we cannot *renew* them. There is, perhaps, nearly as much pleasure in the mellowed recollection of these triste emotions, after a lapse of years, as there was pain on their first occurrence. The remembrance of storms weathered, dangers escaped, battles survived, misfortunes overcome, excites a pleasing, though somewhat melancholy musing in the mind, which those who have not experienced human vicissitudes can never know. With the assurance of this fact, Æneas cheered his terrified and desponding

countrymen and shipmates, in the dreadful hurricane off the coast of Carthage :—

——— Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

There was nothing, however, in the present voyage, if it deserves that name, to call forth melancholy reflections. No passion perturbed the mind—no cloud overcast the sky—scarcely a ripple was seen on the surface of the ocean. Dover Castle and the neighbouring batteries arrested not the attention ; but Shakspeare's Cliff can never be dissociated from one of the sublimest passages which the poet ever penned. Never was description more exaggerated than in this instance ! A cliff by no means perpendicular, and not more than 150 or 200 feet high, is painted as one of the most frightful precipices that eye ever ventured to look over.

——————— the murmuring surge
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Can scarce be heard so high !

Many a time have I sat on the edge of this cliff, and distinguished the smallest pebbles on the beach, though the bard diminishes the crows and choughs "that wing the midway air" to the size of beetles ! The only three places which I have ever seen to come at all near the poets' representation of Dover Cliffs were the Eastern side of the Rock of Gibraltar, the spectator being placed near O'Hara's Tower—Ladder Hill in St. Helena, looking down from the Battery into the Sea—and the Cliffs overhanging the Mediterranean, or several parts of the new road between Genoa and Nice, especially near Monacho. These precipices are at least six times the height of Dover Cliffs and 'tis really "fearful and dizzy" to cast one's eye over the horrid boundaries !

I have said there was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the ocean, and yet the vessel was cleaving the tide at the rate of eight miles an hour ! He who has broiled for a fortnight or three weeks on the Equator—

" When not a breath disturbed the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercast the solemn scene,"

can hardly fail to bless the man who first invented steam—who com-

pelled into strange and unnatural union two conflicting elements, fire and water, from which he conjured, with magic wand, a third element, more powerful than either or both its parents! Of the wonders which steam has worked in the useful arts of PEACE it is unnecessary to speak. Of the revolutions which it may effect in the destructive art of WAR, yon solitary tower on the heights of Boulogne, with all its tumultous recollections, and certain late harangues in the CHAMBER of DEPUTIES, are calculated to awaken some feverish anticipations. A martial deputy has hinted to an admiring audience, that STEAM will effect that which the elements have hitherto prevented—the subjugation of England. And how? By bringing the physical strength and moral courage of Frenchmen into immediate contact with the (inferior, of course) physical power and personal courage of Britons! The delicacy of such a conclusion need not be animadverted on; but the validity of it should be tried by sober history rather than by a heated imagination. Putting aside the various collisions that have taken place between the two nations, from the sands of Egypt to the plains of Waterloo,

"On stormy floods or carnage-covered fields,"

let us only glance at the naval side of the question. The first conflict, in the revolutionary war, was between the NYMPHE and CLEOPATRA —two frigates equal in metal, while the French ship had *one-third more men* than the English. The action was fought "yard-arm and yard-arm"—then changed to boarding—and the terrific contest and carnage terminated on the decks of the Frenchman, where the English hauled down the tri-coloured flag:—but then there was no *steam* to bring the GAUL and the BRITON into closer contact! From single ships up to large fleets it was still the same—the invariable tactics of the French were, to fight at "long balls"—that of the English at "close quarters." Napoleon's choicest fleet was moored within cable's length of the shore in Aboukir Bay. Nelson anchored a great many of his ships *between the Frenchmen and the shore.* The battle was fought "yard-arm and yard-arm"—the French fleet was captured or burnt—but the *steam* was wanting to bring the "physical strength and moral courage" of Frenchmen to bear on Englishmen!

History seems to have yielded no wisdom to the martial Deputy. It would be vain to tell him that a million of men in arms—and those

men BRITONS, on their own shores, fighting for their hearths and altars, would not be easily subdued by the largest army which his master Napoleon ever brought into the field. *Steam* only is wanting to waft an army across the Channel, and victory is certain! Now the aspirations after steam, must imply the superiority of the English fleet at the moment of invasion; for of what use would steam be, if the invaders had possession of the sea, and could choose their own time and place of landing? But, while the English fleet is superior, steam cannot effect the purpose of the Deputy. Boulogne Harbour, the only place where troops could possibly embark in flat-bottomed vessels, can contain no ships of war, and if a flotilla, impelled by steam, attempted to cross the Channel, it would be inevitably destroyed. It could only make the attempt in a *storm*, when the English ships were blown into the Downs; or during a *calm*, when their sails were useless. The former is impossible—the latter would be discomfited by steam itself—for English engines will never be wanting to tow a sufficient number of frigates or line-of-battle-ships into the track of the flotilla—and then their destination would be speedily decided. Those who reached the British shore would land with their arms reversed, and their hopes of conquest vanished into air—thin air. Allowing, therefore, that Gallic muscle and nerve are constructed of better materials than the same parts in Britain, steam will never afford them a field for their superiority. Machinery will be opposed to machinery; and, for various reasons, the British is likely to be best. Never will it be possible to construct men of war with the addition of steam machinery and paddles. A few broadsides would soon render steam not only useless, but dangerous. Steam may prove useful in towing ships of war—but never can mix with cannon and gunpowder. It is to be hoped, however, that two nations of equal moral courage and physical force will only contend, in future, for the mastery in arts, science, and literature—leaving war and all its disastrous consequences to barbarians, who have little internal happiness to lose and all their martial renown to acquire. The proud laurel will not grow on either side of the Channel, except beneath the shadow of the mournful cypress or funereal yew—and that at the expense of the peaceful OLIVE! May the *latter* be cultivated exclusively by France and England during the remainder of the present century!

CALAIS.

Is this the once celebrated fortress, where long sieges were sustained and powerful armies repulsed? Yes! Let any one walk round its ramparts, and he will acknowledge they exhibit a complete picture of desolation and decay! The moats are choaked up with mud and weeds—the walls are rapidly crumbling down into the fosse—the outworks are scarcely cognizable among the grass with which they are overgrown! Fuit Ilium! The interior of the town presents a very different aspect. English intercourse, or rather English money, has paved its streets, and even placed some flags along their sides—lighted its lamps—spread carpets on its floors—silver forks on its tables—nay, constructed water-closets in its gardens, the greatest wonder of all! Lastly, the English have introduced into this, and many other towns of France, a certain noun of multitude, without a name in the French language—COMFORT; for which they are amply re-paid in a certain article which they have generously presented to their mother country—INGRATITUDE!

LA BELLE FRANCE.

Of all the countries which these eyes have yet beheld—

——————— A gadibus usque
Auroram et gangem——

LA BELLE FRANCE is the most uninteresting. The flowers—nay even the flatness of Holland—with all its smooth canals and shaded dykes (those monuments of industry)—its fertile fields—its neat and cleanly towns—its painted houses, varnished furniture, and broad-based, thick-headed inhabitants, excite a variety of emotions, and those generally of a pleasant kind, in the mind of the traveller—but FRANCE, from the Pyrenees to the Rhine, from the Jura to the Atlantic, from Antibes to Calais, presents very few spots indeed, compared with her vast extent of surface, on which the eye can rest, with

either pleasure or admiration.* Her mountains are destitute of sublimity—her vallies of beauty. Her roads are still, in most places, and at the best, but narrow, rude, and rugged chaussées, bordered, on each side, with mud in Winter, and sand in Summer; less calculated to "speed the soft intercourse" among her inhabitants, than to demolish the springs of carriages, and to dislocate the joints of travellers—designed, apparently, to check very effectually the "march of intellect," by causing a concussion of the brain at every step! Her fields, though fertile, are fenceless, and slovenly cultivated, presenting a bald and frigid aspect. Her VINEYARDS, even in the Bordelais, along the smiling borders of the Garonne, resemble plantations of turnips when compared with these on the romantic banks of the Rhine, the sloping glades of Italy, or the upland scenes of Madeira. Her gentlemen's country-seats are in Paris; and their chateaus are—in ruins—

"With nettles skirted and with moss o'ergrown."

Her horses are rough, ugly, pot-bellied, ill-tempered, sour-countenanced, hard-working animals—the harness never cleaned or greased from the moment of its first construction till its final dissolution by winds and rains—her stage-waggons, y,cleped "Diligences," are loco-motive prisons or pontons, in which the traveller is pressed, pounded, and, what is worse than all, poisoned with mephitic gases and noxious exhalations evolved from above, *below*, and around.† Her pro-

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* Even John Bell, from novelty and non-acquaintance with other countries, has launched out in extravagant praises of "fair and fertile France." His description of the scenery between Paris and Lyons is a caricature that will be very gratifying to Frenchmen—but it is a false picture. Excepting the banks of the Saone, between Macon and Lyons, the country is any thing but interesting. The spirited authoress of "Rome in the 19th Century," has drawn a more accurate picture, when she tells us that—"France is the most unpicturesque country in Europe. It is every where bounded by beauty, (the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Jura Mountains, &c.) but the country these grand boundaries inclose is remarkably devoid of beauty and interest. *It is a dull picture set in a magnificent frame.*"—Vol. 1. p. 36.

† It is very seldom that we meet with a foreigner, and especially a Frenchman, who has not a "smoky chimney." What with garlic dishes, rancid oils, everlasting cigars, and total inattention to mouth-washing, our Continental fellow-*voyageurs* are any thing but agreeable companions in a closed up diligence during the night!

vincial villages, towns, and even cities, are emblems of dulness :—long, narrow streets, with solitary lamps suspended at mournful distances in the middle, as if to point out the kennel that runs in the centre below, fraught with every kind of filth—HOUSES as if they had been shaken in a bag, and then jumbled together without regard to order, architecture, or any kind of regularity—tawdry painted exteriors, and cheerless, gloomy interiors—FLOORS without carpets, and hearths without grates—windows admitting as much air as light—fires without heat; easily kindled, rapidly consumed, and dearly paid for!—bell-ropes without bells, and servants without attendance—tables covered with a profusion of "dishes tortured from their native taste," and terrible to think of, much more to swallow!—vegetables drowned in oil or butter for the third or fourth course, and, after the Englishman has made a wretched dinner, like a cannibal—wine like vinegar in the land of grapes!!—lastly, the BILL, (for I speak of hotels) a never-failing dessert, and often as *griping* as the wine, is modestly and conscientiously charged double, or nearly so, to the unfortunate ANGLOIS, who has not eaten a tithe of what his voracious Gallic messmates have consumed and pocketed!

On the inhabitants of France it is not my intention to make many remarks. When I acknowledge that the men are brave and the women beautiful, I apprehend they will give me ample latitude to say any thing else that I may choose respecting them. If I were to qualify the bravery of the male sex with a dash of the bravado—the beauty of the females with a tincture of incontinence—and both with a tolerable destitution of religious feeling, it would be no great deviation from truth—and no great insult to either. But, in fact, I have no reason to rail against the French. They are not only civilized, but a civil and polite people by nature, or, at all events, by habit and education; and, considering the political animosity generated and fostered, not only by a long and sanguinary war, but also by a humiliating peace between the two nations, it is exceedingly creditable to the French to see the urbanity and politeness with which they treat their rough and uncompromising British neighbours. After making all due allowance for the influence of English gold, which is showered down on every province of France, there is still an amenity in their manners which is very far beyond the confines of this metallic meridian, and which does great honor to the domestic character of the French people. In respect to intelli-

gence, I am of opinion, notwithstanding the hardy asseverations to the contrary, that, taking rank for rank, there is more scientific information diffused among the French than among the English. And why not? Education is of more easy access there than here—to which may be added the fact that, the French have much less employment on hand than their British neighbours, and far more time for the acquisition of literature and science. It would be unreasonable, and I think unjust, to assert that they have less desire to learn, or less capacity for knowledge than their neighbours.

Be this as it may, with all their intelligence, ingenuity, and vivacity, the French are a century behind the English in almost every art or science which conduces to the comforts, the conveniences—nay, the *necessaries* of life.

As to the religious and moral character of our Gallic brethren, I do not feel inclined to speak. It has been somewhat keenly remarked by an acute modern traveller that—"It is the want of genuine piety that is at the bottom of all the faults in the French character. Any religion is better than none; and shuddering as I did at the total absence of all such feelings in France, I looked back with less emotions of disgust to the absurd superstitions of Italy—to her bones of martyred saints, and the votive offerings that surround her altars."—*Sketches of Italy.*

That either or both these countries should be selected by so many thousand English families for the education of their children during a residence of years in succession, is one of the "Signs of the Times." It is a culture which will bring forth blessed fruit for all parties in due time! But more of this hereafter.

PARIS.

One would suppose, from the height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets, that the value of ground, for building, was enormous in France, and especially near Paris. Yet, for five or six miles around the French metropolis, till you come close to the barriers, there is scarcely a house to be seen! You are as much in the country when you pass the barrier of St. Dennis as if you were one hun-

dred miles from Paris! In no one point of view is the contrast between the British and Gallic capitals so striking as in this.

The sociability of the French, and dissociability of the English are read in the geographical faces of the two countries, without examining the moral habits of the people themselves. The French are all congregated into hamlets, towns, and cities—a detached house or cottage being quite a rarity to be seen. The English, on the contrary, delight and pride themselves on separation. Hence the whole surface of the country is studded with villas and insulated dwellings of every description. The English concentrate in towns and cities chiefly for the sake of BUSINESS, and sigh for the country whenever that business is transacted. Even the metropolis affords an illustration of this proposition —except during the SEASON, when the IDLERS concentrate annually from all parts of the kingdom to dissipate the health and wealth they had acquired or accumulated in the country.

Paris is rapidly improving in appearance since the termination of the war, and the commencement of intercourse with the English. Several portions of the larger streets are imitating London by the acquisition of flag-stones for trottoirs, and gutters at the sides instead of the middle. Nothing, however, but a most destructive fire and a Gallic NASH can rescue Paris from the humiliation of presenting a striking contrast to London in the breadth and cleanliness of the streets—the comfort and security of pedestrians. The misery inflicted on the immense class of peripatetics in Paris, by the sharp stones of the pavé, continually reminds one of the tortures experienced by Peter Pindar's Pilgrim, while hobbling along the road,

"Damning the souls and bodies of the peas,"

with which his shoes were filled as a penance for his sins! But the Fire-insurance Companies are the Goths and Vandals that will keep the streets of Paris in darkness for ages yet to come. There is now no chance of the good old times of NERO, who warmed, widened, and illuminated the streets of Rome, while fiddling to the moving multitude from his palace on the Palatine Hill!

Considering that Paris is the general rendezvous of idlers, not only from all parts of France, but from all parts of Europe—and seeing with what ingenuity the inhabitants have contrived to render that live-

ly metropolis the most attractive emporium of pleasure in the world, and, at the same time, the cheapest; it cannot be wondered at that so many thousands of our countrymen and women, over whom indulgence of the senses bears greater sway than any feelings of patriotism, should make Paris their abode. Whether this step be conducive to the welfare of their families brought up under the influence of Continental habits and example, I shall enquire farther on. In the mean time, it is to be hoped that a tax will be imposed on all expatriations not dependent on ill-health, official duties, or narrow circumstances.

In walking from East to West, both in London and Paris, the march of intellect, of architecture, of elegance, and of convenience, is plainly perceptible. The contrast between Little East Cheap and Regent Street, is not more striking than between the Cité and Rue Rivoli. While following the stream of the Seine, narrow, dirty, and gloomy streets often open out suddenly into lines of splendid palaces, still, however, mixed, backed and flanked with the miserable lanes and abodes of poverty. The Bourse, the rival of Neptune's Temple at Pœstum, is surrounded with filthy lanes and alleys. Paris may well be proud of this building. It is probably the most noble modern edifice now existing. The construction of this splendid fabric has produced a curious and very disagreeable effect. The moment it is entered, a noise resembling that of the distant roaring of the sea in a storm is heard, even when there are but few people moving about and conversing on the floor. This noise is really distressing to the unaccustomed ear, and is heard fully as loud on the basement as in the galleries above.

FONTAINBLEAU.

Already have we (for I speak of a party) broken through the malhabits imposed by the tyrant custom of Modern Babylon. Instead of repairing to bed at one o'clock in the morning, and spending eight or ten hours in fitful dreams and feverish excitement, without any real refreshment, we now dine, or rather sup, at 8 o'clock, when the journey is concluded—go to repose at 10—and sleep without interruption till 6 in the morning, when we are able to spring from our couches with renovated strength and spirits. This systematic mode of living is prob-

ably one of the principal causes of the salubrity of travelling. Among the many curious effects resulting from this species of exercise, I shall remark two which are deserving of notice. Travelling produces a considerable diminution of weight in most people who combine the active with the passive species of exercise—apparently by promoting absorption of fat. A little pampered dog that made one of the party, lost flesh, or rather fat daily, while allowed to run up the hills when the carriages were proceeding slowly. Our paunchy aldermen ought to travel through Switzerland, eating little and walking much, by which they would certainly return, in due time, to human shape.

The other effect of travelling is very curious, and has not been noticed, as far as I am acquainted, by any writer. It is this—that the exercise of body taken on the road, or while wandering about seeing objects of curiosity, is not favourable to intellectual operations. It is probable that a high range of health, indeed, is incompatible with the most vigorous exertion of the mind, and that this last both requires and *induces* a standard of health somewhat below par. It would not be difficult to shew that the majority of those who have left behind them imperishable monuments of their intellectual powers and exertions, were people of weak bodily health. Virgil, Horace, Voltaire, Pope, and a thousand others might be quoted in illustration. Be this as it may, it is certain that travelling exercise, while it so much improves all the bodily functions, unhinges and unfits the mind, *pro tempore*, for the vigorous exercise of its higher faculties. I much doubt whether the immortal effusions of Byron were penned immediately after the impressions were made on his mind by the Rhine, the Alps, the lakes of Helvetia, the ruins of Italy and of Greece, with all their classical and historical associations. But the first excitement being over, the memory of scenes and circumstances, together with the reflections and recollections attendant thereon, furnish an ardent mind with rich materials and trains of thought that may, by gifted individuals, be converted into language, and thus conveyed to thousands.

Pure DESCRIPTION is, perhaps, the humblest species of mental exercise. It is little more than the notation or record of impressions received through the medium of the senses—as those resulting from a rugged road, a steep mountain, or a rapid river. It requires but seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling, with moderate knowledge, attention, and some command of language, to be able to convey to

others descriptions of what we ourselves have seen or felt, as far at least as these can be conveyed in words. It indicates a more active state of the intellect, when we come to reflect on the impressions conveyed by the senses. Thus, in some minds, the sight of a rapid stream or a foaming cataract, would lead to a contemplation of that mysterious law by which every particle of matter on the surface of the globe is urged towards its centre—and by which, of course, a fluid is compelled to move onwards to the common destination, when the solid body on which it rests deviates from the horizontal line. This, again, would induce reflections on the wonderful operation of the same law (gravitation) by which the waters that fall from the clouds are collected from millions of divergent points, to re-unite in one common central mass, the lake or the ocean, whence they are to ascend once more into the clouds, and run the same perpetual round to the end of time.

Such descriptions and reflections are, no doubt, compatible with the bustle and distraction of TRAVELLING; but when we come to the higher intellectual operations—descriptions of human nature itself, with all its passions, and the consequences of those passions—such as we see in Lord Byron's works, then there is reason to believe that the said operations required and had the advantage of leisure, repose, or even solitude, with a certain degree of tranquility of mind, before they were executed. That this was the case, may be inferred from his own words. When alluding to the Lake of Geneva, he says,

> "There is too much of man here, to look through
> With a fit mind the might which I behold;—
> But soon in me shall loneliness renew
> Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old!"

JOIGNY.

We were now in the very heart of the wine country—the head-quarters of BACCHUS—where generous Burgundy was flowing in every direction, being the height of the vintage. Yet the towns and villages presented the very image of desolation, poverty, and despair! Before retiring to rest, I wandered over this ancient town; and so squalid a

picture of want and decay I never beheld on this side of the Alps. It seemed as if the conscription of Napoleon was still in full operation—as if all effective strength—every thing that could carry a musket, serve for a mark to be shot at, or furnish any *materiel* of war, had been swept away, and nothing left but old men and women, dirty children, the sick and the lame, to cultivate the fields! The houses appeared to be mouldering into dust, and the people to be half-starved. Doubtless the dreadfully depressed state of the wine trade in France, for many years past, has led to this superlative degree of misery and poverty among the inhabitants of those provinces where the grape is the staple commodity. It has been stated, on good authority, that, in many of the vine-countries, the wine was not worth more than the cask in which it was contained. If we may judge by the wretched appearance of the people and of the towns in Burgundy, and more especially by Joigny and the neighbouring villages, we might conclude that the wine was not worth more than the hoops of the cask! I wish the English farmers, a race of beings that have been characterized for grumbling and discontent ever since the days of Virgil—

"O Fortunatos nimium si sua bona nôrint,"

could be dropped down in the heart of France, Spain, or Italy, for one week, to stare, and starve, and growl, and gripe, on the sour wine and sandy bread of their continental neighbours! Surely they would hail the chalky cliffs of their native Isle with pleasure, and enjoy the roast beef and brown stout of Old England with a better relish than they had ever done before. "Rem carendo, non fruendo, cognoscimus."

THE JURA MOUNTAINS—PAYS DE VAUD.

To traverse "the long rough road" between Paris and Poligny, is bad enough—to describe it would be worse—but the penalty of reading such descriptions would be worst of all! Yet Reichard and Mrs. Starke inflict this last punishment on thousands of their countrymen and women annually! Such descriptions are, after all, the only things on the dull and dreary track, which are calculated to amuse the traveller. It is really wonderful how these and other writers have been

able to invest the country with beauties which have no existence but in their own imaginations.

It was a great violation of the unity of French monotony and of the Genius of Geography, to annex the Jura Mountains to France. They appear the natural boundary between that country and Switzerland, and partake much more of the geological features of the latter than of the former territory. This chain of mountains presents many beautiful prospects—but none more joyful to the traveller than that which is seen from the heights above Poligny—because it is a farewell to France! He who has pilgrimaged from Calais to this place, will feel the invigorating influence of the mountain air, as soon as he begins to ascend from the stupid, though fertile and vine-clad plains of Burgundy and Franche Compté. Should the route of the Rhine be prohibited, I had rather go round by the Cape of Good Hope to Switzerland, than traverse France another time! It is really refreshing to see even a goitre or a short petticoat (some approach to Swiss costume) after the clattering sabot, the bas bleu, the coarse jacket, the mahogany complexion, the horrible caps, and the downright ugly features which so generally meet the eye among the French peasantry.

The great military road winds up and along precipices—through magnificent forests of beech and pine—the rivulets are heard foaming over ledges of rock—while innumerable alpine shrubs and flowers unfold their varying tints and hues to Summer suns and Winter snows. From Champagnole to Les Russes, the scenery is very interesting—and, in several places, is even fine. The descent to Morez and the ascent to Les Russes present some extremely romantic spots—especially a valley on the right hand soon after leaving Morez, where Rasselas might have been placed, and the picture, as far as geographical scenery is concerned, drawn from Nature itself.

But the attractive points of the Jura are those from whence the traveller catches the first view of the Lake of Geneva, the Pays de Vaud, and surrounding Alps.

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
  This last intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly through the opening road
  The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its lake,
  And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,

Mighty and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling!—MOORE.

The Savoy, or opposite side of the lake attracts most attention. The immense chain of Alps, with the monarch of mountains (Mont Blanc) at their head, presents three very different, and tolerably defined zones or regions. The first is the snowy region, undulated like white fleecy clouds, on an autumnal evening, and so much resembling them, that it is only by waiting some time, that the distinction can be ascertained. In this region Mont Blanc still preserves his superiority —and from the Jura this superiority is more striking than from any other point that I have seen in Switzerland. It is curious that the higher the spectator is placed, the higher this monarch of the Alps appears. Thus, from the Valley of Chamouni, at the foot of Mont Blanc, the *height* of that mountain seems by no means remarkable; though the *vastness* of the immense pile is peculiarly so. But from the Jura, the altitude of the mountain is something incredible.

The next band or region is of a dark blue colour, interspersed with many white points or perpendicular lines, and the naked eye cannot distinguish the parts of which this region is composed. A good telescope plainly shews that it is the region of wood, rock, glacier and torrent. The woods, which are chiefly pine, together with the naked rocks and the haze which hangs about the woods, give this region the dark blue tint. The torrents, the glaciers, and the white cliffs reflect the rays of the evening sun, and account for the bright points and perpendicular lines in the landscape.

The lowest range or zone is that of cultivation—or, more properly speaking, of FERTILITY—for every spot of the middle region, on which the hand of industry can bear, is cultivated in some way or other. The Savoy side of the lake is neither so fertile nor so well managed as the Pays de Vaud; but still the telescope, and even the naked eye ranges over vineyards, corn fields, gardens, plantations—in short, over every kind of agriculture, down to the waters' edge—presenting a succession of habitations, from the simple chalet perched on the edge of a precipice, or hanging, as it were, over the edge of a cliff, down to the beautiful villa reposing on the banks of the Leman, and reflected from the surface of the glassy lake.

The eye at length comes down to the lake itself, stretching, like an

immense mirror, from Geneva on the right to Vevay and Chillon on the extreme left. These last two reflect the beams of the setting sun, and are clearly seen from the gorge of the Jura with the naked eye. The lake itself, forty-seven miles in length, sweeps round in a crescent, bearing on its smooth bosom a great variety of vessels, gliding quietly along, loaded with the local commerce of the surrounding shores. Among these the STEAMER daily ploughs its rapid course, and without that long train of smoke which has given such a shock to the sensibility, or rather sentimentality of northern tourists round the borders of Loch Lomond. Wood is used instead of coal, and the traveller has an excellent opportunity of thus viewing the magnificent scenery of Lake Leman in one day, with no fatigue and very little expense.

Lastly, the PAYS DE VAUD, one of the best cultivated and fertile slopes in Switzerland, lies directly beneath us, stretching from the Jura to the waters' side—varying in breadth from six to eight miles—covered with vineyards, corn fields, orchards and gardens—and interspersed with towns, villages, and villas. The new road down the Jura from Vattry to Rolle, is cut in such graceful windings, rather than in acute zig-zags, that the horses go at full gallop along the greater part of it—the traveller retaining a full view of the fairy scene the whole way to the verge of the lake. From thence to Geneva, a distance of about 14 miles, the drive is beautiful. The view of the Jura on one side, and the Savoy mountains on the other—the pellucid waters of the lake breaking, with gentle murmur, on the golden sands along the very edge of the road—the beams of the setting sun gilding the snowy summits of the high Alps, and playing on glaciers, cliffs,

"And glittering streams high gleaning from afar"—

harmonizing with the freshness of the air, the serenity of the scene, the neatness of the cottages, the honest and cheerful countenances of the inhabitants, form a combination of magnificence and tranquility that defies the power of description, either in prose or verse. It was on this very spot, and at this time of evening, that Moore was excited to the following effusion:—

No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place;

And should my spirit's hope grow weak,
  Should I, Oh God! e'er doubt thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
  At this same calm and glowing hour,
And here, at the sublimest shrine
  That Nature ever reared to thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
  And *feel* my immortality!

The sun-beams hovered round the hoary head of Mont Blanc for full half an hour after their parent source had sunk behind the Jura. The "refulgent lamp of night" then rose in splendour, and poured her column of silver light over the rippling wave direct upon us, while we galloped along the winding shores to the gates of Geneva.

Although the physical character and costume of the Swiss people do not exhibit such a striking contrast with the character and costume of the French, as the geographical features of Switzerland with those of France—yet the contrast is great, even in the Pays de Vaud, where the two people touch. The complexions change to a healthier tint, owing, no doubt, to air, exercise, and cleanliness. The Swiss are ten times more industrious than the French, and had they half the fertility of soil, they would be ten times richer than their prouder neighbours. As it is, with all their rocks, and snows, and glaciers, and lakes, and forests, they are infinitely more comfortable as to food, drink, clothing, and most of the necessaries of life—and all this from INDUSTRY, which invariably brings in its train HEALTH, WEALTH, and HAPPINESS. That this industry is much connected with, or dependent on religious and political institutions, there can be no doubt. PROTESTANTISM seems to lead as naturally to PROPERTY, through the medium of industry, as POPERY leads to POVERTY, through the medium of idleness! The two sides of the Lake of Geneva exhibit this contrast, though on a small scale.

GENEVA.

The gates of this ancient and far-famed city recalled my attention to one of the many vexations and taxations to which all are subject on the Continent, but which the traveller feels more severely than

any other class, for obvious locomotive reasons:—I mean the PASSPORT SYSTEM. Europe is still, in this respect, what it was in the days of ROMAN DOMINION—one vast and dreary PRISON! According to all just and good laws, a man is considered innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Not so under the passport system. There he is always suspected of being guilty, after repeated proofs of innocence! An Englishman undergoes all necessary scrutiny on landing at Calais, and his passport is found to be "quite correct." But a drive along a road where it would be difficult to beg, borrow, or steal—a passage over a crazy wooden plank, or under a tottering gateway, renders him as great an object of political suspicion, as if he had crossed direct in a balloon from the Cabinet of St. James's—and again he undergoes gendarmerie purification—generally at the expense of a franc for his freedom to the next fortified town. This system is vexatious enough in the "GREAT NATION;" but it is still more taxatious in the fifty little nations through which the traveller passes in rapid succession. A drawbridge and a portcullis are not the only things that cast suspicion of political conspiracy on the unfortunate traveller. A night-cap, or the name of his meal, is a formal procés-verbal against him. He may *dine* in a town or village on the Continent, and drink his bottle of wine—mount his mule or his carriage, and proceed without molestation. But if he *sup*, put on his *night-cap*, and go to bed—he is a suspected subject—and the master of the hotel is bound to have him purified in the morning by a visit from a whiskered knight of the halbert, who bows, begs, or perhaps blusters, till the traveller gets rid of his accursed presence by a piece of money! The more petty, paltry, and subjugated the principality or state through which you pass, the more rigorous the examination of your passport and baggage, lest you should be plotting against its *independence* (*!!*) or infringing on its commerce! The PRINCE of MONACO, for example, (one of Napoleon's imperial brood, I believe,) whose town and territory Gulliver would have extinguished with the same ease, and by the same means, as he did the fire in Lilliput, orders a half-starved sergeant, with a cigar in his mouth, into your room, while breakfasting or dining at MENTONE, to *demand* 75 cents for liberty to pass through his empire!

But all this time we are standing at the gates of Geneva, with as much doubt and anxiety as candidates for admission into the portals

of Paradise, although our courier had long preceded us with all kinds of documents, to prove that we were peaceable and not political travellers—subjects of a friendly state—free-born as the sons of Helvetia—and, what is more than all, believing as firmly as Calvin himself, that—the POPE is ANTICHRIST! Whether a senatus consultus of watchmakers and musical snuff-box manufacturers had been summoned to deliberate on the safety or "danger of the republic" in case we were admitted after 10 o'clock, I cannot tell—but there was quite time enough for such a procedure before the bolts were drawn, and we were permitted to enter within the well-guarded walls!

Now it would be exquisitely ridiculous and laughable, if it were not so "frivolous and vexatious," to see every little town or city, that can boast of a mud wall or a weather-worn gate, aping, in the midst of profound peace, all the military parade and precaution of Gibraltar, Ceuta, Valetta, or Bergen-op-Zoom, with an enemy entrenched on their glacis! Yet this perpetual annoyance, these senseless formalities, this constant infringement on personal liberty, are the boast of European POLICE, though a disgrace to liberal POLICY—rendering, as I said before, the whole Continent one dreary prison, divided into as many cells as there are states, with surly turnkeys at every barrier, to arrest the progress and pick the pocket of the traveller. For the necessity or utility of this harassing passport system, especially in the interior of kingdoms or states, no one ever could assign me a satisfactory reason. It supports a set of harpies, and keeps travellers in constant fear of losing their credentials—THAT'S ALL!

GENEVA, though not the capital of Switzerland, nor even of the Pays de Vaud, is decidedly the Athens of this "land of mountain and of flood." It is a little EDINBURGH in head, and Birmingham in hand. The Genevans are as zealous in the pursuits of literature and science, as they are ingenious in the construction of watches, gold chains, and musical snuff-boxes. Still INDUSTRY is the prominent moral character, even of the Helvetian Athens. There can be little doubt that this character has been stamped on the people here, and perhaps in many other places, more by physical than by moral causes. A keen air, a scanty soil, a superabundance of snow, rock, ice, river and lake, are circumstances that must conduce to industrious and economical habits. The sharp mountain breeze excites feelings not only of cold but of hunger—two powerful stimuli to labour, which,

alone, can furnish raiment and food. The paucity of soil and profusion of useless elements in Switzerland, lead to a careful cultivation of every inch of earth that is capable of yielding materials for food, clothing, arts or commerce. Economy, too, is a very necessary ingredient in the character of those who—

"Force a churlish soil for scanty bread."

In spite of all that has been written about the pastoral manners, the simplicity and the hospitality of the Swiss, it is no more than truth to state, that among those classes with which the traveller comes in contact, there is a degree of Jewishness and selfishness, not much surpassed by what is met with in most other parts of Europe. He is not so much cheated, abused, and wrangled with as in Italy—but he is not seldom over-reached by a people, who have made wonderful advances, of late years, in the *arts*, as well as the sciences of civilized life! Over the magnificent military routes of the Jura and Simplon, French and Italian morals have rushed, like two mighty torrents, into the valleys of Switzerland—and, like torrents, are rapidly finding their level between the two countries. What shape or form this precious amalgamation, this tertium quid, may ultimately assume, it is not for me to predict.

Geneva itself is singularly well situated for health, cleanliness, and many of the mechanical arts, independently of the romantic and beautiful scenery surrounding it. A small island having split a magnificent river into two streams, immediately as it issues from one of the finest lakes in Europe, the town is thrown across this island and occupies the four opposite banks. Four level bridges maintain an easy communication between all parts of the town; and, as the houses project on piles over the river, the stream runs with a rapid course, not only through, but under a considerable portion of the streets and houses. Advantage is taken of this peculiarity of situation to abridge labour and save expense. It is not less curious than delightful to see the blue and "arrowy Rhone" leap joyous through the streets of Geneva, ever ready and willing to lend its powerful aid to industry. It grinds their corn, washes their clothes, spins their cotton, cards their wool, turns their lathes—and, in short, is to the inhabitants a gigantic steam-engine, of inexhaustible power, voluntarily

and gratuitously supplied by a thousand glaciers and ten thousand mountain streams.*

Society is very cheap in Geneva. In England, although the press is free, there is a tremendous tax on the tongue, which is the true cause of John Bull's taciturnity, even when he quits his native land. In London, for example, a lady or a gentleman can no more open their mouths in company, without previously undergoing a heavy contribution to a host of trades-people, than a country member can make a speech in Parliament, without first getting it by heart. In Geneva, and many other places on the Continent, words are merely wind, and cost little more than the exertion of utterance. In English society it is much more expensive to swallow bad air in a crowded drawing-room, than turtle-soup and champagne in the Albion Tavern. In Geneva, a pair of pattens and an umbrella serve for carriage and horses—while the housemaid who has assisted to dress her mistress, performs the office of footman, in conducting her to the Soire'e. *There*, conversation is enlivened and sweetened by music, tea, and bon-bons—the gentlemen, in groups, discussing foreign or domestic politics—while the stranger, from nine till twelve o'clock, has the supreme felicity to–

Hear the pretty ladies talk
Tittle tattle, tittle tattle,
Like their pattens, as they walk,
Prittle prattle, prittle prattle.

About midnight, the female footman, with her lantern, is announced in a whisper to each fair visitor ; and, at this dread hour, the clattering patten, the murmuring Rhone, and the hollow-toned watchman, often

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* The amiable and highly-gifted authoress of " Sketches in Italy," has allowed herself sometimes to embellish a little. Thus, she compares the noise of the Rhone passing through Geneva to that of thunder, and its velocity to that of lightning. The fretting of the stream against the wooden pillars of the bridges and the numerous piles on which the houses are erected, causes a wild and not unpleasing murmur, especially during the stillness of night, which is as unlike to that of thunder, as its velocity is to that of the electric flash. The Rhone may run here about six or seven miles an hour.

combine to break the slumbers of the weary tourist at the Ecu, or Balance, by an unwelcome serenade—

"Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear."

Englishmen, who travel with their families, should avoid Geneva, where their wives and daughters are liable to be *seduced* and themselves *ruined*. This species of seduction has not hitherto received a name; but I shall venture to call it bijouterie. I am sorry to say that, although the British is reputed a moral nation and the French a dissolute one, the ladies of the *former* are endeavouring, by every means in their power, to introduce this same bijouterie into their native land; while, to our shame be it spoken, the French have stationed certain moral censors, called douaniers, in every avenue through the Jura Mountains to prevent its passing into France.

LAUSANNE—VEVAY—CHILLON.

The drive from Geneva to Lausanne, and thence to Chillon and the entrance of the Vallais, presents some of the finest scenery on the surface of the globe. It has been described, in glowing colours, by Rousseau, Byron, Gibbon, Moore, and a hundred others—but by none more faithfully than by Mr. Burford, who has laid Englishmen under great obligations, by presenting to their astonished eyes, in Leicester-square and the Strand, some of the sublimest and most beautiful views in the world, divested of all the inconvenience of cloud, fog, or rain—of all the toil and expense of travelling by land and water—yet with all these elements in their proper places, combining to form a most accurate representation of Nature. The Panorama taken from Lausanne was one of the best which this ingenious artist ever exhibited.

The journey round this side of the lake has the advantage of being on classic ground, and the train of recollections associated with the lives and writings of Voltaire, Necker, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Byron, add not a little to the interest of the scenes, as they pass in

succession before the mental and bodily eye.* It is hardly to be wondered at, that the enthusiastic Rousseau should express unbounded rapture at this scene, making the hero of his romance, on returning from a voyage round the world, exclaim at the sight of the Pays de Vaud—"Ce paysage unique, le plus beau dont l'œil humain fut jamais frappé, ce séjour charmant aûquel je n'avais rien trouvé d'egal, dans le tour du monde." Again, the enthusiast says—"Je dirois volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles—allez à Vevai—visitez les pays, examinez les sites, prononcez vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour un Claire, et pour un St. Preux."

Lord Byron, who long resided here, expressly declares that, in the descriptions of Roussea, "there is no exaggeration." One of the latest travellers—Mr. Roscoe—author of the Landscape Annual—a performance of great merit—has sketched the enchanting shore, from Lausanne to Chillon, with much truth and brevity.

"The climate is salubrious and delightful, and the romantic scenery of the Pays de Vaud has not its equal in the world. Nothing can surpass the glowing magnificence of a Summer's evening in this fairy region. When the sun descends beyond Mount Jura, the Alpine summits reflect, for a long time, the bright ruddy splendour, and the quiet lake, unruffled by a breeze, assumes the appearance of liquid gold. In the distance rises the vast chain of Alps, with their seas of ice and boundless regions of snow, contrasted with the near and more

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* The route to the Simplon by the Lausanne side of the lake is infinitely more interesting than that by the Savoy or great military road. Mrs. Starke, the traveller's oracle, has deprived many people of some of the best views in Switzerland, by not laying down or describing this route. The Savoy Mountains are bold and majestic, and they cannot be seen at all if the traveller goes along that side of the lake. The Lausanne side, on the contrary, is beautiful—studded with cottages—and covered with vineyards, gardens, and orchards. This side looks tame from the Savoy side. From Vevay to Chillon, the road runs along the very edge of the lake, and the scenery, on a fine day, is absolutely enchanting. As we drove along, towards the end of September, the tops of the Savoy Mountains were seen covered with snow—the cliffs rising two or three thousand feet almost perpendicular—the sky without a cloud—the lake smooth as glass, and reflecting, as in a mirror, the surrounding mountains.

pleasing objects of glowing vineyards and golden corn-fields, and interspersed with the wooded brow, the verdant and tranquil valley, with villas, hamlets, and sparkling streams."

I am induced to take the following extract from Gibbon for reasons which will be found of some importance hereafter.

"Je perdrois de vue cette position unique sur la terre, ce lac, ces mon tagnes, ces riants coteaux; *ce tableau charmant; qui paroit toujours nouveau aux yeux mêmes accoutumés dès leur enfance.* Sur tous les pays de l'Europe, j'avois choisi pour ma retraite le Pays de Vaud, et jamais je ne me suis repenté un seul instant de ce choix."

I have marked a passage in Italics; for, notwithstanding the authority of Gibbon, I venture to dispute its truth. The sentiment of Gibbon is a very general one—is not founded on an accurate knowledge of the laws which govern the moral and physical constitution of man—has led to great disappointment—and deserves a short inquiry. Nothing is more common—nothing, perhaps, more natural than to exclaim, on seeing a beautiful or romantic prospect, "here I should like to fix my residence for life." Here, for instance at Lausanne, Vevay, or Clarens, we have the authority of Gibbon, that the charming landscape appears always new, even to eyes accustomed to the scenery from infancy. Nothing is more erroneous. Wherever the scenery is so magnificent or beautiful as to make a strong impression, the excitement thence resulting is incompatible with durability. This excitement not only wears itself out, but produces, first, satiety, and in the end disgust. A romantic landscape, an azure sky, or a brilliant sun, like sparkling champagne, is delightful for a short time;—but let the repetition of the scene and of the wine go on, and the excitement will cure itself, and induce the individual soon to wish for variety even of the most opposite kind. This is the case with those who go to Italy or to tropical climates. They are delighted, for a while, with the brilliancy of the skies and the verdure of the vegetable world. But the excitement exhausts; and sooner or later they long for the changeable skies of their native land. In opposition to Gibbon, I maintain that the Swiss are almost entirely insensible to the sublime scenery around them—and would gladly change their romantic cliffs for the dull but fertile flats of Holland. What said Madame de Stael, to a person who was expatiating on the beauties of the Lake of Geneva? "Give me the Rue de Bac: I

would prefer living in Paris, in a fourth story, with a hundred louis a year." It is very true that the Swiss, when they sojourn in foreign lands, compare the scenery, with that of their native valleys, and long for a return home. But this is quite independent of any extraordinary pleasure enjoyed before they quitted their mountains. Why is it that hardly any country sends forth such shoals of adventurers to other climes as Scotland and Switzerland? As for Gibbon, let us look at his daily avocations, as detailed by himself, and say whether the romantic scenery of Lausanne had any thing to do with the happiness of his retreat there.

"By many," he observes, "conversation is esteemed as a theatre or a school; but after the morning has been occupied with the labours of the library, I wish to unbend rather than to exercise my mind—and, in the interval between tea supper, I am far from disdaining the innocent amusement of a game at cards."

Thus, then, it was his *occupation*, in the construction of his immortal work, and the pleasures of *society*, that rendered the Pays de Vaud so delightful! With the same pursuits, and the same society, he would have been happy any where—even in Bentinck-street. But look at the philosopher, when he had finished his "Decline and Fall" —and when his daily pursuits and avocations were at an end. After enumerating (in a letter to Mrs. Porter) the comforts, the beauties and the advantages of his literary retreat at Lausanne, he touchingly adds—"but I feel, and, with the decline of years, I shall more *painfully* feel, that I am *alone in Paradise*."

Let no one expect that the scenery of Switzerland or of Italy can confer any thing like lasting pleasure, without a regular avocation or pursuit. On the contrary, the stronger the impression made by these or any other countries at first—and the more sensibly their beauties are felt—the sooner will the excitement and gratification be over—and the more irksome will be the satiety which must inevitably ensue. When we get beyond the Alps I shall take up this interesting subject again, and hope to shew, that—

"Happiness, our being's end and aim,"

may be found much nearer home than the world imagine—and that health and longevity, are more conspicuous beneath the gloomy skies

of old England, than in the apparently more favoured climate of Italy, which, though beautiful to the eye and pleasant to the feelings, is destructive to health.

But I must bid a long adieu to the Lake of Geneva and its romantic shores, the northern and southern of which present as remarkable a contrast in physical features as in moral events. The Savoy shore holds fast its allegiance to St. Peter—the opposite side has been the abode of—

> Mortals who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
> A path to perpetuity of fame—

gigantic minds, who levelled the artillery of their wit, satire, and ridicule, not only against the head, but the body of the chruch! Voltaire, Gibbon, Rousseau, Byron! The FIRST appears to have been the most fortunate, maintaining, when an OCTOGENARIAN, his original character of "gay, grave, sage, or wild," supported by vanity, till the tide of Time had worn away almost the whole of the material fabric, leaving to the mind its Proteian powers and propensities apparently unimpared. Our countryman of Lausanne was not so happy. He who employed the meridian of his intellectual faculties in—

> "Sapping a saered creed with solemn sneer,"

was unable, according to his own confession, in the "decline and fall" of life, to people the Paradise that surrounded him, even with imaginary beings!

ROUSSEAU, the visionary, the vicious enthusiast—the victim of morbid sensibilities and sensualities—the architect of a hell in his own breast, while portraying the imaginary happiness of savages—he who practised every kind of vice, and advocated every kind of virtue—had one palliative excuse for his various outrages against religion, morality, and decency—that was MADNESS!

BYRON'S talents and fate are too well known. We may form some idea of the good he *might have* done, by the mischief which he *has* done! What he says of Voltaire and Gibbon is peculiarly applicable to himself—

> ——————————— Their steep aim
> Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile

Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of Heaven, again assailed, if Heaven the while,
On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

ST. MAURICE.

From Chillon to St. Maurice, the traveller posts rapidly over an alluvial delta, a miniature representation of that of the Nile or Ganges, but of the same nature, however small the scale. The triangular plain, with the river flowing through its centre, gradually narrows, till its apex ends in the ancient Roman Bridge, of a single arch, thrown from one precipice to the other, over the rapid and turbid Rhone. These precipices are the bases of two pointed and craggy mountains, six or seven thousand feet high, called the Dent de Morcles and Dent du Midi, united, without doubt, at some remote period, when the present Vallais, was an immense sheet of water, and the Rhone, like the Rhine, leaped over a stupendous barrier at this place, precipitating itself into its sister Lake of Geneva below. The breaking away of this gigantic natural flood-gate, and the tremendous rush of waters consequent on such an event, might have furnished Lord Byron with materials for a fine poetical picture. Something of the kind must have been floating in his mind, when he likened these opposing cliffs to two lovers, suddenly and for ever separated.

"Now where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as *lovers who have parted*
In haste, whose mining depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted."

From the moment we cross this venerable arch, 200 feet in span, and boasting of Julius Cæsar as its founder, we enter the wild scenery of Switzerland, and become enclosed between stupendous ranges of rocks, in a narrow valley, through which the Rhone rushes along, while hundreds of mountain torrents tumble headlong from the surrounding precipices, to mingle with the master stream below. On the right hand, two or three miles before we enter Martigny, the river Salenche dashes, in a sheet of snowy gauze, over a perpendicular cliff, 200 feet in height, while a portion of it rises again in misty va-

pour, and envelopes the admiring traveller, arrested by the magnificent scene, in a halo of descending dew.*

The sequestered hamlet of Lavey, on the left of the road from St. Maurice to Martigny, has become the scene of a tale not more melancholy than true, connected with the dreadful inundation of the Dranse; and which my old fellow traveller (Mr. Roscoe) has related with great pathos in the Landscape Annual for 1830. A maiden maniac is still seen daily mounting a neighbouring cliff, to hail the return of a betrothed lover. He did return—but as a lifeless corse, borne along by the torrent of the Rhone, swollen and accelerated by the fatal inundation of an auxiliary river!

MARTIGNY.

When I first visited this spot, (six years ago,) it bore melancholy marks of the inundation of 1818, above alluded to. That event was one of those stupendous operations of Nature which are often seen, on a large scale among the Alps. A glacier (Getroz) slipped from its perch on the side of Mont Pleurer, and falling with a tremendous crash into the narrow gorge or outlet of a valley (Torembec) blocked up the stream that issued thence, over a frightful ledge of rocks, into the Vallée de Bagnes lower down. The consequence was, that the valley was gradually converted into a lake, bounded on all sides by snow-clad cliffs and glaciers. Strange to say, the sudden diminution, or almost annihilation of the River Dranse, thus cut off from its source, did not awaken the torpid inhabitants of the subjacent valleys, through

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* No one can pass the town of St. Maurice, without being horrified at the idea of *six thousand Christian soldiers* being massacred there, by order of his Pagan Majesty Maximian, the amiable colleague of Diocletian, as stated on the authority of Madame Starke, and all other travellers' oracles, though contrary to Eusebius. It may allay the horror and indignation of our minds, to be informed by one of the greatest historians which the world ever produced, that—"the story was first published about the middle of the *fifth* century (Maximian bore sway in the early part of the *fourth*) by Eucherius, *Bishop of Lyons*, who received it from *certain persons*, who received it from Isaac, *Bishop of Geneva*, who *is said* to have received it from Theodore, Bishop of Octodurum."—Gibbon.

which it ran, to a sense of their danger, till the waters had accumulated in the valley of Torembec to some hundred feet in depth! Every effort, indeed, was then made to cut galleries through the icy barrier, or fallen glacier, and thus let off the prodigious reservoir of water, snow, and fragments of ice that impended over the numerous villages of the Vallée de Bagnes—but with very partial success. Signals were then established—sentinels posted—and alarum fires kept lighted in the night, to warn the inhabitants should the flood-gate give way.

"At length, late one afternoon, a thundering explosion was heard! Reverberating through the surrounding hills, it bore the fearful tidings to an immense distance, scattering dismay and terror amongst the trembling inhabitants. The dyke had burst; and the gigantic lakes of imprisoned water rushed from their confinement with headlong fury, forming a prodigious torrent a hundred feet deep, and sweeping along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. A huge forest which lay across its track was not proof against the strength of the waters—large trees were rooted up as though they had been osier wands, and were borne away like floating branches on its tide." *

In this manner the stupendous mass of waters, combined with all the ruins which it had gathered in its progress—forests, rocks, houses, cattle, and immense blocks of ice—rushed, an overwhelming deluge, and with a noise louder than the heaviest peals of thunder, down towards the ill-fated Martigny! The scene of destruction was awful beyond the power of conception! Half the town was immediately swept away; and the other half was covered with ruins. The terrific inundation proceeded in its destructive course till it mingled with the Rhone, and was ultimately lost in the peaceful but affrighted Lake of Geneva!

The Inn (La Tour) where these memoranda were written, has a black line, (some seven or eight feet above the ground) marked on its walls, shewing the height of the inundation. The destined bridegroom of the unhappy maniac, alluded to in the preceding section, was lost (with many others) in this dreadful catastrophe, having come, the day before his intended marriage to Martigny, from his native village of

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* Roscoe.

Lavey—probably to purchase paraphernalia for that ceremony which was to consign himself to a watery tomb, and his more unfortunate bride to the ten thousand horrors of reminiscent insanity.

Tragic and terrific as was the above scene, it was probably but a miniature representation of what happened, in some remote and unrecorded period, near the same place. When the stupendous barrier of rock at St. Maurice was first rent asunder, by the violence of subterranean fires, or the pressure of superincumbent fluids, and the congregated waters of the Rhone rushed through the yawning abyss, the phenomenon must have been one of the most awful and sublime spectacles ever presented to human eye. Perhaps no living being witnessed this tremendous crash, except the ibex browsing on the neighbouring mountains, or the eagle, startled from its eyrie on the inaccessible cliffs of the Dent de Morcles. In the geological history of the earth's present surface, there must have been a period, however early, when the now hoary heads of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, first became blanched with descending snows, and their shoulders spangled with glittering icicles. The daily and annual revolutions of the sun dissolved a portion of these, which trickled in currents along the most indented fissures of the declivities, and still form the channels of mountain torrents. The crusts of snow and ice increased every year in thickness, while the descending streams accumulated in the valleys and formed lakes. After a time, the agglomerated snows and icicles began to fall in avalanches into the hollows of the mountains' sides, and thus to form what are now termed "Mers de Glace" or "Glaciers," the current underneath still preserving its wonted channel, and forming a receptacle for the drippings that fell through the various fissures. The annual descent of snow and ice from the higher peaks of cliffs and mountains, caused the glaciers themselves to move slowly downwards towards the valleys, where they fell in masses into the current below, and were dissolved by the Summer's heat. This slow and almost imperceptible motion of the Glaciers did not escape the notice of Byron, who characterizes them as *solid rivers*, moving along majestically by the law of gravitation. Meantime the accumulated waters in the valleys rose till they found some outlet, and then descended by circuitous routes to the ocean, in the form of rivers. Thus, for instance, the Vallais became one vast lake, till the waters found an issue over the stony barrier at St.

Maurice, and when this barrier gave way, the lake rushed with tremendous velocity into the valley, now the Lake of Geneva! A contemplation of the formation of glaciers, lakes, and rivers, in this romantic country, is extremely interesting, and should occupy a portion of the traveller's time and attention while wandering among the Alps.

SION. CRETINISM.

We are now in the centre of the Vallais—the head-quarters of goitre and cretinism. There are few portions of the earth's surface, in these temperate climes, better calculated for the deterioration, if not the destruction of life, than the valley of the Rhone. It is bounded on each side by steep mountains, four or five thousand feet in height —and the intermediate ground contains all the elements that are found to operate against human health. The valley consists, in some places, of a rich, flat, alluvial earth, covered with corn, fruit trees, and gardens—in others, it presents swamps and meadows—then, again, jungle and woods—vineyards—pine forests, &c. while brawling brooks intersect it in all directions, and often inundate it, in their precipitous course from the mountains to the Rhone, which runs through its centre. Were this valley beneath a tropical sun, it would be the seat of pestilence and death. As it is, the air must necessarily be bad; for the high ridges of mountains, which rise like walls on the north and south sides, prevent a free ventilation, while, in Summer, a powerful sun beats down into the valley, rendering it a complete focus of heat, and extricating from vegetation and humidity a prodigious quantity of malaria. In Winter, the high southern ridge shuts out the rays of a feeble sun, except for a few hours in the middle of the day—so that the atmosphere is not sufficiently agitated at any season of the year. To this must be added, the badness of the waters which, along the banks of the upper Rhone, are superlatively disgusting.

As the Vallais is the land of cretinism, so is Sion the capital of that humiliating picture of humanity! There are but few travellers who take the trouble to examine Sion philosophically, and make themselves acquainted with the state of its wretched inhabitants. I explored this town with great attention, traversing its streets in every direction; and I can safely aver that, in no part of the world, not even

excepting the Jews' quarter in Rome, or the polluted back lanes of Itri and Fondi, in the kingdom of Naples, have I seen such intense filth! With the exception of two or three streets, the others present nothing on their surface but a nameless mass of vegeto-animal corruption, which, in all well-regulated towns, is consigned to pits, or carried away by scavengers. The alleys are narrow; and the houses are constructed as if they were designed for the dungeons of malefactors, rather than the abodes of men at liberty.

Goitre, on such a scale as we see it in the Vallais, is bad enough; but CRETINISM is a cure for the pride of man, and may here be studied by the philosopher and the physician on a large scale, and in its most frightful colours. This dreadful deformity of body and mind is not confined to the Alps. It is seen among the Pyrenees—the valleys of the Tyrol—and the mountains of China and Tartary. Nearly 200 years have elapsed since it was noticed by Plater, in the spot where I am now viewing it; but Saussure was the first who accurately described this terrible degeneracy of the human species. From common bronchocele, and a state of body and mind bordering on health, down to a complete destitution of intelligence and sensibility—in short, to an existence purely vegetative, cretins present an infinite variety of intermediate grades, filling up these wide extremes. In general, but not invariably, goitre is an attendant on cretinism. The stature is seldom more than from four to five feet, often much less—the head is deformed in shape, and too large in proportion to the body—the skin is yellow, cadaverous, or of a mahogany colour, wrinkled, sometimes of an unearthly pallor, with unsightly eruptions—the flesh is soft and flabby—the tongue is large, and often hanging out of the mouth—the eyelids thick—the eyes red, prominent, watery and frequently squinting—the countenance void of all expression, except that of idiotism or lasciviousness—the nose flat—the mouth large, gaping, slavering—the lower jaw elongated—the belly pendulous—the limbs crooked, short, and so distorted as to prevent any thing but a waddling progression—the external senses often imperfect, and the cretin deaf and dumb—the tout ensemble of this hideous abortion of Nature presenting the traits of premature old age! Such is the disgusting physical exterior of the apparently wretched, but perhaps comparatively happy, cretin!

If we look to the moral man (if man he can be called) the picture is

still more humiliating. The intellectual functions being, as it were, nul, certain of the lower animal functions are in a state of increased activity. The cretins are voracious and addicted to low propensities which cannot be named. To eat and to sleep form their chief pleasures. Hence we see them, between meals, basking in nonchalance on the sunny sides of the houses, insensible to every stimulus that agitates their more intelligent fellow-creatures—frequently insensible to every call of Nature itself!

But I shall pass on from this melancholy example of the effects of climate, or at all events of physical agencies, on the moral and corporeal constitution of man, to the causes which are supposed to produce them. This is not an uninteresting inquiry, and it is intimately connected with a principal object of this volume, as will be seen in the sequel.

In the first place, it is remarked that cretinism is bounded to certain altitudes above the level of the sea. The Vallais itself, and the ravines or gorges of the mountains by which it is enclosed, are the chief seats of this deformity. All, or almost all, those who inhabit the higher ranges of the mountains overlooking the valleys are exempt from the malady. This single fact proves that cretinism is owing to a physical rather than a moral cause, or series of causes. There can be no material difference in the moral habits of peasants residing at the base and on the brow of the same mountain. If the former be more subject to goitre and cretinism than the latter, it must be owing to something in the air they breathe, the water they drink, or the emanations from the soil on which they reside. Saussure, Ferrus, Georget, and all those who have personal knowledge of the subject, acknowledge that, at a certain height (five or six hundred toises) among the Alps, goitre and cretinism disappear. In the year 1813, M. Rambuteau, then Prefect of the department of the Simplon, addressed a Memoir to the Minister of the Interior of France, on this subject, in which, after describing very accurately the medical topography of the Vallais, with its malarious exhalations, stagnant atmosphere, and alternate exposure to the rays of a burning sun, and piercing icy winds, as the causes of cretinism, goes on to add, "the use of waters, which, in descending from the mountains by long and circuitous routes, become impregnated with calcareous salts." "A ces causes il croit devoir ajouter l'usage des eaux, qui, en descendant des mon-

tagnes et parcourant de longues distances, se chargent de sels calcaires."* As moral auxiliaries, the Prefect enumerates "the indolence of the inhabitants, their want of education, the dirtiness of the houses, the badness of the provisions—their drunkenness and debauchery." M. Rambuteau mentions some curious particulars respecting this dreadful deterioration of human nature. He affirms that those Valaisans who intermarry with the Savoyards from the Italian side of the Alps, give birth to more cretins than those who form matrimonial connexions with the inhabitants of their native valley. The females of the latter place, who marry men born on the higher regions of the Alps, and who are accustomed to live in the open air, with much bodily exercise, hardly ever bring forth cretinous children. The same intelligent observer remarks that—"Wherever cretinism is seen, goitre is also prevalent—but the *latter* is found in places where the *former* does not exist." Hence he is led to the conclusion, that "the nature of the two maladies is the same, (le principe des deux maladies est le même) but the cause is more active where cretinism and goitre both prevail—more feeble where goitre only obtains." In short, we find in the Vallais, and in the lower gorges or ravines that open on its sides, both cretinism and bronchocele in the most intense degrees—as we ascend the neighbouring mountains, cretinism disappears and goitre only is observed—and when we get to a certain altitude both maladies vanish, and the Alpine peasant or shepherd once more assumes the "image of his Creator!"

It is said and believed by travellers, that cretinism is decreasing in the Vallais. The diminution is, I fear, more apparent than real. The "march of intellect" and the intercourse with strangers have

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* Dr. Bally, a native of a goitrous district in Switzerland, states the following very important fact. "Bronchocele appears to me to be produced by certain waters which issue from the hollows of rocks—trickle along the cliffs of mountains —or spring from the bowels of the earth. That this is the case, I may instance some fountains in my own country, (Departement du Leman, au Hamcau de Thuet) the use of whose waters will, *in eight or ten days*, produce or augment goitrous swellings. Such of the inhabitants of the above village as avoid those waters are free from goitre and cretinism."*

* Dict. des Sciences Medicales, T. VII.

taught the parents and friends of these wretched creatures to doubt that the cretin is the favourite of Heaven, as is thought of idiots in Turkey. They, therefore conceal, rather than expose, their offspring so afflicted. I saw them driving them in from the back streets of Sion on my approach. It is probable, however, that there is a diminution in the number of cretins in the Vallais. Many of the auxiliary causes are on the decline. The people are becoming more sober, more industrious, more cleanly. Those who can afford the expense also, send their children up into the mountains to check the tendency to cretinism.

Enough has been said, and a great deal more will be shewn hereafter, to prove the influence of climate and locality on the corporeal and intellectual constitution of man. And I hope to convince John Bull, in the course of our wanderings together, on this little tour, that all the moral and physical evils of the world are not included in fogs and taxes, against which he so bitterly complains in his own country.

THE SIMPLON.

The traveller is not sorry to leave the Vallais, where he feels its Bœotian atmosphere, even in his transitory passage between its cloud-capt boundaries. We slept one night at Tourtemagne, which is a very small hamlet, in a comparatively open space ; but the atmosphere in the night was singularly oppressive, not from heat so much as impregnation with the exhalations from the soil. The sight of a pass from this "valley of the shadow of death" into the plains of Latium is most exhilarating—more especially when that pass is the Simplon.

An accurate survey of this "seventh wonder" of the world did not disappoint me, though I had strong presentiments that it would do so, from woful experience. Travellers have so exaggerated every thing in their descriptions, and landscape-painters have so cordially co-operated with them, that it is difficult to recognize the reality when we see it, and mortifying to think that, even in tangible things like these—in such plain matters of fact—pleasure is all in anticipation !

Present to grasp yet future still to find.

In respect to the Simplon, the most professed scene-painting travellers, not *always* excepting our good and useful friend Mrs. Starke, have rather magnified unimportant views, and fallen short in their descriptions, if not in their perceptions, of magnificent scenes; thus, the tourist who goes over this celebrated mountain pass, with book in hand, is sometimes agreeably—sometimes disagreeably surprised. No one can be blamed for inability to convey adequate ideas of scenes that are, in truth, indescribable; but there can be no necessity, unless on the stage or in Paternoster-row, for exaggerating the beauty or sublimity of mediocrity or insignificance. I feel considerable qualms, doubts, and fears, in venturing to give even a very concise sketch of what has been so often described by those who have infinitely greater command of language and fertility of imagination than myself. More than once have I run my pen through some hasty notes of fresh impressions, committed to paper at the dreary Hotel de la Poste, in the village of the Simplon, where I slept one night; and on the balcony of the inn at Domo D'Ossolo, where I halted the next day. The reader can turn over this sketch unread; but perhaps the traveller, while crossing the Simplon, may amuse himself by comparing it with the original, or with some of the copies that happen to be "compagnons du voyage."

Crossing from Gliss to Brigg, the Simplon comes full in view through a gorge or narrow opening between two steep and piny mountains, the Gliss-horn and Klena Mountains. It is clothed with wood two-thirds up—then presents crags with straggling trees—and last of all, the snow-capt summit. The road first leads up the left hand mountain, (by Gantherhal,) through a dense wood of pines, winding rather laboriously for nearly two hours—but still tending towards the gorge or narrow valley that separates it from the opposite mountain, and through which valley the Saltine, a rapid torrent, is distinctly heard in its foaming and precipitous course towards the Rhone. At every turn of this long zig-zag ascent, the valley of the Rhone lengthens out, and the river is seen more clearly meandering through its plain. Brigg, Naters, Gliss, Viege, Tourtemagne, and many other towns and villages, come successively into view, and appear as distinct as if they were only a few miles from the observer—while the immense chain of Alps on the north side of the Vallais, with the Gemmi in their centre, are ranged along like fleecy clouds; but with all their angles and forms

surprisingly well defined. The innumerable chalets, cottages, and hamlets, perched in all directions on the steeps rising from the north side of the Vallais, can be traced with the naked eye, while the telescope shews the men and cattle moving about.

At length the road opens on the verge of the precipice formed by the Klena over the Saltine, and directly opposite to the Gliss-horn, which appears within musket-shot. Here the scene is sublime, and even fearful. It really requires some courage to look from the space between the first and second Refuge down into the yawning abyss, through which the torrent is dashing from crag to crag. The opposite steep seems so abrupt, that the pine-trees appear to grow along a surface as upright as themselves. Here, though not the last, yet the most extensive view of the Vallais, with all its snow-clad Alps, is taken, and the traveller, however excited by the anticipations of what is to come, lingers for a moment, in reflections on the wretched picture of human nature which the cretins of the Vallais have imprinted on the memory—then surveys, for the last time, the hoary-headed mountains of Switzerland—and pursues his course towards the classic ground of Italy.

The road, from the second Refuge to the bridge crossing the Kanter, assumes a perfectly horizontal line, under the stupendous brow of the Klena, and along the face of a craggy and precipitous steep, out of which the road is cut with infinite labour and art. This gallery, as it may be termed, extends two miles, and here was the difficulty of constructing the road originally, as well as that of preserving it afterwards. If ever the Simplon becomes impassable, this will be one of the first places to give way. The whole side of the mountain is a series of loose or easily loosened masses of rock, of all sizes, interspersed thinly with pines. Every avalanche—almost every fall of rain, undermines or detaches some of these masses, which go down with thundering precipitation into the valley, tearing away, where they do not happen to leap over, the preservative terraces or even the road itself. A rock 50 tons in weight, had just rolled down the steeps before we crossed, and lodged on the road, rendering it extremely difficult for carriages to pass, there not being twelve inches to spare between the off wheels and the precipice! The rolling down of these rocks exemplifies, in a most striking manner, one of the sublimest descriptions in Homer.

"As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends—
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:—
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds,
At every shock the echoing vale resounds;—
Still gathering force, it smokes, and urg'd amain,
Leaps, whirls, and thunders down impetuous to the plain."

It would be impossible for human language to convey a more accurate representation of what monthly, weekly, and sometimes daily happens, along the defiles of the Simplon, than the above passage.* After passing the bridge, where a wild and romantic view of the valley above, as well as of that below, is seen, we ascend in zig-zags up the opposite mountain, through forests of pine, larch, and other trees—along the edges of frightful precipices, and under magnificent grottos, hewn out of the solid rock—till we come to the open and barren part of the Simplon, in the immediate vicinity of the snow. Here a picture of desolation surrounds the traveller. The pine has no longer the scanty pittance of soil which it requires for nourishment—the hardy, but beautiful Alpine flower ceases to embellish the sterile solitude—and the eye wanders over snow and glacier—fractured rock and roaring cataract—relieved only by that stupendous monument of human labour, the ROAD ITSELF, winding along the edges of precipices, penetrating the primeval granite, striding over the furious torrent, and burrowing through dark, dreary, dismal, and dripping grottos, beneath accumulated masses of ice and snow.

At length the summit of the Simplon is gained—a solitary human habitation is approached—and—

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* Most travellers laud the Italian at the expense of the French engineers, because the road on the south side of the Simplon is better constructed and more durable than on the Swiss side. But the comparison is not fair. The Italian engineers, it is true, had to work along and through the solid granite. The route was difficult to construct, but when once made was durable, and not liable to the avalanches of rock, which the other side of the Simplon is perpetually exposed to. It is not improbable that the expenses of keeping the Simplon in repair, and the rivalry of other routes, especially by the Splugen and by Nice, Genoa, and Spezzia will, ere long, render this seventh wonder of the world once more a goatherd's track!

"The shivering tenant of this frigid zone"

presents himself, in the shape of a Piedmontaise soldier, who demands your passport and levies a contribution on your purse at the same moment. The contribution, however, is cheerfully paid, since it is expended on a spacious Hospice, (similar to that on the great St. Bernard, and now nearly finished,) destined for the hospitable reception and protection of the way-worn and benighted traveller.

Tourists, who make excursions into the regions of fancy, as well as into the regions of snow among the Alps, have treated their readers with magnificent views of the fertile plains of Italy, taken from the summit of the Simplon. But no such views are to be seen there. Like the Great St. Bernard, the route of the Simplon is encompassed with peaks of snow and ice, which preclude all distant prospect. They who can see the plains of Italy from either mountain must be endowed with a second sight, which penetrates through denser media than the mists of futurity.

Mrs. Starke, I conceive, has drawn a little on her imagination in describing, from the Simplon, "the gigantic empress of the Alps (Mont Blanc) proudly towering above them all, and, in consequence of her immense height, appearing near, though really far off." The atmosphere was perfectly clear when I crossed the mountain, but no Mont Blanc was visible, nor do I think it physically possible that it could be so.

The descent from the barrier to the village of the Simplon winds between wild, barren, and snow-clad heights—and the traveller is not sorry to ascend the dirty, cold, and stony stairs of the Hotel de la Poste into a dreary "salle a manger," where a stinking German stove, with its musky and sudatory atmosphere, is a miserable substitute for the blazing faggots of France, or the powerful radiation of light and heat from an English fire-side! Invalids should not stop here; but those who are in tolerable health should take two days to the Simplon, sleeping in this eagle's nest, in order to feel the contrast between the mountain air of the Alps, and the mephitic atmosphere of the Vallais. In a small apartment, ten or twelve feet square, I was fortunate enough to find a chimney, and took good care to kindle a cheerful fire. I had walked almost the whole way up the Simplon—made a hearty dinner—and taken my bottle of *mountain* wine. The crack-

ling of the pine faggots, the murmuring of the tapering flame, the genial warmth of the ungrated hearth, the circumscribed dimensions of my little chamber, the howling winds, descending in fitful blasts from the Schonhorn, the Fletschorn, and the hundred surrounding glaciers, shivering the broken panes and disjointed frames of my little window, disturbed not, but rather aided, an hour's rumination, with all its discursive ranges among the fields of fancy, memory, and imagination, till a sleep, too deep for dreams, and such as monarchs have vainly sighed for, with all the opiates of wealth, power, and pleasure, sealed my senses in seven sweet hours of heavenly and restorative oblivion !*

Although the cheerful sun had long risen on the plains before us, we had advanced some miles on our tortuous way down the valley of the Simplon before he greeted us with his presence. This valley, contrary to the usual mode, contracts as it descends, and terminates in a frightful chasm between perpendicular precipices, fifteen hundred or two thousand feet high, formed by the rending asunder of granite mountains, during some earthquake or volcano long before the appearance of man. Through this abyss, or series of abysses, runs and roars the torrent of the Vedro, formed by the junction of the Kronback and Quirna. At the point where these two glacier streams, or rather cataracts, unite, the road, which had first accompanied the one and then the other, dives into the solid rock and disappears. On emerging from the gloomy grotto, the route follows the channel of the foaming Vedro, sometimes excavated out of the wall of granite on one side, sometimes striding across the boiling flood, and pursuing the same course on the other. In this way the astonished traveller proceeds for nine or ten miles through a succession of the most stupendous and desolate scenes which imagination can conceive. The

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* I am rather surprised to find my fair and talented countrywoman (Lady Morgan) describing our journeys among the Alps as "a species of malady," and the peculiar weariness, physical and moral, "which hangs on the close of each day's progress" as a "periodical paroxysm of the disease." I appeal to travellers whether this be a true state of their feelings? For my own part, the act of travelling, whether actively or passively, has appeared to be the very reverse of a "malady"—namely, the antidote to such a state! As to the fatigue which is necessarily induced by this kind of exercise, it is the prelude or preparative to repose, which sedentary habits can never hope to enjoy.

rocks rise on each side to a frightful altitude, and, in many places appear ready to precipitate themselves headlong on the traveller; while cascades, in all directions, come down in sheets of foam along their rugged and perpendicular sides.

"After passing through a very narrow ravine (says a fair and intelligent traveller) and crossing the river several times, the road is carried through a grotto eighty paces in length, beyond which is the magnificent cascade of Frissinone, whose waters precipitate themselves from a rock so lofty, that they seem lost in æther before they reach the foaming bed of the Vedro. The road then passes through another grotto, 202 paces long, cut through solid rocks of granite. On emerging from this grotto, a sudden turn of the road presents another magnificent cascade, formed by a torrent which issues from the gorge of Zwischbergen, falling perpendicularly, and with such clamorous violence, close to the traveller, that no person can witness this scene without feeling, for a moment, as if it would be impossible to proceed. After quitting the sombre hamlet of Gondo, the road enters the still more sombre gorge of Isella, empaled by perpendicular mountains, from whose summits fall cascades capable of deluging the road, were they not conveyed into the bed of the Vedro, which, swoln and agitated by these tributary streams, rushes furiously through the enormous fragments of rocks—sometimes exhibiting all the colours of the rainbow—and at others foaming into gulphs, which can only be compared with the chaos of Milton and the inferno of Dante." Having slightly hinted that Mrs. Starke has been occasionally led into exaggerated descriptions of unimportant scenes, I have introduced the above passage which proves her power of painting, while I can bear testimony to the fidelity of the portrait.

After traversing the "solitude of Gondo," and the somewhat less savage defiles of Isella, the scene gradually changes—the towering precipices begin to lose a little of their perpendicularity and recede backwards at their summits—the abyss becomes less gloomy—solitary and stunted pines shew themselves on the ledges of rock—then clusters of pines—and at last, the gorge opening wider and wider, a fairy scene, the romantic valley of Fontana, bursts on the view! This, indeed, is Italy. The chilling humid vapours of the tremendous abyss, from which the traveller has emerged, vanish at once—the balmy air is loaded with odoriferous perfumes—the sloaping glades on

the left are covered with vineyards, orchards, gardens, villages white as snow, and every kind of cultivation, contrasting with the still precipitous and gigantic cliffs on the right. After proceeding a few more miles close along the foaming Vedro, another and much more spacious valley opens out to view, at the village of Crevola, "one of the most delightful (to use the words of Eustace) that Alpine solitudes enclose, or the foot of the wanderer ever traversed." It is encompassed by mountains of a craggy and menacing aspect, but often softened by verdure, wood, and cultivation. The river Toccia traverses its centre, and is here joined by the Vedro, which loses its name and character by union with its more powerful neighbour.

Whether it was owing to the physical qualities of the air—the sudden transition from scenes of savage sublimity to romantic beauty—from sterility to fertility—from the awful work of earthquakes and cataracts to the peaceful labours of man—from solitude to society—or from all these combined, I know not; but the exhilaration produced on myself and a large party, by this first entrance into the glades of Italy, was indescribable. Imagination, early association of ideas, and reminiscences of classic tale and history, must have had considerable effect;—but the countenance of some, who knew no more of the territory on which we had just entered than they did of Terra del Fuego, evinced the operation of causes more purely material than intellectual. I have entered upon and sojourned in many different climates on the face of this globe, but never did I feel such elasticity of soul and body, as on the drive from Crevola to Domo D'Ossola. A thousand times did I inspire, to the very utmost extent of my lungs, the balmy atmosphere of Italy, and still with increasing delight! After this confession, it will not be said that I descended to the velvet plains of Latium with a mind prejudiced against its climate.

And now, having cleared this formidable pass over a magnificent road, whose gentle ascents up the face of a mighty Alp scarcely tire either horse or man—whose windings along the brinks of yawning precipices alarm not the eye—whose descents into the most frightful chasms and profound abysses scarcely require a drag on our carriage wheels, can we fail to extend our admiration of the route itself to the great man, whose comprehensive mind designed and executed a gigantic task—

Beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame.

But men are not to be judged solely by their actions in this world, nor probably in the next. The act by which one man bereaves another of life, is construed into murder or homicide entirely by the *design*. If a peasant cut down a huge pine on the edge of a torrent, and projected it over the flood, with the design of levying predatory nocturnal contributions on his neighbour's farm-yard, it would not make the act meritorious, even if the said pine-path afforded great facility of intercourse among the surrounding villagers. The pass of the Simplon might have remained a goat-herd's track till doomsday, had Napoleon not experienced the tremendous difficulties of leading an army over the Great St. Bernard. The accommodation of travellers, or the benefit of commerce, never once entered his mind, except as a veil to cover the ambition of military conquest. No, verily! Every parapet-stone, from Paris, to the triumphal arch at the Porta Semprone of Milan, bears unquestionable testimony that the thirst of empire—the usurpation of the IRON CROWN, constructed the great military road across the Alps, without the slightest reference to national or commercial intercourse. And in what, even now, consists the principal trade over the Simplon? The trunks and bandboxes of English families!

And here let me advert, though with reluctance, to the astounding inaccuracies of an amiable traveller, over whose urn at Naples I paid as sincere a tribute of respect as any of his most ardent admirers could do. Will it be believed that such a man as EUSTACE, while examining the Simplon two short years after Napoleon had conducted his army over the great St. Bernard, and when the foundations of the new military road were just commencing, could be capable of writing such a sentence as the following.—"This mountain, (Simplon,) the object of our excursion, is one of the highest of the Italian Alps (which, by the bye, is a gross error); it is covered with perpetul snow, *and is remarkable for the passage of Buonaparte previous to the battle of Marengo.*" Eustace could scarcely get up a part of the way on a mule—he describes the bridges and roads that *were to be* constructed, and innocently imagines that Napoleon marched his army and heavy artillery over the Simplon—a task fully as difficult as it would have been over the summit of Mont Blanc! Is it not still more astonishing that four editions of the work should have been published, without the enormous error being detected either by the author

or the critics? On future occasions I shall be compelled to combat his *opinions;* but, at all times I shall be ready to give him full credit for the most perfect sincerity, probity and benevolence.

BAVENO.

The first and favourable impressions produced by the balmy air, the azure skies, and the smiling glades of Italy, were enhanced by early intercourse with her lively inhabitants. There must be some affinity between the Irish and the Italians. The hospitality of the former forces you to eat and drink more than you wish—that of the other persuades you to make repasts at periods when there is not the least appetite for the most savoury viands. We experienced this last species of hospitality, before we concluded our first day's journey from the summit of the Simplon. After making a substantial second breakfast at Domo D'Ossolo, and enjoying the beautiful prospect from the terrace of the inn, we started for Baveno; but at the end of the very first stage, were startled, at the Village of Vogogna, with the words "no horses." The obsequious master of the poste, however, who was, unfortunately master of the principal hotel also, informed us that there were far better things than horses under his roof—delicious trout from the neighbouring Toccia and savoury game from the adjacent mountains. The courier asserted that there were several horses in the stable; but the lively host asserted, in return, that they were in readiness for the Diligence, which was momentarily expected. Jet black clouds were rising in the north-east—the vivid lightnings were playing portentously over the Rhætian Alps—the thunder began to growl—and part of the road to Baveno had been completely carried away by the recent floods. It required little penetration to see, that the feelings of the kind Italian would be hurt by a refusal of his disinterested hospitality—and therefore, the trout was ordered into the pot, and the game on the gridiron, with all possible expedition, and without a word being said further on the subject of the horses. The dinner was dressed and eaten—an extra bottle of the best wine in the house emptied—and the bill paid within less than an hour. On turning to the window of the *salle à manger*, I saw some excellent horses and a smart postillion around the carriage—though none had returned

during the short period of our repast. At this moment a large English berline drove up, and the same answer was given respecting horses. I advised my countryman to angle for horses with "trout from the neighbouring stream;" but he swore he would not be imposed upon as I was foolish enough to be. We set off, then, for Baveno with a thousand thanks and bows from our kind host. This was not the first nor the last time I had learnt to know, that fair words and cheerful looks facilitate our journey along the road, as well as through life, much more than blustering and passion. I saw my countryman the next day at Baveno, and he regretted that he had not followed my advice. He was detained three hours at the inn—forced to partake of Italian hospitality at last—charged exorbitantly—treated scurvily—and half-drowned during his journey to Baveno in the middle of the night.

Whoever happens to have been between the Simplon and Milan on the evening and night of the 3d of October, 1829, will hardly forget the thunder-storm which then took place. It was one of these Autumnal hurricanes, which, in Italy, mark the limits between the tropical heat of their Summer and the delightful skies of early Winter. It was a regular ELEPHANTA, such as we see at Bombay on the change of the monsoon, and much about the same time of year. Fortunately for us, the periodical rains had fallen much sooner than usual in Italy, as well as in other countries, that year—and this was the last but one of the Autumnal tornadoes. It was no trifle, even to those who had seen such phenomena in the East and West Indies. It was 11 o'clock at night before we reached Baveno, and the last six miles of the road, or rather the remains of a road, along the LAGO MAGGIORE, were illuminated by terrific flashes of sheet lightning. Every mountain around the lake re-echoed the roaring thunder—every village, villa, and town on its shores—every island on its bosom, were rendered distinctly visible by the lightning—and the glassy surface of the lake itself appeared, every two or three minutes, like a gigantic expanse of the electric fluid.

> How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
> And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
> And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
> Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
> As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

They who have got housed in a comfortable hotel, late at night, from the pelting of the pitiless storm—with a warm supper, a blazing fire, a keen appetite, a cheerful company, a light heart—and a bottle of good wine—can form some idea of the traveller's feelings at the excellent Albergo, perched on the very edge of the Lago Maggiore at Baveno, after such a storm as we encountered.

The rested traveller looks back on the dangers or the difficulties of the past, with positive pleasure—a consolation that may be looked to in every adversity that besets us in our journey through life.

ISOLA BELLA.

The lake has regained its polished and placid countenance—the surrounding mountains are calmly eyeing their full-length portraits in the spacious mirror—but the frightened torrents are leaping from crag to crag, as if still pursued by the furious tempest. The prospect from the Borromean Isles is magnificent; and has been too well described by Eustace and others to bear another word. As to the Isola Bella itself, with its pyramid of terraces, orange and citron walks, time-worn statues, spouting fountains, galleries of evergreens, and endless arcades—it is neither entitled to the appellation of "a terrestrial paradise, an enchanted island, the abode of Calypso, the garden of Armida," which some have bestowed on it—nor yet to the contemptuous epithets poured on its head by Pennant, Southey, and the fair Authoress of "Sketches of Italy." It would, perhaps, be difficult to turn so small a rock, in the midst of a lake, to a better account; and I imagine that the spacious saloons, paved, lined and covered with spars, shells, &c. to imitate grottos, form a very delightful retreat from the burning suns of an Italian Summer. Here, indeed, as throughout Italy, we find filth and finery in close contact! If the traveller happens to mistake the principal entrance to the palace, and turns a corner to the northward, he will find himself ancle-deep in dirt of the worst description—and, on escaping from this scene, into the first door that opens, he will find himself in a large octagonal wing of the palace, *without a roof!* Painters and poets should never look beyond the surfaces of things, especially in Italy—otherwise the picture will be spoiled, or the poetic illusion will vanish. The whiteness

of the houses, the verdure and richness of the country, the elevated spots on which human habitations are perched, and the brilliancy of the skies, all combine to form delightful landscapes. If we wish to keep up the pleasing image, let us as carefully avoid entering town, village, or single mansion—as we would the kitchen, when dinner is under the process of manipulation, in the hands of the cook!

MILAN.

Between Baveno and Milan, the lover of fine scenery will be gratified, and the contemplative philosopher will meet with one or two objects on which he may ruminate, after he passes the blue and arrowy Ticino at Sesto Calende, where the Lago Maggiore disgorges its purified waters in a magnificent stream, to mingle with the turbid Po. On the right hand, he will pass a gigantic bronze statue of St. Carlo Borromeo, near Arona—and on the left, near Somma, a lofty cypress tree, planted before the Christian æra. If that tree could tell the various events of its long life, from the time that Hannibal's and Scipio's troops first came into mortal conflict under its branches, down to the slaughter of Marengo and Lodi, also within view of its aerial summit, the tale would be worth listening to! It now stands as straight, and its branches are as verdant, as when the Goths and Vandals were ravaging the neighbouring plains of Lombardy. What a contrast does it present in point of longevity, to the lord of the creation! How often has it seen the youthful Carlo pass under its shade, in Cardinal pomp and earthly grandeur! And still it stands in apparent vigour, while the brazen statue of the canonized Carlo corrodes by winds and rains, on one side, and the blackened corse itself is hourly exposed on the other, to the vulgar gaze of every fool, who fees a fattened friar to disturb the ashes of the dead!

On crossing the Ticino, the face of the country suddenly changes, and presents a complete contrast to that of the Alpine region, over which the traveller has passed. Here the character is flatness and fertility—there, ruggedness and sterility. We shall see, under the next head, (Pellagra,) whether the fruitful soil of "Latium's velvet plain" confers proportionate plenty, happiness, and health on its envied inhabitants.

Milan is one of the cleanest cities which I have seen beyond the Alps. The streets, though narrow, are well paved with stripes of flags in the wrong places—being in the middle instead of the sides—and the northern eye is not offended with the constant sight of southern dirt, as in most other towns of Italy. Whether this extraordinary cleanliness be partly owing to the circumstance of Austrian muskets gleaming, at every hundred paces, in the middle of the streets at night, I cannot pretend to say. This effective police seems to be a great annoyance to the Milanese, and to give mortal offence to my fair countrywoman, Lady Morgan. I confess that I am not such an enthusiastic admirer of FREEDOM, as to advocate those LIBERTIES which are taken in the streets of Tuscan, Roman, and Neapolitan cities, by day and by night, to "the corruption of good manners," if not to the "derogation of God's honour." If it be true that an English cannon speaks various languages, and that very intelligibly, so I believe it true that an Austrian bayonet performs a number of useful offices in its *civil* as well as in its military character. It is the best scavenger that I have seen to the southward of the Simplon—and all acknowledge that it has superseded the stiletto, in Milan and many other places.

There are two things at MILAN, the sight of which would repay the journey from London to Lombardy :—The cathedral—and the view from its spires on a clear day. Description is not my *forte*—and, moreover, it is not my business in this place. I should be sorry to attempt that which a female pen, of no ordinary power, has not ventured to undertake. But I am sure that a great number of travellers lose one of the most beautiful and sublime prospects in the world, by not taking the opportunity of ascending the highest spire of the cathedral during a clear state of the atmosphere. The view is perfectly unique. We see a chain of the highest mountains of Europe to the north—the Apennines to the south—and the plains of Lombardy, bounded only by the horizon, in every other direction. The Alps, from Genoa to the Tyrol, form one continuous line of gigantic pyramids of ice and snow, apparently within a few miles of the spectator —Monte Rosa towering in the centre. The scene is magnificent, beyond all description, or even conception! The breeze comes down from these mountains with icy chillness in the hottest sunshine—and the hues of the setting sun, reflected and refracted by their frozen sides and summits, baffle all description. The illimitable plains of

Lombardy present a very curious landscape. In the foreground, they appear like gardens—in the distance, like forests. The mulberry, acacia, and other trees planted around the rice-fields, unite at a certain angle of incidence, and look like one continuous wood, concealing the rich intermediate cultivation. The canals, for navigation or irrigation, resemble silver veins meandering through the country, which is studded with towns, villages, villas, and cottages, all as white as the marble of the cathedral. To the south, the more humble range of the Apennines, crowned with "piny forests" instead of "unfathomed snows," call forth many a classical and historical recollection —the whole panorama from the Duomo, including a fine bird's-eye view of Milan itself, impressing on the memory a splendid image, a gorgeous and majestic picture of nature and art—of desolation and cultivation—of everlasting snow and perennial verdure, which TIME only can efface, by breaking up the intellectual tablet on which it was engraved by the delighted senses.

It is to be regretted that the ascent to the highest pinnacle—even to any of the hundred spires—is laborious; but the toil is well rewarded, if the atmosphere be clear, by one of the most imposing panoramas in the world. On four successive days did I labour to the summit of the cupola, and still the prospect, in every direction, excited new feelings of delight.*

The transition from this splendid scene to the subterranean vault, in which the skin and bones of St. Carlo Borromeo find no repose, though enshrined in a sarcophagus of crystal, is most disgusting! The puffers and procurators of the Siamese youths—the fire-eater—the camelopard—or the Bengal tiger, are not more alert on their post, than are the monks of Milan, or their *employées*, to enveigle down into this splendid dungeon the traveller, from whom a five-franc piece is modestly demanded, for a sight of the noseless and disgusting face of a sainted mummy! In short, the exhibition of the venerated "ARCH-

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* Errors are propagated by describing from books instead of nature. It must have been some fallacy of this kind that led John Bell to talk of the "enchanting prospects, in every direction," that open to the eye from the CORSO, or PUBLIC WALK! I only ask any one who paces the Corso, what kind of prospect he sees? It is physically impossible, in a plain like that of Lombardy, to have any thing like a prospect, except from the summit of some high building.

BISHOP OF MILAN" is just as much a matter of mercenary avocation, as the exhibition of any wild beast in London. If Eustace, a catholic, and the eloquent, amiable advocate of catholicism, condemns this exhibition, it is clear that it deserves reprobation. "The face is exposed *very improperly, because much disfigured by decay*—a deformity increased and rendered more hideous by its contrast with the splendour of the vestments which cover the body, and by the pale and ghastly light that gleams from the aperture above." Improperly, *because* "much disfigured!" I would say, improperly in all respects—but peculiarly so, when done solely for the money which the exhibition produces.* And here I may observe, that a constant charge against England is, the expense of seeing public sights in her metropolis. I fearlessly aver that, with a few exceptions, which shall be mentioned in their places, the public sights on the Continent—more especially in Italy, require the purse to be kept constantly in hand! A set of more selfish, insatiable, and mercenary sharks never existed, than are to be seen round the museums and public edifices of Italy. They will not publish any catalogues—they hurry a squadron of visitors round a whole museum in a given time, bawling out the names of a few of the principal objects—and dismiss the company as quickly as possible, in order to pocket the offerings of the succeeding batch!

I shall not trouble the reader with any description of the gloomy interior of this celebrated cathedral. The outside is my favourite, because a splendid view of Nature encircles an interesting spectacle of art. I can hardly take leave of the Duomo, however, without adverting to another disgusting and tasteless exhibition—the flayed body of St. Bartholomew. The statuary has disarmed criticism, by telling us candidly that he is not PRAXITELES—which is, perhaps, a work of supererogation.

"Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus fecit Agrates."

If Agrati had ever seen a human being flayed alive, he would not have represented him in the posture of a dancing master—and if he had

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* One fool makes many. I acknowledge myself a fool, for spending a moment's time in going down to the vault of St. Carlo; but this is one of the lions of Milan, not to have seen which would argue great stupidity.

been acquainted with anatomy, he would not have committed such obvious errors as are here seen.

The great theatre, La Scala, is another lion of the first magnitude in Milan, which I did not see—for this good reason, there is but one chandelier suspended from the roof—all the rest of the house, the stage excepted, being in the dark. I went three nights in succession, to hear the music and see the actors—and these being the two legitimate and proper objects of the philo-dramatists, the Italians gain great credit for their good sense in keeping the boxes in obscurity, so that attention may not be distracted from the opera. Nothing can be more erroneous than this opinion. The same innate or instinctive love of darkness, or dread of light, (phœbo-phobia,) which induced the inhabitants of Pompeii to live in pigeon-holes, where light could never enter but through the solitary door, when opened—which induced every Italian, from that period to the present time, to construct his mansion like a prison, with iron-grated glassless windows in the exterior—and a dirty, gloomy court in the centre furnishing the only prospect, and carefully excluding the sun—the same propensity, I say, with the additional stimulus of economy, prompts the Italian to prefer a dark to an illuminated box.* When I say innate or instinctive love of darkness, I use a wrong expression. It is a physical necessity of avoiding light and heat—common to the inhabitants of all hot countries. Throughout the vast regions and various nations of the East, the same physical necessity exists and the same propensity prevails. The Turks, the Hindoos, and all intervening people, exclude the beams of the sun by means of narrow streets, high houses, thick walls, and gloomy apartments, clustered round a central court. The Romans took the hint from the Greeks, and the Italians continue the custom, which has long since become a second nature.†

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* Ammianus Marcellinus, when censuring the effeminacy of the ancient Roman nobility, has these remarkable expressions:—"should a fly presume to settle in the silken folds of their umbrellas, or a *sun-beam penetrate through some unguarded chink*, they deplore their hardships, and lament that they were not born in *the land of the Cimmerians*, the regions of eternal darkness."—*Gibbon.*

† Tacitus tells us that, after the burning of Rome by Nero, that Emperor caused the new city to be built with wide streets and houses detached from each other, in opposition to the plan of the old town, with narrow crooked streets and high houses.

As to La Scala, there was not much lost by the darkness of the house—the whole being, indeed, "a beggarly account of empty boxes," though some of the first warblers in Italy were wasting their sweets upon the desert air. But the Dons of the pit made up for the vacuity of the boxes. They nearly drove from the stage a fair and meritorious songstress by repeated groans and hisses, savouring more of tobacco than of liberality. These same Dons, and on the same day, rent the skies with acclamations, at the sight of a race round the arena of the amphitheatre, where two Smithfield bullocks would have distanced the fleetest of the Lombardy coursers! An equestrian looby (poor representative of Ducrow) next strode, or attempted to stride, on the backs of two ponies, while galloping round the arena—but soon measured his length in the dust, which produced loud plaudits. These are sufficient specimens of the feats performed in this great place of public amusement.

If amplitude be the measure of magnificence, this amphitheatre is superb. It is a fortified field, the interior wall of whose rampart is built sloping, with rows of seats. The rampart itself is not higher than an ordinary wall round a town;—and this is the whole affair. It is a poor imitation of the Colisseum, or the amphitheatre of Capua, which accommodated nearly treble the number of spectators, defended from rain and sun, and gave them an infinitely better view of what was going on in the arena. The area is too great and the spectators too low, for any kind of exhibition except that of horse-racing, charioteering, or such spectacles as require no very distinct or accurate perception through the medium of sight or hearing.*

Nero's taste was then criticised by men of observation. The original construction (such as Genoa now presents) "was thought more conducive to the health of the inhabitants. The narrowness of the streets and the elevation of the buildings served to exclude the rays of the sun; whereas the more open space, having neither shade nor shelter, left men exposed to the intense heat of the day."—*Tacitus, Annals, B.* XV.

Brotier, in remarking on this passage of Tacitus, says, "it is well known that the more open parts of Rome are more sickly than the narrow streets, where the inhabitants are shaded from the intense heat.

To this may be added, the security which narrow streets and high houses afford against the malaria, wafted from the pestiferous Campagna di Roma in Autumn.

* P.S. I find, however, that I have done injustice to La Scala. During the

TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

The intended triumphal arch near the Amphitheatre, and at the termination of the great military road of the Simplon, may afford ample food for reflection on the "vanity of human wishes"—or, at all events, of human projects !—It is well known that a famous colossal statue in Rome represented successively a devil, a man, and a god. Why should not the emblazonments of Gallic victories, on the Porta Sempione, be changed, with change of events, to emblems of defeat? The piling of the Austrian arms, after the battle of Marengo, and Mack's surrender at Ulm, may be easily transformed into the discomfiture of the French at Montmartre, and Marmont's capitulation of Paris—Napoleon having chosen to array the warriors on both sides in the costume of ancient Romans! The long series of brilliant epochs in his eventful life, may be readily transmuted (since statuary is not very nice in chronology) into the train of rapid and precipitate disasters, by which he fell from the summit of power to the abyss of captivity! The dreary crags of the Great St. Bernard are very easily converted into the scarcely less steril cliffs of St. Helena. The L'ORIENT, which bore him as an eastern conqueror to the banks of the Nile, can be changed to the Belerophon, which conveyed him, "like Themistocles," to the shores of Britain for a last asylum. For the Bridge of LODI may be substituted that of the BERESINA—for the carnage of the PYRAMIDS, the conflagration of MOSCOW. The sands of EGYPT may be converted into the not less dazzling snows of RUSSIA—Wagram into Waterloo—and finally, the sombre scenes of captivity at Longwood and the Briars, may well usurp the places of Fontainbleau and Valençy, the dreary prisons of PIUS and FERDINAND!

BALLET, I saw things there, which I had never so plainly seen in any other theatre, notwithstanding the want of lights. But my countrymen and countrywomen will see things in every part of Italy, which the prudence—I beg pardon—the PRUDERY of their English ancestors has kept out of sight. Nature is always superior to art. Why should the Medicean Venus, the Belvidere Apollo, or the Farnees Hercules, be allowed the luxury of nudity, in a warm climate, while their living descendants are condemned to the expense and misery of clothing? But of this more hereafter.

PELLAGRA.

A phenomenon resulting from the physical operation of climate on the human race, and which is equally curious and melancholy to contemplate, may be seen on a large scale in the great hospital of Milan —the PELLAGRA of the Lombardo-Venetian plains. Those who have not courage to view it in the living body, may form a tolerable idea of its external characters from some excellent representations in wax, at the Museum of the University of Bologna.

This horrible malady, or complication of maladies, has only been observed, during the last 60 or 80 years, and is rapidly increasing. The proportion of cases in the hospital is very considerable.* It begins by an erysipelatous eruption on the skin, which breaks out in the Spring, continues till the Autumn, and disappears in the Winter—chiefly affecting those parts of the surface which are habitually exposed to the sun or the air. This cutaneous symbol of an internal disorder is accompanied or preceded by remarkable debility, lassitude, melancholy, moroseness—hypochondriacism—and not seldom a strong propensity to suicide. Year rolls on after year, and the cutaneous eruption, as well as the general disorders, become more and more aggravated, with shorter and shorter intervals in the Winter. At length the surface ceases to clear itself, and becomes permanently enveloped in a thick, livid, leprous crust, somewhat resembling the dried and black skin of a fish! By this time, the vital powers are reduced to a very low ebb—and not seldom the intellectual functions. The miserable victim of this dreadful pellagra loses the use of his limbs, more particularly of the inferior extremities—is tormented with violent colick, head-ach, nausea, flatulence, and heartburn—the appetite being sometimes nul, at others voracious. The countenance becomes sombre and melancholy, or totally void of expression—the breath fetid—the teeth rotten—the inside of the mouth ulcerated—the mucous membrane highly irritable, and diarrhœa is a common accompaniment of the other disastrous train of miseries. But the most distressing phenomenon of all, is a sense of burning heat in the head

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* It has been supposed that a sixth or seventh of the population is affected with pellagra, in those parts of the country where it is most prevalent.

and along the spine, from whence it radiates to various other parts of the body, but more especially to the palms of the hands and soles of the feet—tormenting the wretched victim day and night, and depriving him completely of sleep! He frequently feels as if an electric spark darted from the brain, and flew to the eyeballs, the ears, and the nostrils, burning and consuming those parts. To these severe afflictions of the body are often added strange hallucinations of the mind. The victim of pellagra fancies that he hears the incessant noise of millstones grinding near him—of hammers resounding on anvils—of bells ringing—or the discordant cries of various animals! The disease when advanced, takes the form of many other maladies, as tetanus, convulsions, epilepsy, dropsy, mania, and marasmus*—the patient ceasing at last to exist and to suffer, when reduced to the state and appearance of a mummy. It is by no means uncommon—who can say it is wonderful—that the wretched being abbreviates the term of his afflictions, and anticipates the too tardy hand of death in a paroxysm of suicidal mania! It is remarkable that this tendency to self-destruction very often assumes the form of a desire to consummate that last act of the tragedy by drowning—so much so that STRAMBI, a writer on the pellagra, has given it the name of HYDROMANIA, when this propensity exists.

Whatever may be the precise nature of the cause of this dreadful disease, it is certain that it is almost universally confined to those who reside in the country—leading an agricultural life—and to the lowest orders of society. It is not bounded by any age—being frequently seen in the youngest children. The whole of the flat country on both sides of the river Po—but more especially the fertile and level plains between that river and the Alps, are the theatre and head-quarters of pellagra. I have only sketched the more prominent features of the complaint, and I have by no means magnified either its horrors or its prevalency. If those who doubt this statement will consult the native writers on the malady, as Strambi, Trapolli, Soler,

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* It is on this account that we see written over the heads of the beds in Milan Hospital, the various diseases to which pellagra forms the adjective, as atrophia pellagrina, phthisis pellagrina, hydrops pellagrinus, paralysis pellagrina, mania pellagrina, &c.

Zanetti, and many others, they will acknowledge that I have softened rather than exaggerated the picture.

Such is the sweeping and terrible scourge of those beautiful and fertile plains that furnish themes of admiration for the poet, the painter, the novelist, and the romantic tourist! Had Rogers and Wordsworth, while celebrating the borders of Como and the Lago Maggiore, representing them as terrestrial paradises, been acquainted with the pestilence that afflicted one-seventh of the inhabitants, they would have curbed a little their poetic fancies—or added a back ground to the picture :—

> ——————————— Where the world danced
> Listening to Monti, quaffing gramolata,
> And reading in the eyes, that sparkled round,
> Ten thousand love-adventures written there.—Rogers.

The cause of this frightful endemic has engaged the pens of many learned doctors. But it is just as inscrutable as the causes of hepatitis on the coast of Coromandel, elephantiasis in Malabar, Beriberi in Ceylon, Barbadoes leg in the Antilles, goitre among the Alps—the plica in Poland—cretinism in the Vallais—or malaria in the Campagna di Roma! It is an emanation from the soil; but whether conveyed in the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink, is unknown. If this, or any of the endemics which I have mentioned, depended on the filth or dirty habits of the people, we ought to have similar complaints in Sion, or the Jews' quarter in Rome, the narrow lanes of Naples, and the stinking alleys of all Italian towns and cities. But such is not the case. The Jews' quarter in Rome is the dirtiest and the healthiest spot in that famous city. The inhabitants of Fondi, Itri, and other wretched villages in the Neapolitan dominions, are eaten up with dirt, starvation, and malaria, but no pellagra, no elephantiasis, no goitre, no cretinism is to be seen. The inevitable and the rational inference is, that each country, where peculiar or endemic maladies prevail, produces them from some hidden source, which human knowledge has not yet been able to penetrate. The general opinion among the medical men of the Milanese is, that the pellagra results from the extreme poverty and low unwholesome diet of the peasantry. It might moderate the wailings of the English farmers, and even their labourers, if they

knew the condition of their own ranks on those fertile plains so bepraised by our poets and travellers. Let us hear what a recent writer (M. Jourdain) says :—" Quoique la Lombardie soit une des contrées les plus fertiles de l'Europe, l'habitant des campagnes se nourrit presque exclusivement de végétaux, de pain de seigle mal cuit et aigre, de riz, de bled de Turquie, preparé de plusieurs manieres, &c. Il mange rarement de la viande, et, quoique le sol qu'il foule aux pieds produise de la vigne, sa pauvreté lui interdit le vin. Il n'a, pour etancher sa soif, que des eaux presque toujours impures et bourbeuses. Devoré par le misere, il ne peut se couvrir que de haillons, et souvent il partage sa demeure avec des animaux immondes."

The above are the words, not of a political, but a medical writer, who could have no object in exaggerating the miseries of the Lombardo-Venetian peasant. The ordinary traveller is so enchanted with the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the lakes, the romantic grandeur of the surrounding Alps, and the brilliancy of the skies, that he overlooks the misery of the inhabitants, and the diseases that carry them to a premature grave! The poet avoids such scenes :

> "I turned my prow and followed, landing soon
> Where steps of purest marble met the wave ;—
> Where through the trellises and corridors,
> Soft music came, as from Armida's palace,
> Breathing enchantment o'er the woods and waters."
>
> ROGERS' ITALY.

MALARIOUS PHYSIOGNOMY.

Between Sesto Calende and the river Po at Piacenza, the *inexperienced* traveller will be forcibly struck with a sickly cast of countenance among the inhabitants of the rich Lombardo-Venetian plains, totally different from anything which he had formerly seen. The *experienced* traveller, on the other hand, will instantly recognize a physiognomy quite familiar to his sight. Those who have visited the unhealthy localities within and without the tropics, and who are capable of any observation at all, are well acquainted with the peculiar and morbid aspect which malarious districts impress on the human countenance, in

characters which it is impossible to misunderstand. The alluvial debouches of the Scheldt, the Nile, the Oroonoko, the Euphrates, the Ganges, the Danube, the Po, besides ten thousand intermediate places in the four quarters of the globe, have so deteriorated the health of man, and stamped on his visage such indelible marks of disease, that the most superficial observer can never forget the humiliating portrait. Let the inexperienced and curious traveller, then, pass through the towns between Milan and Piacenza on market days, when the peasants are congregated in the streets, and he will see a picture of human nature, little less deplorable or disgusting than that which the cretins of Sion present. He will there be able to form a good idea of the general effects of malaria throughout the world—while the local or peculiar effects, as sketched under the head of PELLAGRA, will complete the melancholy outline!

The complexion is neither yellow nor sallow, but an unsightly and unearthly compound of the two—a never-failing effect of malaria, whatever be the parallel of latitude—whether on the pestiferous plains of Beveland or of Batavia. To the experienced eye, the features, the whole countenance, present infallible indications of a slow poison circulating with the current of the blood, through every organ of the body, and gradually sapping the foundations of health and life. The rice-grounds between the Alps and the Po, irrigated in every direction, and not seldom inundated, are nearly as fertile in the production of the mysterious and fatal malaria, as of grain, fruit, and vegetables. Of this dreadful scourge of Italy's fair fields I shall speak more in the sequel;—but I conjure travellers to be observant of its effects, and they will trace its operations, in more or less activity, through every valley, plain, and mountain, between Como and Calabria.

MILAN TO BOLOGNA.

Mercy on us, what empires, kingdoms, principalities, and states, have we traversed in 48 or 50 hours! Had it not been for a boat laden with Parmesan cheese, which carried away the Pont Volant over the Po, at Piacenza, imperial Austria would have furnished us with COFFEE, before day-light—Maria Louisa, ex-Empress of France, would have spread a sumptuous DEJEUNER A LA FOURCHETTE for us

at the PAONE, in Parma—Modena's proud and warlike Duke would have entertained us at DINNER—and our SUPPER would have been blessed by His Holiness the Pope, in Bologna! As it was, the accident to which I have alluded caused us to retrace our steps from the banks of the Po, opposite Piacenza, through the stinking and pestiferous rice-grounds, in the middle of the night, (equalling in coldness a Siberian Winter,) to Milan. Thence, we made a detour by Pavia, and had the additional honour of sleeping under the protection of his Sardinian Majesty, after crossing the Ticino and the Po—and after having our baggage carefully examined by the Douaniers, in search of ——— LADY MORGAN!*

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* While I admire the talents, the spirit, the wit, and the censorial powers of my fair countrywoman, I cannot approve her personal satire. The vices of a people, or the actions of public men, are legitimate objects for criticism, or even castigation—but personalities are beneath the notice of the satirist, and *motives* are beyond his ken. I put it to Lady Morgan's cool reflection, whether, after traversing the gallery of a prince, it was worth her while to characterise the portrait of the owner, as presenting "the *beau ideal* of imbecility." But this is not so bad as the repeated attacks on the moral character of the departed Eustace. First, his work is pronounced to be "false, flimsy, and pompous;" then he himself is represented as utterly ignorant of Italy—and, last of all, he is roundly accused of a "*premeditated* perversion of facts." Lady Morgan had a right to expose his errors, and use as harsh expressions, in doing so, as suited her sanguine constitution—she might even *suspect* his veracity—but to assert that his "perversion of facts" was "*premeditated*," is an awful assumption of the omniscient mind's prerogatives, unjustifiable on any principle of religion, morality, or sound criticism. Lady Morgan tells us that it is "less painful to make the assertion, as the author's ear is no longer alive either to praise or censure;" but, in my humble opinion, the circumstance of a man's inability to defend himself in another world, is a sorry reason for stabbing his moral character in this.

Lady Morgan had a right to ridicule Mr. Eustace's horror of revolutionary, and his admiration of aristocratic and monarchical principles—but no impartial reader can peruse her ladyship's work, without perceiving that she has herself fallen into the opposite extreme—always palliating the enormities of republican France—and exaggerating the imbecilities or misrule of monarchical or papal states. I am no advocate of Mr. Eustace. I shall freely correct his errors wherever I find them. But Heaven forbid that I should insult the ashes of an amiable clergyman, by burning, biting, savage sarcasms—by cruel judgments on *motives*, that belong to the DEITY alone—and which are "foul and unnatural" when uttered by the tongue of a female—a lady whose splendid talents suffer a partial adumbration from the fervor (I had almost said *fury*) of her political prejudices.

Then what mighty fortresses have capitulated to us on this triumphant march, without firing a gun—indeed without having a gun to fire! How many gates without walls have flown open, at the sight of Napoleon's trunkless head—a tyrant whose image is now as much adored, as the living original was dreaded and detested, when, in 1796, he was driving Wurmser before him, and levying contributions on every town through which he passed. How many draw-bridges threatened to rise, and portcullises to fall, if our passports were not signed or countersigned by half the ambassadors of Europe! And all this mockery and mimicry of "warlike note" and military precaution, is kept up by petty states and pauper princes, to feed a pack of hungry and rapacious EMPLOYE'S who practise on the traveller, through the medium of their underlings, those extortions which they are too proud to call by the proper name—MENDICITY! Shame on those princes, governors, and magistrates who sanction this perpetual, ignoble, and harassing warfare, on every stranger who comes within their contemptible walls.

The detour by Pavia gave us an opportunity of viewing this once celebrated, but now decayed city—the city of a "hundred towers!" Its long, narrow, and silent streets, its demolished fortifications, its melancholy university, and its sickly, poverty-stricken inhabitants, present a picture which cannot easily be forgotten. Around its ruined ramparts, silent as the grave, and on which the sentinel's measured footstep is never heard, I wandered by moonlight, and enjoyed once more a magnificent view of the long range of snowy Alps. It was full moon—not a leaf was moved by the breeze—and innumerable stars, of dazzling brilliancy, studded the azure vault. The funereal cypress cast its long and pyramidal shadow across the grass-grown parapets—the murmur of the crystal Ticino was distinguishable—but no human voice vibrated on the listening ear—no cheerful light gleamed from lamp or window—not even from Petrarch's chamber—and I could scarcely help fancying that I was wandering round some vast and lonely cemetery, when the midnight hour was faintly heard tolling from the distant Carthusian Monastery, and *mausoleum of a murderer*, warning me to repair to my hotel. It was in one of Pavia's towers that the prisoner Boethius wrote his treatise, "de *consolatione philosophiæ*," and philosophy seems now the only consolation of fallen Pavia. Where Volta raised the galvanic pile, Aldini constructs his fire-proof

mantles—while arts, science, and literature are still taught in its learned halls.

It is between Voghera and Bologna, while skirting along the Apennines, that the traveller's attention is first arrested by a very striking feature in the natural scenery and the medical topography of Italy—an endless succession of beds of rivers, without water, or with only a trifling rivulet meandering in the centre. While crossing these beds, we generally see a high and narrow bridge in the neighbourhood, which the postillions avoid. Many of these bridges, indeed, are too narrow for a carriage, and consist of a single arch, of immense altitude and span. When rains fall in Italy, thousands of torrents rush from the Apennines, along these water-courses—and in many places, the traveller's carriage is arrested till the rapid stream subsides. In such localities, the high and narrow arch permits the pedestrian traveller or the peasant and mule to pass. These water-courses vary in breadth, from a dozen yards to a mile, or even more; and well tempered must be the springs of carriages to withstand the successions experienced while traversing their rocky surfaces. They are foaming cataracts one day and empty channels the next. The mountains being often wrapt in clouds, the rains sometimes fall there without any notice on the plains, till the torrent comes roaring along with tremendous rapidity, sweeping away every living creature that happens to be crossing the dry and rugged channels at the time. These ravines form one of the most potent engines of insalubrity in Italy, though very much overlooked by medical travellers. I shall revert to them hereafter, when speaking of the climate of this country.

It is also between the Po and Bologna that the level grounds, bordering on the Apennines, present scenes of cultivation and fertility which delight the eye and defy description. They are only surpassed by the Campagna Felice, near Naples. The almost interminable ridge of hoary Alps is still seen, with scarcely any diminution, in our rear—the Apennines rise, in modest grandeur on our right—and the plains of Lombardy stretch away to the verge of the horizon on the left. The surface of the soil is cultivated like a garden, producing three or four annual crops of grain—hedges and neat enclosures divide the farms—rows of elms, poplars, mulberries, &c. traverse every field, not more than 50 or 60 feet distant from each other—while the slender and helpless branches of the vine are carried from tree to tree, trained

in elegant or fantastic festoons, and bending to the earth beneath a load of the most delicious grapes. The richness and beauty of the scenery are not rendered less interesting by a consciousness that we are pacing along the VIA EMILIA, now one of the most smooth and excellent roads in Europe—that we are treading over the ground where Hannibal and the Romans, in former times, mingled in mortal combat; and where, in our own days, the still more terrific conflict between "fiery Frank and furious Hun" dyed the Trebia with human gore, and fertilized its banks with the carcases of heroes!

The vintage was in full operation—and every man, woman, child, and beast, were at work in securing the nectarious harvest of old Bacchus. Did the appearance of the peasantry correspond with the scenes of peace, plenty, and fertility around? Travellers say little or nothing on this subject. If they did but inspect the countenances of the inhabitants, they would see poverty, disease, and depression in every feature! Some mysterious and invisible UPAS TREE must surely overshadow the smiling plains and glades of Italy, rendering nugatory the exuberance of Nature and the labour of man.

> Soft zephyrs blow—eternal summers reign,
> And showers prolific bless the soil—in vain!

The peasantry do not, indeed, present such marked characters of sickliness, as among the rice-grounds on the other side of the Po; yet the malarious countenance is unequivocal—and doubtless there are not wanting moral and political causes to aid the deleterious operation of climate. I am rather surprised that so acute an observer as Lady Morgan should permit the beauty and fertility of the country to veil the sickly aspect of the people—nay, to transform it into that of health, happiness, and beauty. "Every step (says this enchantress) was a picture—the sky was Claude's—the foliage was Poussin's—the groupings were Teniers'. Those gloomy and ruinous buildings in which the peasantry herd in Italy, were here replaced by cottages of English neatness, environed by more than English abundance—gardens of natural fertility, vineyards dressed like flower-knotts—*and a population the most joyous and active*, gave assurance of that equal distribution of the gifts of Providence, which best—

> 'Justifies the ways of God to man.'"

One of three things must be the case. Either the appearance of the inhabitants has been changed by the lapse of ten years—Lady Morgan was deceived—or I am no judge of the human countenance. There was neither that health, activity, joy, or signs of plenty in the peasantry, between the Po and the Apennines, which her Ladyship has portrayed. They are less squalid than the Milanese—but the marks of malaria—indeed of the Italian climate, which, according to Lady Morgan herself, "spares every thing but man," were indelibly imprinted on every face.

John Bell has fallen into the same strain as Lady Morgan, and, while travelling between the Po and Bologna, "could not help remarking the *uncommon beauty of the people.*" I only request the traveller to use his eyes and decide. If John Bell had consulted the tables of mortality in this country, or examined the hospitals of Milan and Bologna, he would have been convinced that, if people are more beautiful on the banks of the Po than on the banks of the Thames, they are much more sickly—and I believe sickness and beauty are rather antagonizing characters in the human frame. Indeed, it is to be regretted that a medical man of such talents as John Bell possessed, did not direct his observations to the medical topography of Italy, instead of filling a quarto volume with criticisms on statues, buildings, and paintings. Surely the profession by which he gained immortal fame, was not beneath his notice while travelling in Italy.

We are now in Bologna; but the reader need not fear the infliction of a description, for the fiftieth time repeated. There are two great classes of objects which command the traveller's attention in Italy—the beauties of Nature and the works of art. The last and greatest work of the Creator is seen to best advantage in the gallery of the Vatican—and even there it is but a copy; the original (according to West) being in the back woods of America.* From the summit of Assinelli's tower, not more remarkable for its altitude than its uglincss, (but whose leaning is scarcely perceptible,) the traveller will enjoy one of those magnificent prospects which can never be obliterated from the memory. The lofty Apennines on one side, form a remark-

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* West's exclamation, on seeing the Belvidere Apollo, at Rome, is known to every one—"My God! a Mohawk warrior."

able contrast with the boundless plains on the other. It is here that the last faint glimpse of the Alps is caught, in the north-east quarter, like the edge of a white cloud just above the horizon. Bologna itself is better seen from this tower than from any other spot in the neighbourhood. The principal streets are lined, on each side, with arcades, like Berne, for example. Forsyth is "surprised that continued porticos like these, which Nero's excellent taste had designed for his new edition of Rome, are not general in the south of Italy, a country so subject to violent heat and rain." Forsyth forgot, or perhaps did not know, that to have these open porticos, the streets must be comparatively wide—and that wide streets would admit the sun, which is a much more unwelcome visitor than rain, in a hot climate. Narrow streets are more economical, and also more cool.

Having seen the beauties of Nature from the summit of Assinelli's tower, the traveller proceeds to the halls of the university and the PINACOTECA, to contemplate the wonders of art. The wax-works in Bologna are far more valuable, though on an infinitely smaller scale, than those at Florence. The former represent diseases—the latter are purely anatomical, and not very correct. The last (at Florence) are of little or no use, except to make the vulgar stare. Here (Bologna) may be seen the PELLAGRA of Lombardy, by those who do not like to traverse the wards of the great hospital at Milan. The cabinets of natural history, antiquities, &c. demand a day or two for examination. But the PINACOTECA is the favourite lounge. Some of the finest paintings in Italy are here. Cecilia stealing HARMONY, as Prometheus stole FIRE, from Heaven, is, I think, the best. The remark which I am going to make, and which regards Italy in general, not the Pinacoteca in particular, will subject me to severe censure—but to that I am more callous than the critics may imagine. In pacing the thousand galleries of this Holy Land, the eye is first surprised, but ultimately fatigued, with the endless representations of religious subjects—more especially the mysteries of our sacred religion. Wherever we look, crucifixions, sepultures, resurrections, descents from the cross and ascents into the clouds, are mingled with mysterious conceptions, virgin mothers, and infantile Christs. I may be wrong—but I suspect that the Infinite variety in the delineation and personification of these hallowed truths, weaken and disturb the unity and solemnity of those ideas that ought to be attached to them. The

eternal Virgin and Child, under every form and in every kind of situation which the genius of a Caracci, Guido, Guercino, Giovanni, Domenichino, &c. &c. could imagine, down to the rude daubs and carvings on every sign-post, finger-post, wall, and pig-stye in Italy, may create or strengthen devotion in the minds of others, but I confess that they had no such salutary tendency on mine.

In the celebrated church of "La Madonna di St. Luca," seated on a romantic eminence near Bologna, the road to which is covered, to induce travellers, even in bad weather, to visit it, we see the Virgin Mary, painted by Saint Luke himself. If the Apostle has given a true representation, and certainly he had the best means of doing so, the Virgin must have been a native of Africa! Mr. Eustace slurs over this picture, and talks only of the church, as "a most noble monument of public piety, and alone sufficient to prove, that the spirit and magnificence of the ancient Romans still animate the modern Italians"!!! Mr. Eustace is right. Ancient Romans and modern Italians have erected magnificent temples and splendid churches over the rankest falsehoods and vilest impositions that ever disgraced the reason and the judgment of man. Of the *former* I shall speak in due time—of the *latter*, be the shrine of Loretto and the Madonna di St. Luca sufficient examples!

The catholic religion and catholic painters delight in the historical events, the parentage, the birth, the early life, the crucifixion, and the ascension of our Saviour—all or most of which are mysteries or miracles incomprehensible by the human mind—while the heavenly, but practical and intelligible, precepts of Christianity, which ought to be our constant study and guide, are passed over, as not calculated to produce that *striking effect on the senses* which would seem to be the end and object of the catholic worship. But whatever objections may be urged against these strictures on pictorial representations of Christ, as participating in human nature, I think the idea of pencilling the Creator of the Universe, will hardly be advocated. Yet Guercino has dared to do this. He has represented the Almighty with the left hand resting on a globe, the right being raised in the clouds.

"The countenance (says John Bell) is that of an old man, having a *long beard* and grey hairs; the figure is enveloped in the folds of a *rich Cardinal's cloak*, while on his brow an expression of anxious thought is seated, wrinkling the forehead with deep lines of care, as if

meditating with perplexity on the world he had created. The circumstance of Guercino's having executed this picture in one night by the light of flambeaux, seems to be perfectly ascertained; but it is difficult not to regret that the artist had chosen for proof of his celebrity a task so difficult, or, I ought rather to say, impossible, as that of representing the Eternal Father."

And yet we can hardly wonder at the "perplexing meditations" of our Creator, when foreseeing the horrible acts that were to be perpetrated by his "express image," MAN! Close to the above picture is an illustration—Poussin's MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS. "The terror, (says a pictorial critic,) dismay, and wildness of the different groups are admirably portrayed; and, notwithstanding the violence of the action, each head is beautiful as that of an angel. The naked ruffians, with their uplifted daggers and sacrilegious hands stained with blood, are drawn *in the finest style*, and with all the energy of pitiless soldiers inured to such deeds."

"The outcry of one mother, (says John Bell,) dragged by her scarf and hair, and held by one of these men till he reaches her child; the pale, dishevelled aspect of another, breathless with terror, fainting, and delayed in her flight from agitation; the despair and agony of a third beyond these, who sits wringing her hands over her slaughtered babes; the touch of madness pictured on the fine countenance, which is uplifted with an indescribable expression of the utmost agony; the murdered babes filling the lower corner of the picture, lying on the bloodstained marble, so pale, so huddled together, so lifeless, yet so lovely and innocent in death, present an historical picture, perhaps the most domestic and touching that was ever painted."

The martyrdom of St. Agnes is scarcely less terrible—perhaps more affecting, on account of the individuality of the sacrifice. The execution of one innocent man or woman excites more exquisite and poignant sorrow than the sight of a field covered with slaughtered warriors.

The martyrdom of St. Peter, with the hatchet sticking in his head and a stiletto standing upright in his breast is "foul and unnatural." Caracci's "flagellation of our Saviour," is detestable, and derogatory to the dignity of Christ.

I called on one of the most distinguished professors of the University of Bologna (Tommasini)—and, indeed, of Italy. He was pack-

ing up his goods and chattles for Parma. His *popularity* in Bologna was not relished by the Pope—and he was going to place himself under the patronage of the ex-Empress of France! While men of science and philosophy are forced to desert the crosier of Rome for the bayonet of Austria, we need not entertain very sanguine hopes of that resuscitation of ancient Roman magnificence, which the amiable Eustace so ardently anticipated!

THE APENNINES.

Choice induced us to spend a night "above the storm's career," in the village of the Simplon. Necessity—or rather the GOD of LOVE, compelled us to sleep in a "house of ill fame," on the summit of the Apennines. The cavalcade of a marriage in high life—the betrothed Princess of Naples on her way to wedlock with her uncle, Ferdinand the embroiderer—stopped us full an hour between Pietra Mala and Caviliajo, obliging us to sleep at the latter place, a solitary inn in the centre of these mountains—"the scene of one of those deep-laid confederacies for plunder and assassination, of which Italy has always been a prolific theatre."* We had the pleasure of reading in Forsyth, that, from this same inn, "travellers daily disappeared, and could never be traced by their spoils." Two of his acquaintances escaped by stratagem; and, not long afterwards, the banditti were surprised while feasting at the parsonage in the neighbourhood, when the horrible mystery was revealed.

"It was the law of this society to murder all the passengers they stopped—to kill and bury the horses, burn the carriages and baggage, rescuing only the money, jewels and watches. BIONDI, the curate, was their captain—the MISTRESS of the INN was their accomplice, who sent him notice of every traveller that lodged at her house."—FORSYTH.

Notwithstanding this astounding intelligence, we supped very comfortably, and I retired to my chamber, which was in the back of the house, over the stables—the windows being without fastenings, and a

* Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

pile of stones reaching up to within two feet of the window-sill, from a dreary and suspicious wood, offering a most tempting facility to any of Biondi's gang who might wish to pay me a nocturnal visit. In despite of this appalling history and these ominous phenomena—nay, in spite of a tremendous storm of "thunder, lightning, and of rain," which demolished the few remaining panes of glass in my chamber window, I slept as soundly, and I believe as safely, as I should have done in "Modern Babylon."* A journey from one end of Italy to the other—sometimes with tempting equipage—sometimes as a solitary, unarmed, and defenceless rambler, has convinced me that, with common prudence and good humour, a traveller is as safe in this land of banditti, as in any part of the British dominions. An Italian will outwit you—or, if you please, cheat you, in every possible way—but he will not murder you—pillage you—or steal from you, if you leave your baggage open in the court of the inn where you sleep. This assertion will be proved and illustrated in the sequel.

The scenery of the Appennines, has been well described by many of my fair countrywomen—but by none in more animated language than by the authoress of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century" and Lady Morgan. It was probably from my eye being familiar with a greater variety of scenery, in various quarters of the globe, than the eyes of these talented travellers, that I was less enraptured with the Apennines than they were. I acknowledge, indeed, with Lady M. that the ascents and descents among these elevated chains of mountains produce much mental excitement, "bracing alike the nerves and the intellect." They are less majestic than the Alps, as well as less terrific—but they are more luxuriant—perhaps more beautiful. They rise not so high as to be uninhabitable—the snows are not so lasting as to prevent partial cultivation—and wherever we look, we see a mixture of sterility and fertility—abrupt masses of naked limestone, and other rocks, impending over dells, glades, and vales of romantic beauty

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* Lady Morgan characterizes this as a "wretched inn." It is one of the best country inns between Bologna and Naples. We had silver tea-pots—silver spoons—silver forks—china plates (or good imitations)—clean linen—good beds—excellent provender—obsequious attendance—and a fair charge. Perhaps the silver tea-pots and other fine things here were purchased by blood!

—perpetual contrasts of the tiny but useful labours of man, with the stupendous, but desolating, work of earthquakes.

I was taught to expect, among the mountains of Italy, those fine figures, healthful athletic frames, and angelic countenances, which are banished from the plains by the deleterious effects of climate. I rarely or never could find them. Lady Morgan, indeed, saw "children, whose loveliness often approached the laughing infants of Corregio." But the ladies, in general, are so passionately fond of children, that I have known them bespatter with praise the ugliest urchins on earth. This, coupled with Lady Morgan's acknowledgement, that "among the villages through which she passed there was an appearance of much squalid poverty, unknown in the plains of Bologna," makes me somewhat distrustful of the "laughing infants of Corregio." To say the truth, I saw but very few instances of this *laughing* propensity among the babes of the Apennines. On the contrary, our ears were much more frequently stunned with their squalls than our eyes delighted with their smiles. And no wonder. They are swaithed as tight as Egyptian mummies—and not unfrequently pommelled and pounced by the little miscreants employed to nurse them in the absence of their mothers, who, in Italy as well as in France, perform the greater part of the drudgery and labour of rural life.

The descent of the Apennines, on the side of the Florence, is more interesting than the ascent from Bologna. After winding along precipices, where walls are built to defend us from the *winds*, we begin to meet the slender vine, the funereal cypress, and the sober olive. Why the tall, pyramidal evergreen, and almost everlasting cypress, should be selected by the ancients as the emblem of death—or rather of eternal sleep—and planted round their tombs, is not quite clear. Its roots in mother Earth—its body rising naked from the grave—and its tall spiral head pointing to Heaven, in youthful verdure, after the extinction of 60 generations—would rather indicate the Christian's hope of "life everlasting," than the heathen's creed of final annihilation.

Meditations of this kind were broken abruptly by a view of the Val d'Arno bursting on the enraptured and astonished sight. I shall not attempt description here. "The boldness, (says a modern female traveller—not Lady Morgan,) the romantic grandeur, the rich luxuriance of the country which now lay extended beneath our feet, I have never seen, nor do I ever expect to see, equalled. The Val

DI MUGELLA, famed in gothic warfare and Italian numbers—and the more celebrated VALE of the ARNO beyond, to which the morning mists that hovered around added increased loveliness—were backed, as far as the eye could reach, by the distant hills towards Siena, retiring in ranges of softening purple, till they melted away in the brighter tints of the horizon;—while the intermediate heights that divide the two valleys, forming the romantic ridge of the lower Apennines, and the broken summits among which we stood, were crowned with faded oak forests, interspersed with olive groves, and their more pointed declivities picturesquely tufted with cypress trees, whose spiral shape and deep verdure relieved the broad form and varied tints of the oak, and the diminutive size and pale green of the olive."*

I believe I am not singular in thinking that many of the most laboured, the most beautiful, the most eloquent, descriptions that ever flowed from the pen of genius, although they delight the ear and the imagination during perusal, have failed to convey, and consequently to leave, a distinct picture on the mind's eye;—while a very few words happily—perhaps *accidentally*, strung together, have instantly held up an image to the sensorial mirror, that has left an indelible impression on the tablet of the memory. The eye of the spectator, however, is the only medium through which a perfectly correct representation of a scene can be conveyed to the mind; and verbal descriptions are often as painful, from their difficulty, to the writer, as they are unsatisfactory to the reader. This conviction will often prevent me from inflicting on others the penalty of perusing formal and elaborate delineations of scenery, in which fancy sometimes guides the pencil, and adds colours to the picture, that tend to obscure, rather than distinguish its features.†

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* Anonymous Sketches of Italy, 1817.

† The ladies have a finer set of nerves, and, consequently, more exquisite perceptions of things than men. Lady Morgan, in describing the first view of Florence and the VAL D'ARNO, on descending the Apennines, appears to have been put in extacies by—"the cupolas, spires and *picturesque chimneys* of Florence, peering *through woods and vales*." The cupolas and spires can certainly be seen in the usual way; but the picturesque chimnies *peering through woods and vales* are not readily seen, nor very easily conceived.

If a person could imagine a great city of palaces, (such as was Rome two thousand years ago, when her population was four, or, as some say, seven millions, and her walls 50 miles in circumference,) suddenly blown up by a volcano, and miraculously scattered along the banks of a river, for ten or twelve miles, without injury; the intervening spaces being filled up with gardens, pleasure-grounds, vineyards, orangeries, groves of cypress, and plantations of olive:—If he could conceive that this scene was an ample valley, the adjacent eminences being crowned with convents, churches, and villas, white as Parian marble, with a stream flowing through the middle—a magnificent city at one extremity—the whole encircled by towering mountains, and canopied by an Italian sky—he would have no bad idea of the Val d'Arno and Florence, when first seen from one of the Apennine ridges. Such was the idea suggested to my mind by the actual scene—but whether or not it conveys any distinct image to the minds of others I cannot tell.

In approaching most Italian cities, but especially Florence, Rome, and Naples, the stranger is mortified by the perpetual presence of high and dead walls, which flank both sides of the road, and completely exclude all prospect of town or country. Whether these horrid boundaries have been erected for the purpose of obscuring our vision, before the grand scene bursts on our view, according to the principle, "omne ignotum pro magnifico"—or for the meaner purpose of security against depredations, I shall not determine; but the effect is excessively annoying and repugnant to an English mind. It is an abridgment to liberty, against which John Bull and the whole British press would loudly and properly exclaim—a voice (vox populi or vox Dei) which has demolished a very humble wall between Kensington and Hyde-park Corner, and erected an iron railing in its stead. But clear, and shrill, and loud and mellifluous as are Italian throats and notes on the stage—they are as mute and ineffectual in the cause of human liberty, on the political arena, as are the tears of the stag or the bleating of the lamb against the tusks of the tiger, or the paws of the lion, in the jungles of the sunderbunds!

It was on a fine Autumnal evening that we drove past, not through, the magnificent triumphal arch before the Porta San Gallo—and on entering the long street of that name, the "endless anticipation," which, according to Lady Morgan, so fills the imagination, that "ex-

pectation becomes too eager for enjoyment," came to a full stop. I do not mean the STOP occasioned by the official duties of the douaniers and the police; but the EXTINGUISHER which the entrance into every Italian city puts on the pleasure derived from natural scenery. The streets of Florence are more uniformly wide than those of most other cities of Italy—and (such is the force of habit) the English residents consider them as remarkably clean. Now there is not a street in this celebrated capital of Tuscany, which does not shock the eye and the olfactories of an Englishman, at every step, by presentations of filth—and that in the worst of all possible shapes! The reconcilement of the English eye and other organs of sense to such scenes, is a striking illustration of that general principle of reconcilement to all unusual, not to say indecent, things, which is generated by habit and residence—and which I shall have occasion to bring on the tapis of investigation before this volume is concluded.

The paving of the streets of Florence attracts attention. It is said to be by Arnulfo (that of the Via San Gallo at least) but it is precisely that of the ancient Romans—precisely that of the streets of Pompeii at this moment—namely, large flat stones, of all shapes and sizes, but brought into close contact, and thus forming a smooth horizontal wall, with a slight declination to the centre, where the water runs till it falls through a grating into the common sewer—and ultimately into the Arno. The existence of a common sewer into the streets of Florence, takes away from the Florentines all excuse for the non-existence of separate sewers from individual houses. The fact is, that each mansion constitutes the receptacle or depôt of an annual, biennial, or triennial accumulation of filth, when an expurgation of the cess-pool generates an atmosphere around each house, that would nauseate, if not poison, any human being except an Italian! And why is this infernal box of Pandora, compared with which assafœtida is incense, gradually collected in the cellar, and annually disgorged by carts, instead of being daily carried subterraneously into the Arno? Because it brings in a few scudi yearly from the gardeners of the romantic VAL D'ARNO!! The city of Florence, then, like too many of its neighbours, is a city of filth, where not a single wave of air is unimpregnated with the most disgusting, if not pestiferous, effluvia that imagination can conceive! Heaven has given Italy a blue sky—Nature has heaved up from the ocean a warm and fertile

soil—odoriferous zephyrs are wafted over hill and dale—but man has polluted the atmosphere which he breathes with vapours more loathsome than ever issued from the Stygean lake!

From the PORTA SAN GALLO we drive across the greater part of the capital, before we arrive at SCHNEIDER'S PALACE, the most substantially-comfortable PALAZZO of any in Florence, or perhaps in Italy. One general character of massive strength and simplicity pervades the buildings in all the principal streets. Instead of the Greek facade and portico sublime, we have a chain of "domestic fortresses" on each side, adapted to a people who were forced, at one moment, to defend their liberties, like the inhabitants of Saragossa, from street to street—and, at another, to live in feudal warfare, while torn by domestic factions.

The stranger, in his way to the LUNG'-ARNO, stumbles on the celebrated DUOMO, or Cathedral—the admiration, or rather the despair, of Michael Angelo—together with that "gem of architecture," the CAMPANILE, or belfry, which Charles the 5th considered too exquisite for the plebeian gaze of republican citizens—and which Lady Morgan thinks "equally suited to a lady's cabinet, as to the mighty edifice to which it belongs." It is 252 Italian feet in height—and admirably adapted to a lady's cabinet. The first view of the DUOMO and CAMPANILE conjured up one of those outrageous and barbaresque ideas of comparison, which have so often put the sublimity of admiration to flight on this classic soil. The Cathedral and its belfry suggested the grotesque similitude of a huge architectural ZEBRA and its KEEPER—the *former* with a coating or skin, consisting of alternate stripes of black and white marble—the *latter* exhibiting, on its exterior, all the colours of the rainbow—all the chequers of a gigantic harlequin! Is there no mitigation of the penalty due to this gothic and tasteless idea? What could have suggested these horrible stripes of black and white marble? If a linen-draper or calico-printer embellished his villa on Blackheath or Hampstead-hill with such decorations, he would convulse the metropolis of old England with laughter at the *shop* from which the idea originated.

But if I have ventured to criticise the exterior of this venerable pile, I should be sorry to make free with the interior, where the relics of so many holy saints repose. "Here (says Lady Morgan) are the whole bodies of the Saints Zanobi and Podio, a thumb of St. John the Bap-

tist, an elbow of St. Andrew the Apostle, a nail of the cross, and a thorn of the crown." Although I cannot admire the tartan plaid of marble with which the Campanile is dressed, the view from its summit is calculated to afford exquisite delight. It is superior to that from the Boboli Gardens, as it commands an excellent coup d'œil of the city itself, besides an enchanting panorama of the VAL D'ARNO and surrounding Apennines. I advise every traveller to ascend the Campanile on a clear day, and he will be well rewarded for his pains.

But we have not yet reached the renowned Arno, "which, (says Mr. Eustace,) forms one of the greatest ornaments of Florence, and contributes not a little to its fame." I wish Mr. Eustace had stated the nature of these beauties or ornamental qualities of the Arno—for I could not see them. It is a yellow muddy stream, or rather stagnant pool, so slow in its motion, that it requires a fixed attention to ascertain any current at all—and so shallow, that men are seen wading across it in every direction. Nine-tenths of its bottom would, indeed, be bare, except after heavy falls of rain in the mountains, were there not a dam thrown across it, just below the city, to keep the bed of the river out of sight, and to prevent the beautiful marble arches of PONTE TRINITA from vaulting over rugged gravel and arid sand.* Such is the far-famed Arno, along the banks of which the public promenades are constructed, and take, on both sides of the river, as well here as at Pisa, the name of LUNG' ARNO—signifying, on the right bank, LUNG-

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* Like all Italian rivers, the Arno is liable to great and sudden inundations. A very memorable one occured just 500 years ago, and demolished three out of its four bridges. In this awful catastrophe one of the heathen divinities was forced to swim for his life; but whether his martial and marble Godship reached the bottom or the banks of the Arno, is left undecided by history. "In the destruction of the old bridge, (says the Gibbon of Tuscany,) the supposed statue of MARS fell down and was *carried away by the flood.*" This circumstance may convey some idea of the *rapidity* of an Italian river after rains.

There is an anecdote connected with the Trinita Bridge which deserves record. A poor maniac leaped from its central arch into the swollen stream, with the intent of self-destruction, and was drowning. The cook of a neighbouring hotel, who was crossing the bridge, instantly threw off his jacket, plunged into the river, and saved the life of a fellow-creature, amidst the plaudits of admiring spectators—one of whom took care to rifle the jacket of five pauls, (the only money which the poor cook possessed,) before he got up again to claim his clothes! The Prince, however, was more generous than his people, and conferred an order of merit on the cook.

WARMER—on the left, LUNG-HARMER. The span of the Trinita or Carraja Bridge makes all the difference between Summer and Winter in Florence. The LUNG' ARNO, on the North side of the river, being sheltered by the city from the tramontane winds, and open to the sun, in warm, or even hot—while, at the same moment, Schneider's side being exposed to the Apennine blast, and excluded from the solar beams, is chilling cold. And yet the warm side of the Arno is the more dangerous of the two for the sensitive invalid. Thus, while pacing the promenade between the two bridges above-mentioned, the wind being northerly, the temperature will be felt very high, so as readily to bring out perspiration; but the instant we come abreast of any of the streets at right angles, such as the Piazza St. Trinita, or the Vigna Nuova, we are stricken by an icy current of air, the more injurious, from the open state of the pores and the sudden transition of the temperature. On the other side of the Arno it is permanently more cold, and, when the Sirocco prevails, we are exposed to currents of that debilitating and suffocating wind at the crossings of streets—but these are not dangerous. From whatever point of the compass, however, the breezes blow—along whatever street they sweep, even in this pride of Italian cities—they carry on their wings, not "airs from Heaven," but "blasts from Hell," saturated with reeking vapours from—all "UNUTTERABLE THINGS." Mr. Eustace tells us, indeed, that Florence is "airy, *clean*, and sometimes rising towards grandeur." I deny the second assertion, and I appeal to ocular demonstration, not merely in obscure streets, but throughout every piazza and square in that great capital. Let the traveller walk, for instance, through the PIAZZA ST. MARIA NOVELLA (the largest in Florence) in the middle of day, and let him halt before the obelisk in its centre. He will there see what I shall not describe. If not satisfied, let him repair to the PIAZZA DEL DUOMO itself, and there contemplate the *pagan sacrifices* that are offered up along its sacred walls in broad noonday! Nay, I assert that the "gates of Paradise," as Michael Angelo styled the portals of the Baptistery, are unsafe to enter, unless we afterwards have recourse to the "holy water" in the FONT, to purify our bodies as well as sanctify our souls. Look at the PALAZZO PITTI, the residence of royalty. It is very gloomy and very grand. The bayonet keeps its walls undefiled. But turn down into any one of the streets that lead from that splendid palace towards the banks of the

Arno, and the *unaccustomed* eye will revolt from the accumulations of filth and corruption that every where present themselves! Such are the scenes wherein the young gentry and nobility of England are to form their taste, polish their manners, refine their senses, cultivate their understandings—and *finish* their education!

One word to the Grand Duke. It will reach his royal ear circuitously, if not directly. He may easily purge his proud capital of these foul and disgraceful blots by a single order to the police, and by very practicable arrangements with the municipal authorities. While breakfasting at MENTONE, a town in the territory of the Prince of Monacho, I was attracted by a "CODE NAPOLEONE," hung up in the SALLE A MANGER, which prohibited FILTH in the streets. I immediately walked out through the town, and, to my astonishment, found that the orders were complied with. Now, if the Grand Duke of Tuscany cannot accomplish what a petty sycophant of Bonaparte has done, the epithet, "Grand" should be dropped at once.

And yet, with all the disadvantages of her rigorous climate—her chilling tramontanes from the North—her Siroccos from the South—and the malodorous gales within her walls—Florence, for people in health, is one of the most pleasant residences in Italy. I have alluded to the filth of her streets and houses: but every thing is comparative in this world. What must be the case in the rest of Italy, when a fair traveller (authoress of Rome in the Nineteenth Century) congratulates herself, on entering Tuscany, in the following terms?

"From the constant irritation of mind produced by the frequent sight of wretchedness which is far beyond the reach of casual relief—from incessant altercations with cheating individuals of every description, *whose brutal manners teach one to become almost as brutal as themselves*—from the continual fear which assails one, *that the filth of the streets and houses* will infect the air and breed a pestilence—and from dreading to get out of one's carriage, lest one should *encounter a touch carrying pollution with it*—how delightful to find one's self surrounded with happy smiling faces—to see people decently attired—to be treated with civility—to live in comfortable habitations—and to have no need to recoil from one's fellow-creatures."

Such were the feelings of a talented English lady on entering TUSCANY, where a better government, greater industry, and a more bracing air, have rendered the inhabitants a contrast to most of their

neighbours. But Florence has great attractions of another kind. It would be difficult to select an individual from any class of society, whose sentient principle is capable of receiving impressions from without, or generating reflexions from within, who might not find, in this city and its vicinity, most interesting objects of study and admiration for weeks, months, or even years. Exercise of the intellectual faculties contributes to pleasure, in the same way that exercise of the corporeal functions contributes to health. But the former exertion requires, in general, stimulation; whereas the latter is under the command of the will. The short tour from the Apennines to the Promontory of Sorentum presents more food for intellectual excitement—more objects of varied and profound contemplation, than a journey over land from the Thames to the Ganges—or a circumnavigation of the globe. Greece has been a CORPSE* for centuries; and the monuments of her arts are dispersed on the four winds. She lives only in memory! Egypt is a MUMMY, whose features can scarcely be recognized. Her pyramids are empty, and her catacombs will soon be tenantless. India is a huge prison, where the human mind has been *frozen*, though beneath a vertical sun—spell-bound in the adamantine chains of a gloomy superstition—paralyzed, as to all progression, by a senseless policy, for forty centuries. The intermediate countries are little better than hordes of semi-barbarians, presenting few excitements so strong as the desire to get out of them. Italy is different. Her mountains, her vallies, and her plains are still romantic, beautiful, fertile. She is peopled almost as numerously by the dead as by the living—the *former* in shapes and colours more animated than the *latter!* The results of ancient genius and of modern art—of natural talent and of acquired science—the efforts of the human mind and body, in past and present times, are here accumulated to a greater extent than in any other country on the face of the globe.

It is at Florence that the intellectual banquet is first spread profusely before the traveller. The painter and the poet may here copy from nature and art. The philosopher and the historian are here presented, at every step, with wrecks and records of the past,

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* See Lord Byron's simile.

that cannot fail to excite the most intense exercise of their intellectual faculties.

——————— Est copia nobis,
Res gestæ, regumque, ducumque, et tristia bella—

The devotees of literature and science are here surrounded with ample materials for contemplation and study—while the great mass of visitors and temporary sojourners are overwhelmed, overpowered, by the endless succession of SIGHTS, one half of which they cannot *see*, and one hundredth part of which they cannot comprehend! Italy, in truth, is not more prolific of those causes that kindle up fever in the body, than of those which generate fervor of the mind. It is the land of excitement, mental and corporeal;—and, if so, why are her sons sunk in apathy and sloth? The problem is not very difficult of solution. Vivid excitement and "plenary indulgence" of the senses are as certainly succeeded by exhaustion and innervation, as prodigality is followed by poverty, fatigue by labour, and sleep by exercise. This is not less an historical fact than a physiological maxim. Of the innumerable, the nameless hordes that have rushed over the Alps from the borders of the Rhine, the Elbe, the Vistula, and the Danube, impelled by the accumulated energies of their rigorous climes, or the thirst of plunder, each has regularly melted down beneath the influence of Italian skies and Italian pleasures, to furnish effeminate subjects for successive conquests. Or, to use the more expressive language of the Tuscan historian (Pignotti), "The sturdy valour of the warriors of the North became gradually softened and unnerved by the mildness of the climate and the delights of the South."* But it may appear enigmatical, or contradictory, that the Italians should have previously conquered the world. The solution of this problem is not difficult. In the first place, the Romans had a world to conquer—no unimportant part of the Postulatum. In the second place, a constant state of warfare kept the energies of a poor, brave, and uncorrupted people in perpetual operation, the widening circle of conquest being regularly converted into an extending sphere of amalgamation and

* Pignotti's History of Tuscany, translated by Browning, Vol. I. p. 148.

strength, till the burning sands of Lybia, and the frozen shores of Thulé—the pillars of Hercules and the wilds of Scythia, acknowledged the Roman sway. So far, steady discipline had prevailed over barbarous courage—and steel over gold. The Roman empire became one dreary and monotonous prison. But now the scene changed. The influx of wealth from other countries, and the relaxing skies of their own, prepared the way for luxury, effeminacy, vice, depravity. The heart of this vast body politic become rotten, and streams of corruption permeated every vein. The extremities of this colossal empire were paralyzed—and re-action at length ensued. Then it was that Goth and Vandal—that "fiery Frank and furious Hun" scaled the mighty Alps—gazed on the fertile plains of Italy—inhaled, with wild rapture, the balmy gales of that terrestrial paradise—shook their glittering falchions in the beams of her setting sun—and rushed down, in resistless torrents, upon her beautiful vales, overturning the monuments of her former greatness, scattering on the winds the literature of her sages, and subjugating the degenerate sons of her heroes and demigods! Wave after wave of these barbarian invaders perished by the sword, or drank the cup of Circé, and sank into the same stye of debauchery with the vanquished, under the influence of a sky which lulls the reason and excites the passions—which, like the Syren's song, charms the senses and destroys the soul! This strange mixture of northern vigour with southern effeminacy was probably the fulfilment of a law of nature, as necessary as it was inevitable. The irruption of barbaric tribes into Italy, thus sunk in riches, in vice, and in debility, was governed by a law as wise and undeviating as that which causes the cool sea-breeze to sweep, with diurnal regularity, over the burning surface of the tropical shores. It might not be going too far to suppose that the flux and reflux of war, the ebbings and flowings of prosperity, the tide of civilization itself, are under laws less ostensible, but not less immutable, than those which heave the waters of the ocean, direct the course of the hurricane, regulate the progression of the seasons, adjust the proportion of the sexes, and limit the range of human existence.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

But to return from this contemplative digression to the LIONS of Florence. Three of these LIONS would require three large volumes of description, and would not then be half described—the Museum of Natural History—the Palazzo Pitti—and the Royal Gallery of the Gran Duca. The reader is insured against a *description* from the pen of the writer; and, therefore, a few cursory remarks may be fearlessly encountered.

The galleries of WAX-WORKS are the pride of Florence, as far as the science of man's mortal fabric is concerned. In ancient days, "know thyself" (nosce te ipsum) was a celebrated precept. In modern times, it has been superseded by the more fashionable precept —"*know thy neighbour and every thing that concerns him.*" I was delighted to see the ladies prefer the Grecian dictate, and anxiously surveying the "fearful and wonderful" structure of man—and of woman too, in the anatomical galleries of the studio. Surely the repugnance to *resurrectionary* labours in England must soon be obliterated by the familiarization of the female eye to the beauties of dissection in Italy. Perhaps my judgment may be warped by a professional bias; but I am of opinion that the non-medical visitor, both male and female, would profit by frequent inspection of the Florentine wax-works. The construction of the human frame is, perhaps, not more curious or complicated than that of many other animals; but it is much more interesting, for obvious reasons. A contemplation of its wonderful machinery, its "various ties and nice dependencies," is well calculated to raise the thought from Nature to Nature's God, and generates not a single idea inimical to virtue, morality, or religion. I would not swear that this is the case in respect to all the sights with which the female eye becomes familiar in fair Italy. But more of this hereafter. Although the anatomical models in these galleries will not all bear the strict scrutiny of the professed anatomist, they are quite correct enough for conveying all the knowledge of the human frame that is necessary for men of general science and literature, free from the disgusting scenes of the dissecting-room. To this class of travellers, Florence presents facilities unequalled in any part of the world. The "CITY OF THE PLAGUE," though too faithful to prostrate human nature, conveys, in

my opinion, no other sensation than that of unmixed horror. To whom can this sickening portrait of putrefaction be useful, except to the poet, when working up some scene of horror in the charnel-house? The painter could not exhibit such representations. The fatal raft of the Medusa, as drawn in the Louvre, with all its ghastly forms of the dead and the dying, awakens pity and various other emotions, as well as horror—while heavenly hope comes wafting on the distant sail from the verge of the horizon. But in this "CITY OF THE PLAGUE," the King of Terrors reigns over putrid corpses alone, and that conversion of man into food for worms, which ought to take place in the deep and silent grave, is here portrayed with such disgusting fidelity, that the sense of smell actually catches the contagion from the neighbouring sense of sight, and imagination creates an atmosphere of pestiferous emanations from the inodorous wax.

The ductility of this substance is turned to a more useful account, in another room of this vast museum, where vegetable life is beautifully imitated. The aloe, the prickly pear, the pine-apple, the lily, and the rose, can scarcely be distinguished from their living prototypes. Why do not the fair sex of England employ a portion of their time in modelling with wax, instead of feasting one only sense—the ear—day and night?

Among the innumerable objects which keep the mind in a fever, while we are pacing gallery after gallery in this magnificent museum, the fossil remains of animals can hardly be passed without the excitation of a train of reflections not less bewildering than humiliating. The bones of the elephant, found in the "VAL D'ARNO SUPERIORE," are considered to be those of some forlorn "MADEMOISELLE D'JECK" who accompanied Hannibal in his trip over the Alps and the Apennines!* Unfortunately for this hypothesis, the said bones were deposited near those of the hippopotamus of the Upper Nile—a quadruped that must have proved an awkward component of the

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* We are informed that after the battle of Trebia, and consequently before Hannibal ascended the Apennines, the whole of his elephants except one, perished by the cold. It would be very remarkable indeed if this one left its bones in the Val d'Arno—more especially as we are told, that on this lone elephant Hannibal was carried through the marshes, *after he had crossed the Apennines*, into Hetruria.

materiel of the Afric warrior's army when crossing the little St Bernard! It is more likely that the bones of the elephant were deposited in the VAL D'ARNO by such a convulsion of Nature as locked up the same animal in a mass of ice, by which its flesh, skin, and hair were preserved in perfect freshness, from a period before the universal deluge till a few years ago, when the iceberg was thrown on the shores of Kamschatka, and the pickled animal furnished a rich antediluvian feast to the bears of Siberia. It requires not much geological knowledge, while surveying the surface of this globe, to be convinced that the confusion observed among its watery deposits and fiery eruptions—its horizontal strata and its perpendicular basalts—its granite mountains covered with snow, and its gigantic craters filled with water, were produced by causes that ceased to operate before the commencement of human records—perhaps before the existence of human beings. How many hundred centuries must have rolled away, between the extinction of that volcano which occupied the Campagna di Roma, and the time when its crater became a level plain, the Tiber worked its classic channel, and Romulus took possession of its seven molehills! How is it that no vestiges of man can be traced in any of these secondary formations, before the last grand catastrophe, the DELUGE, while those of animals are so plentiful? But if, from the mysterious and Cimmerian darkness that hangs over the origin and early history of the human race, we shift our view to the scenes and circumstances of his progress along the stream of time, we shall have more cause to shudder and blush than to exult and glorify!

PALAZZO PITTI.

The exterior of this palace has a most gloomy and heavy aspect. It is like a colossal Newgate, and within its massive walls more executions have taken place than at the New Drop—but without the formality of any legal ceremony! "Its marble floors have been stained with blood, shed under circumstances of unparralleled horror. Brides, here, have been given away with more than royal splendour soon to be murdered by their husbands' hands—and princely assassins have stalked through its sumptuous halls with reeking daggers, unques-

tioned, and unpunished." But these scenes are gone by, never again to return. The Palazzo Pitti is now one of the greatest lions of Italy, as far as painting is concerned; and the amateurs of that delightful art would be amply repaid for their journey across the Alps and the Apennines by a sight of this palace alone. Michael Angelo's three fates—Raphael's Madonna della Sedia—Guido's Cleopatra—Salvator Rosa's Cataline conspiracy—Titian's mistress—the HOURS of Giulio Romano—Annibale Carracci's Sebastiano, &c. &c. are only a few stars of the first magnitude, sprinkled along a dazzling galaxy of pictorial orbs, scarcely less brilliant than they.

How fortunate it is that the great mass of mankind were not born or bred virtuosi and connoisseurs, and, consequently not liable to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain—

nor to be thrown into a bilious fever by the stroke of a hair pencil! To such, the mystical technology of criticism in painting, poetry, architecture, and sculpture, is as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle, or on the Egyptian obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo. For my own part, I am not sorry that my senses are just acute enough to derive pleasure from scenes of nature and works of art, without that exquisite sensibility which detects the slightest blemish, and that delicacy of taste which turns half our honey into gall. Forsyth, who was a most rigid and sarcastic censor in architecture, seems to be rational enough in some of the sister arts. "Painting (says he) I value only as it excites sentiment, nor do I ever presume to judge beyond the expression or story; convinced, by the *absurdities which I have been so often condemned to hear*, that the other parts of the art are *mysteries to all but the artist.*" Content, then, with the humble pleasures derived from the paintings, statues, and gardens of the PALAZZO PITTI, I leave to critics the more refined sensations arising from detection of their faults. One word only respecting the rival Queen of Love, from the chissel of Canova. It is fashionable to depreciate it, when put in comparison with the Medicean Venus in the Royal Gallery. There is no accounting for tastes; but, for my own part, I prefer the younger to the elder sister, notwithstanding the care which the latter has taken to conceal none of her charms from the eyes of her admirers. I do not think that Canova's Venus is the worse because she exceeds four feet eleven inches in height, the

diminutive stature of the antiquated fair one—nor because a light transparent drapery should partly veil the bosom, and fall in graceful folds below the knee. John Bell, whose judgment and taste will hardly be disputed, seems to be very nearly of the same opinion. "The countenance (says he) is beautiful (all must acknowledge that that of the Medicean Venus is rather devoid of expression)—the gentle inclination of the body, and attitude of the fine Grecian head, raised and turning round, as it were, in watchful timidity, *is full of grace and sweetness.* The whole front view of this statue, is exquisitely fine; and, if the forms had been but a little *rounder*, I think that even the most fastidious critic would have judged, that nothing in antiquity could have surpassed—perhaps hardly equalled it."

Unfortunately, Canova has directed the force of his genius to the POSTERIOR of his goddess—and certainly he has the fair sex themselves on his side—for they are much more inclined to imitate the Hottentot than the Medicean Venus. Canova has given his female a head capable of containing a proper proportion of brain:—Praxitcles must have considered intellect unnecessary, and the Venus di Medicis is acknowledged, according to all phrenological canons, to have been a fool. But I shall have occasion to make a few more remarks on this subject when we enter the Tribune.

GALLERY OF THE GRAN DUCA.

Mr. Lawrence and some other physiologists have defined LIFE to be "the sum total of the functions." Perhaps this is as good a definition of that which is undefinable as any we possess. Now, the functions are of two kinds—mental and corporeal; and it is curious that the radical or essential functions of the body are more numerous than those of the mind. The fundamental functions of the latter may be reduced to two—perception and reflection. Sensation is more allied to the body than to the mind. The nerves feel, and transmit sensations to the brain; but it is the soul which *perceives* them. The material conductors of impressions know no more of what they pass along to the sensorium, than the telegraph on Putney Heath knows of the intelligence which is transmitted from Portsmouth to the Admiralty. Well, then, the sum total of the functions (speaking of the intellectual functions) being life, it follows, that he who perceives and re-

flects most enjoys most life—no matter whether those perceptions and reflections be joyous or dolorous. I believe this to be the truth. Thus, the man who perceives and reflects as much in one day as another does in a week, lives seven times more—if not seven times longer, than his neighbour. Hence the philosopher, who dies at the age of 40, lives three or four times longer, intellectually, than the peasant who spins out his existence to eighty years. It is not necessary to apply this parallel to the corporeal functions. I have been led into these reflections while pacing the galleries of the Gran Duca, where a series of ancient busts and statues (including the Roman Emperors and other distinguished personages, from Cæsar to Constantine) is calculated to elicit much more vivid and rapid trains of thought than the most splendid efforts of the historian, the painter, or the poet. This, at least, was the impression on my mind, while contemplating the marble representations of the illustrious dead and of those beings created by fancy, in the Royal Gallery of Florence and the Museum of the Capitol of Rome. The vision of the dervise, while his head was under water, might here be realized, and the history of ten generations of Romans might be made to pass, as in a panorama, before the mental eye in as many hours!

On entering the first corridor the bust of Cæsar presents itself, and disappoints us. The physignomist—perhaps even the phrenologist, looks in vain for the aspiring soul that invaded Britain, passed the Rubicon, and subjugated the world. The commentator, rather than the conqueror, is expressed by that wrinkled and care-worn visage. Not so with the bust of his second successor, Tiberius. In his countenance the mind sees, or fancies, the most artful dissimulation veiling, from youth to senectitude, the most brutal cruelty, and beastly sensuality! This basilisk bust chains us in horror, and conjures up the dreadful and sickening scenes of Capriæ. We can almost fancy the monster in the act of condemning the most virtuous men of Rome to death, and precipitating the victims of his lust or jealousy over the rocks of his solitary island! The mind is, in some measure, consoled by the reflection, that this inhuman composition of "mud and blood" (as his preceptor pronounced him in youth) suffered all the torments (mentally) which he inflicted on others. Sejanus, the minister of his cruelty, was in his turn strangled—and when Tiberius himself was on the bed of death, and within a few hours of his final extinction,

his successor and minister, Caligula and Macro, had not patience to let Nature do her work—they heaped the bed-clothes on the face of the expiring fiend!

Nearly opposite we see the fair form of Agrippina. Whether this statue be meant to represent the mother or the daughter—the wife of Germanicus or the parent of Nero, it is calculated to call forth a host of reflections. Does it stand in the character of the former? we fancy her wandering, with her infant in her arms, through the wilds of Germany, after the revolt of the legions—or landing at Brundusium with the ashes of Germanicus—or prosecuting Piso, the poisoner of her husband, in imperial Rome—or, finally, expiring of famine, in the dungeon of Panditaria, by order of Tiberius!! Does this beautiful marble statue represent the daughter? The blood curdles in our veins to find ourselves in the presence of Nero's mother, Caligula's sister—the poisoner of two husbands, (one of them the Emperor Claudius,) and the scourge of Rome! Incest ended in parricide, and the younger Agrippina was murdered by her son!

In the head of Claudius, the phrenologist and physiognomist will discover nothing but imbecility. It was by the energy of his freedman, Narcissus, that the infamous Messalina and her paramour, Silius, were slaughtered; but his niece and second wife, the diabolical Agrippina, triumphed (as it is said) through the instrumentality of Locusta, the poisoner by profession, and (with shame be it spoken) of Zenophon the physician.*

The heads of Caligula and Caracalla rouse sentiments that cannot be expressed, and reveal scenes that cannot be described! What a Pandemonium does this gallery present to the imagination! When I looked around me, and saw Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Galba, Domi-

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* If we can credit Tacitus and other historians, the ancients must have been better versed in the art of poisoning than the more scientific moderns. Locusta administered a *slow* poison in the Emperor's dish of mushrooms—but the poison or the mushrooms producing an unexpected effect, Zenophon, the physician, put a poisoned feather down the emperor's throat, under pretence of exciting vomiting, and dispatched his patient at once! With all due veneration for Tacitus, I do not believe one word of the story. Mushrooms are known to be sometimes poisonous; and, unless poor Zenophon was acquainted with the properties of Prussic acid, he had about as much to do with the death of Claudius as I had. The poisoning of Germanicus by Piso is still more incredible, and absolutely ridiculous.

tian, Caracalla, Heliogabalus, &c. &c. &c. I began to doubt whether I was not at a levee of His Satannic Majesty (who, by the way, has been more indebted to Italy for his cortege of crowned heads than to all Europe besides); but this somewhat unpleasant apprehension was relieved, by the sight of a few personages who, I was pretty certain, would not be found in such low company. Among these I distinguished Vespasian, Trajan, Antoninus Pius, and a few others of "imperial family," besides some philosophers, orators, and citizens, that convinced me I was still on that theatre where good and evil are permited to exist—where rewards and punishments are not (apparently) distributed with much rigour—and where the just and unjust are not finally separated.

MARSYAS, LAOCOON, NIOBE.

Wherever we turn our eyes on this classic soil, we see the gods imbued with the passions and propensities of man—and men clothed in the attributes of the gods. This, indeed, is the land of metamorphoses. Religion itself has changed its form, though not its substance. It *was* mythological—it *is* catholic. Even the gods have undergone their revolutions. The cloud-compelling Jove descended, first to the Capital and thence to the Cathedral. He and all the second-rate divinities have changed their names into those of saints and angels, to whom the altars rise, the incense smokes, and the prayer is offered up, now as 2000 years ago! What the ancient poets fancied in verse the sculptors formed in marble—what the priests invented afterwards in their cells, the painters have perpetuated on canvas. Thus the poetic fiction and the sacerdotal miracle—the ancient fable and the modern legend, under the magic influence of the chissel and the pencil, are admired by the critics and credited by the populace from generation to generation.

If we merely regard *execution*, the flaying of Marsyas (in the third corridor) is not so unnatural as the excoriation of St. Bartolomeo, in the Cathedral of Milan. Marsyas is tied to a tree—Bartholomew is in the attitude of a dancing master! But let us look beyond the *execution* of the three figures or groups at the head of this section, and contemplate the humiliating picture of man's reason which they

convey. A god and a human being (an humble piper) contend for the mastery in *flute-playing*. The man is apparently superior; but the god has recourse to a quibble, and insists that *singing* must be taken into the contest, because *respiration* is employed in both kinds of music!! If the cause had been tried in Westminster Abbey, Apollo would have been kicked out of court, and ducked by the populace in the neighbouring Thames. But, instead of this, the god stands by, with his lyre in his hand, and sees his competitor flayed alive!

Let us look to the moral of the Laocoon. A man, a holy man, and his two innocent children are strangled by sea-serpents—and that by order of a DIVINITY. For what crime? For endeavouring to avert the ruin and subjugation of his country, by detecting the stratagems of the invading enemy! This heroic deed, for which the perpetrator would swing at the Old Bailey, is commemorated in marble, and carefully preserved in the holy Vatican—copied in marble in the gallery of the Gran Duca—and transmitted to posterity by ten thousand imitations, in paintings, prints, and casts, for the admiration of the million! Even my excellent and truly religious friend Mr. Nash, has placed the LAOCOON among the first groups that present themselves to the visitors and admirers of his interesting gallery. With the workmanship of Agesander and his assistants, I shall not interfere. The Laocoon is purely imaginary. Brother Jonathan's sea-serpents did not then exist—neither did the tortures of the Inquisition. But still I insist that, the poet who invented the fable, and the sculptor who eternized it in marble, have erected imperishable monuments to the victory of morbid fancy over manly reason!

On turning into a splendid hall near the Laocoon, we shudder to find ourselves in the last act of a bloody tragedy, where the gods, as usual, have been enacting their favourite characters of murderers and assassins! Two ladies (Latona and Niobe) quarrel about precedency; and one of them, mother to a brace of illegitimate deities, applies to their divinityships for the slaughter of her rival's family, born in lawful wedlock. This natural and humane request is instantly complied with—Apollo and Diana take their stands, and, with all the sang-froid of pigeon-shooters, discharge arrow after arrow against the innocent sons and daughters of Niobe, till only one out of fourteen remains unbutchered! This is not all. The God of Gods, on his

sacred throne, is bribed or corrupted, and causes the slaughtered victims of his two bastard deities to remain unburied on the field of execution! Such is the moral of this celebrated tragic group. Materiam superabat opus! I know not what effect such striking and sensible representaiions of pagan mythology may produce in the minds of others; but I will say that they excite in my mind, a more exalted idea of the beauty and truth of Christianity than the most eloquent sermons of modern divines.

In this land of pretended miracles I was anxious to behold a real one—a flying statue. I could not doubt a fact of *this* kind, authenticated by such authority as that of Lady Morgan, who assures us that the "winged foot of the beautiful god is balanced on the breath of a zephyr—he is already in the air—in air less light than his own form." Never having seen either a god or a man winging his flight in air, excepting in a balloon, I cannot pretend to criticise the celebrated flying Mercury of John of Bologna. The statue is certainly in air, excepting that part of the foot which sustains the whole weight of the figure on earth. Why did not the sculptor copy Nature, and represent an opera-dancer actually in the air? He could not. The painter has an advantage over the statuary, in the means of outraging nature and credibility. After all, Lady Morgan acknowledges, that—"the conception is, perhaps, a *conceit*." The figure is probably that which a man would assume, who had the power of mounting in air *without wings*—for those appendages to the human form, in Mercury's case, can have no operative effect on the spring which he is taking from the ground.

There is one shew-room in this gallery which the Grand Duke should close. It is a public nuisance. When the ladies get into it, the custodes take their seats and go to sleep. There is an end to all progression for that day—and even the TRIBUNA is neglected. A lady only could give an idea of this chamber.

"THE CABINET OF GEMS—the boudoir of a Crœsus, or a Sheba, is a thing in itself unique, and peculiar to the age, the family, and the country, of which it is an epitome. This room or casket,

'Enchased with all the riches of the world,'

is worthy, by its beauty and magnificence, of its splendid deposit.

Four columns of purest oriental alabaster, and four of precious *verd-antique*, support the glittering roof of this cabinet. Six armoires of exquisite workmanship contain the brilliant produce of Indian mines, sculptured into every form, receiving every impression which the magic finger of Genius could give to their unyielding surfaces. For this, Cellini was forced to neglect his Perseus, Bandinello his Hercules, and Valerio Vicentio, to give those powers to chiselling a toy, which might have produced a Laocoon, or a Niobe. This cabinet is a monument of a new and rare epoch in the history of the Arts—it marks a period when public taste declined with public spirit, and when the caprice of powerful individuals, seconded by their unparalleled wealth, gave a fantastic direction to talent; and, diverting it from its higher purposes, substituted private patronage for public encouragement, and replaced the stimulus of competition by the salary of dependence.

"The six armoires of the Cabinet of Gems are decorated with eight columns of agate, and eight of crystal, whose bases and capitals are studded with topazes and turquoises. They contain vases cut out of rubies, and urns each

'Of one entire and perfect crysolite,'

cups of emerald, in saucers of onyx; Roman emperors, in calcedony; and Roman beauties, shedding from their amethyst brows, the true *lumen purpureum* of love and loveliness. But the objects most curious are, St. Paul and St. Peter preaching, in jasper; a knight fighting in a mail of diamonds; a pearl dog, with a tail of gold and paws of rubies; Duke Cosimo the Second, in gold and enamel, praying before an altar of gems and jewels; and a shrine of crystal, representing the Passion: the whole infinitely fitter for a Parisian *Magazin de Bijouterie* in the Palais Royal, than for the high altar, for which they were destined by the toy-shop piety of that true Medici, Pope Clement the Seventh."

THE TRIBUNE.

It was not want of respect for the ancient Queen of Love that led me to pay my devoirs first to her younger sister; nor was it that

wisdom of arrangement which keeps the best things for the last, that brought me to the Tribune at the conclusion of the first day's rounds in the Royal Gallery. It was principally owing to want of foreknowledge. Various avocations had prevented me from reading the tours of modern travellers—and when unexpectedly on the road myself, I purposely avoided the perusal of descriptions and reflections, in order that all impressions might fall on a mind unbiassed and unencumbered by the impressions received by other minds. I do not regret this mode of proceeding; but I would not recommend it to others. It has its advantages, in a few cases; but, generally speaking, a tour in Italy requires a very considerable course of previous study, otherwise many things will not be seen at all—and still more will be seen unprofitably. Such a systematic procedure, however, was out of the question in my case, and the same "WEAR and TEAR" of avocation which sent me unprepared to this classic soil, prevented all but a very limited comparison of my own ideas with those of others, after my return to "MODERN BABYLON." This comparison, however brief, has been productive of profit as well as pleasure. It has convinced me that impressions cannot have fair play, where the mind is pre-occupied, if not tinctured by the conceptions of others; and that the reflections growing out of these impressions cannot be quite genuine under such circumstances.

The TRIBUNE (the sanctum sanctorum of the gallery) is wisely reserved by the custodes for the last exhibition in their Sisyphean occupation. I entered it the first day, without knowing where I was going. The VENUS DE MEDICI instantly told me I was in the presence of beauty personified. Her averted look certainly indicates, according to my impression, some degree of shame, or even denial. When we advance and turn to the right, so as to command her countenance, I fancied that I could perceive a triumphant, if not a sarcastic smile, playing on features that are mellowed rather than faded by TIME. The position of the hands is more artful than honest —pointing to, rather than concealing what female modesty has veiled from observation.

"Ipsa Venus pubem, quoties velamina ponit,
Protegitur læva semi-reductâ manu."

This charmer has been called the MADONNA DELLA CONFORTA, for ladies of low stature, and a certain, or rather *uncertain* age—being herself under five feet in height, and some three centuries on the wrong side of the Christian æra, in years. Time has embrowned her complexion; but her FIGURE remains the admiration of the world. It may appear somewhat paradoxical to say that, the whole form is perfection, though many of the principal parts are faulty. The critics have determined, among other blemishes, that the head and the hips are too small—that the nose and the hands are too large—that the fingers are like marlin-spikes, and have only one joint among ten of them. The diminutive head would not have been of much consequence, had not the phrenologists, with their callipers, ascertained that the owner of the head was an idiot! Well! This would not much diminish the number of her admirers. Praxiteles or Cleomenes was not so silly as to give VENUS as much brains as MINERVA. It is not necessary—it is not desirable, that a BEAUTY should be a BLUE-STOCKING. What did SAPPHO gain by her towering intellect and tender lyrics? Not a husband certainly, unless under the Ægean wave!

> Say lovely youth that do'st my heart command,
> Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?

No, truly! Phaon remembered her *head* as well as her hand, and kept at as respectful a distance from the tenth Muse as a butterfly BEAU does from a literary BELLE, of the present times.

But then the pelvis is not so broad, nor the rump so prodigious, as among the Hottentot Venuses of our own day. This is true. The poor VENUS DE MEDICIS had not a Parisian milliner to exaggerate the *deformities* of nature. Yes, the *deformities* of Nature! Unless the critic is prepared to maintain that black and white are the same colour—that great and small dimensions are of the same admeasurement, I do assert that Nature, for wise purposes, has imposed a tribute of deformity on the beauty of the female sex, which, it is the duty of the sculptor and painter to diminish, in beau-idealism, rather than exaggerate. Praxiteles, Cleomenes, or whoever it was that sculptured the Medicean Venus, acted judiciously in diminishing the size of the female pelvis, the dimensions of which, however useful

for the perpetuation of the human race, can never be pleasing to the eye of the spectator. I could illustrate this position, and demonstrate that NATURE does not always study symmetry and proportion in her formations or operations; but I think it unnecessary. The most beautiful female figure, in youth and in health, differs totally in the course of a few months. Poets, painters, and sculptors, have taken care to delineate but one side of the portrait.

Were the Venus de Medicis, the Apollo Belvidere, and other master-pieces of ancient sculpture, copied from Nature, or composed from the imagination? I think they were constructed from the *memory* of fine forms, heightened by the imagination. Hence they are more beautiful than Nature:—in short, they are *beau-idealisms*. How is it that modern sculptors cannot equal the ancients? I think the reason is, that they are inferior in point of genius. If they attempt to chisel from memory and imagination (that is, if they attempt the BEAU-IDEAL) they fail, from the inferiority of powers which I have assumed. If they copy from NATURE, they fail; because the ancients surpassed Nature. If they copy from the ancient models, they necessarily fail, because copies must be inferior to the originals. The result appears to be, that the moderns, who imitate Nature, and Nature only, are more *correct*—while the ancients, who embellished Nature by powerful imaginations, are more *pleasing*. We see this exemplified every day by comparison of real life with romance—of living faces with their portraits. Homer and Scott, as well as the million of intervening painters, who embellished fact by fiction, and memory by imagination, have excited more general interest, and diffused more universal pleasure, than the whole host of historians, from Herodotus to Hume.

The propriety or impropriety of exhibiting the undraped heroes and heroines of antiquity to the gaze of all ranks and both sexes, is a question which seems to have been blinked by all travellers—even by the ladies, some of whom have given their tongues ample license upon most other subjects. I certainly have my own opinion on this point; but I do not think it would be of any use to state it here. There is one remarkable expression which has dropped accidentally from the pen of a philosopher, critic, and anatomist, not very strait-laced in matters of this kind—the late JOHN BELL. Speaking of the Venus de Medici, he observes—"The whole work, as it presents itself, is

most beautiful; and, *if such nude figures are to be permitted*, nothing can be conceived more exquisite." Mr. Bell's internal conviction on this subject may be gathered very readily from the above sentence.*

But however this may be, we may safely aver that the senses are liable to more serious and offensive presentations in fair Italy, than any which the galleries of Florence, Rome, or Naples can exhibit. We need not, therefore, alarm ourselves about squibs and crackers, after smoking our cigars so quietly in magazines of gun-powder.

One or two words before we quit the Tribune. Mr. Matthews tells us that he would have taken the MEDICEAN VENUS for an angel, which is of no sex, had he not discovered that the ears were pierced for pendants! Bracelets he could have pardoned—but, ear-rings!—proh pudor! I am rather surprised that so acute an observer could discover no other marks of the feminine gender about the Queen of Love than the holes in her ears.

The Venus de Medicis has got other rivals in Florence besides the daughter of Canova. Immediately behind the "bending statue that delights the world," reclines a figure—about whose sex there can be little scepticism—the VENUS of TITIAN:—and not far from thence the Fornarina of Raphael. From the number of people whom I saw devouring with their eyes, these "Houries of a Mahomedan Paradise," I doubt the correctness of Mr. Matthews' assertion, that "the triumph of the statue is complete"—"in whose eye there is no Heaven, in whose gesture there is no love."†

The TRIBUNE, indeed, concentrates within the space of a small ante-chamber,‡ a host of the most wonderful efforts, or rather prodigies of human genius. It is a focus of intellectual excitement, in which the soul receives an electric shock with every ray of light that enters the organ of vision. And yet the promiscuous assemblage of

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* Mr. Matthews is of a different opinion. I shall, however, waive the question.

† "The fact is, (says Lady Morgan,) that the Venus de Medicis, like other long-revered antiquities, has felt the blighting breath of revolutionary change; and daily sees her shrine deserted for that of a rival beauty, who is no goddess, *and still less a saint*—who is, after all, a mere woman—the model and inspiration of Raphael—his own FORNARINA."

‡ *About* 12 *feet in diameter.*

divine and human actors—of Christian and Pagan personages—of heathen fables and holy legends—of dancing drunkards and grim-visaged executioners, is well calculated to swell the tumultuous tide of incongruous ideas that rush through the mind, when first we enter this magic apartment. The eye glances from a naked Venus to a sainted Madonna—from a capering Faun to a decapitated Apostle—from Diana ogling Endymion to Herodias receiving the head of St. John—from a wrestling match* to the Crucifixion of our Saviour—from a knife-grinder to the "Massacre of the Innocents"—from a naked Nymph auditing the soft nonsense of Cupid, to a naked slave listening to a band of conspirators! Such are a few of the conflicting, contrasting, but exciting objects of contemplation in the TRIBUNE, which we enter with eager curiosity, linger in with tumultuous pleasure, and tear ourselves from with reluctance and regret!

LUNATIC ASYLUM.

The numerous and interesting objects of antiquity and art at Florence, left me but little time to visit her public institutions—and especially her hospitals. The Lunatic Asylum is on a large scale—receives all ranks of maniacs—and, I am sorry to say, is not in a state that can, honestly, admit of praise. It is worth visiting, however; and the variety of characters that may here be seen, is well calculated to call forth strong emotions in the philanthropic breast. I was much amused one day, while going round the wards, by the conversation of a priest and an advocate, in whose sight I suddenly found much favour without any adequate cause. They were MONOMANIACS of such a harmless description, that they were permitted to accompany me through the whole of the wards and cells of that great but wretched asylum. These two inmates of this gloomy retreat were men of considerable talents and learning. They described, in most affecting terms, the various maniacs who paced the wards in musing melancho-

* I cannot conceive why the connoisseurs call this a group of wrestlers. They are surely boxers. The clenched fist of the victor, who is aiming a blow at the averted face of his prostrate competitor, is not in keeping with a wrestling-match.

ly or muttering soliloquies, as well as those who clashed their chains in solitary confinement. Not a word escaped either of them, in the slightest degree indicative of a disordered mind, till we came to a man who fancied himself to be Jesus Christ. The Barrister made a full stop, and seized the writer by the arm. "Thank my stars," said he, glancing a look of ineffable contempt on the Priest, "I am free from those superstitious fears and visionary dreams by which the vulgar are kept in thraldom by designing knaves or ignorant enthusiasts! I worship the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth—in short, I worship Nature, whatever form she may assume in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world around me, as well as in those orbs which shine resplendent in the heavens. I acknowledge no god but Nature."—At this moment, the Priest seized the other arm of the writer, and drew him forcibly aside. "You now see, Sir," said he, "that the unhappy and lost wretch who deals out this impious and atheistical creed is as complete a maniac as any of the numerous unfortunate beings whom we have been contemplating! He is otherwise harmless; but his words are pestilential when he touches on the subject of divine revelation. I am, Sir, the only individual in this vast asylum who is in his perfect senses. I am cruelly and unjustly confined here, and, as I see you are a physician, I hope you will exert your influence in rescuing me from the company of maniacs." The writer promised this exertion in the Priest's favour, but soon found that he too, had his delusion.

CASCINI.

The transition from the Bedlam to the Cascini of Florence is rather an abrupt one; but Italy is the land of vicissitudes. The Florentines pride themselves not a little on the beauty of the Cascini, a pleasant drive on the banks of the Arno, which they have wisely excluded from view by a row of trees. To those who are familiar with the parks of London, or the Champs Elyse'es of Paris, the Cascini of Florence can have but few attractions. Nevertheless it possesses the secret, like the Indian snake-conjurers, of drawing forth the pale olive beauties and whiskered beaus of Florence every evening, from their gloomy retreats, to inhale the breath of Heaven—to cluster or

swarm, like bees, at the sound of a tinkling cymbal—and to indulge in a dish of polite scandal or intrigue beneath the cloudless canopy of their azure skies. To England they have lately been indebted for a source of poignant excitement—the sight of JOHN BULL "*running a muck*" in the avenues of the Cascini. The frozen energies and elasticity of British nerves and muscles, thawed and effervescing under an Italian sun, must be a soul-stirring scene for the eyes of languid, listless, and lazy Tuscans. In grateful return for this excitement, the Florentines cannot do less than initiate our countrymen in the holy rites and ceremonies of the CAVALIERE SERVENTE system.

SIENNA.

It is difficult to select any line or circle of progression in Italy, where anticipation is not kept constantly alive by objects of increasing interest. The inexhaustible attractions of FLORENCE cannot suppress, even for a moment, the almost innate longing for a sight of ROME. While wandering among the ruins of the once mighty empress of empires, the scenes of desolation or degeneration which most of her seven hills present to the eye, and the languor and lassitude resulting from great exertion in the depressing atmosphere of the Pestiferous Campagna, are cheered and relieved by the hope of soon breathing the balmy and exhilarating gales of ANXUR and NAPLES. Even when we have explored all the treasures of nature and art in this fairy land, and turned our weary steps to—"home, sweet home"—the all pervading principle that binds man and every species of animal to their native skies, strews our path with flowers, more mellow, but not less refreshing, than those which lured us beyond the circle of domestic happiness and social intercourse.

The journey from Florence to Rome is accomplished pleasantly in four days—the resting places being Sienna, Radicofani, and Viterbo, where the accommodations are very passable at present. The scenery of the first day's journey is beautiful. We wind among vine and olive clad hills—through peaceful villages and cultivated fields—over rapid and pellucid streamlets—along the skirts of fine woods—and under the genial influence of a clear sky and mountain air. As we approach Sienna, which lies very high, the scene changes; and sterility,

at length, nearly usurps the place of Tuscan fertility. The city is built on the very edge of a long extinct volcanic crater, and a great part of it is down in the very bottom of this "Devil's punch-bowl." Having two hours of day remaining, I jumped from the carriage, without asking even the name of the hotel where we stopped, and wandered through the city. The first thing I stumbled on was the Duomo—another huge Zebra in holy orders! The town itself is as dull, though not quite so dirty, as any Italian town need be, and the surrounding country bears, even to this hour, the features of volcanic convulsion. The low hills are almost entirely composed of Tufa, or the ashes, mud, and water of some terrible eruption, agglutinated together; but worn into channels by the winter rains, or cracked and fissured by the summer heats, presenting altogether a dreary and desolate region, interspersed, however, with spots of beautiful verdure and cultivation. It is not easy to account for the taste of several English families in their selection of Sienna for a residence for some years. The language, they say, is purely spoken there, and probably the expenses are moderate; but to my apprehension it forms one of the most dull and dreary scenes that man could pitch upon for spending any material portion of his existence. The sirocco passing over the pestiferous Maremma, which is in the vicinity of Sienna, renders it doubtful in my mind, that Sienna can be very healthy—especially if Dr. Macculloch's assertion be true, that the annual mortality here, is 1 in 10 of the population! Such a tremendous wear and tear of life, however, must be a mistake. Having rambled about, without guide or direction till long after dark, fatigue, cold, and hunger reminded me of their antidotes—but I had taken no note, either of the street or the hotel where we had put up! Enquiry was therefore out of the question, and full an hour's labour was expended in the search for my companions. I should not have mentioned this trifling and ridiculous circumstance, but on account of what followed—and which often follows *fatigue and exposure to the night air in Italy*—especially in the Autumn.

RADICOFANI.

We started at day-break, and, as the sun rose, and indeed for two hours afterwards, the whole country presented the appearance of a

placid lake, studded with small islands, each crowned with a town, village, convent, or castle. This phenomenon is occasioned by a dense fog, which covers the vallies, and looks like a sheet of water, leaving the tops of the hills free, and on which almost the whole of the towns, villages, &c. are built. The air was remarkably raw—and, about half-way between Sienna and Buono Convento, (a road where *malaria* notoriously prevails,) I experienced the premonitory horrors of an ague-fit, and the first, or cold-stage of the "foul fiend." The fatigue and exhaustion of the preceding evening had doubtless pre-disposed me to this attack; and those who have felt the horrible depression of spirits attendant on an attack of malaria fever, can appreciate the feelings which rushed across my mind, under the expectancy of being laid up on the dreary mountain of RADICOFANI, with some serious or fatal malady! Fortunately the day became very hot—I walked up two or three of the steep mountains on this road—passed at once from the stage of shivering to that of perspiration—and baulked the malaria of Buono Convento. The ascent to Radicofani is five tedious Italian miles. The evening was setting in, as we dragged our weary way up the mountain—the cold was intense—the scenery was that of desolation and despair. I shall allow a fair tourist to sketch it, as she has done so with spirit and truth.

"From La Scala we toiled up apparently interminable hills, till at last,—contrary to my expectations,—we reached the top of the wild and savage mountain of Radicofani. It was heaped with the tremendous ruins of nature. All around, huge blue fragments of basaltic rock were strewed so thickly, as in most places wholly to conceal the surface of the earth. When exposed to view between these heaps of shattered rock, it was quite bare, and looked as if from creation it had never borne one blade of grass. Dark barren hills of stone, rising all around us, met our eye in every direction; it is impossible to conceive a more desolate scene. It seemed as if the beings that inhabited it must, of necessity, partake of its savage nature; and the aspect of those we saw well accorded with its character.

The country-men were all clothed in shaggy sheep-skins, with the wool outside, rudely stitched together to serve as a covering to their bodies; and pieces of the same were tied about their thighs, partially concealing the ragged vestments they wore beneath. Their legs and feet were bare; and this savage attire gave a strange, wild effect to

the dark eyes that glared at us from beneath their bushy and matted locks. Indeed, their whole appearance reminded us literally of wolves in sheep's clothing.

The wintry blast howled around us in stormy gusts ; but we braved its fury, though not without difficulty, in order to ascend to the town, or rather village, of Radicofani, which is considerably higher up the mountain than the road, and wholly inaccessible to a carriage. High above the town, and impending directly over it, rises an abrupt rock of most singular appearance, which has its base on the very summit of the mountain, and on the utmost pinnacle of which stands the Castle, or Fort, of Radicofani."*

So loud did the tramontane winds howl through every chink and chamber of the dreary caravansera on this mountain, that I could not help regretting the removal of old Vulcan's smithery from the place where a blast of his forge would be so rich a treat to the shivering traveller. I had reason to know, however, that we were much better lodged than many of our companions. It is a general complaint that, in England, money is the god of our idolatry. If this be not also the case on the south side of the Alps, the Italians have very much regenerated since the time when "virtus *post* nummos" (honesty *after* riches) was the motto among their Roman ancestors. I suspect the only improvement by the moderns is an abbreviation of the motto—"virtus" being now deemed unnecessary, either before or after the acquisition of wealth. Let two travellers come to an Albergo in Italy, one preceded by his courier, the other under the guidance of a vetturino, and they will soon find that the mammon of unrighteousness has altars for his worship in other countries besides England! Gold cannot rekindle the extinct volcano of Radicofani ; but the sight of an English carriage can make the coldest apartment in its cheerless caravansera glow with fires almost Vulcanian—relax the features of the most grim-visaged hostess—and resuscitate from their silent graves the choicest spirits of the age.

A descent of five miles on the south side of the mountain, brigns us to the bed of a torrent, which, after heavy rains, is dangerous or impassable. This channel crossed, we tread on holy ground ; and the

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* Rome in the 19th Century, vol. i. p. 64.

face of Nature changes instantaneously. From being covered with the stony entrails of the nether world, vomited forth by subterranean fires, we find ourselves in the midst of fertility and cultivation. In fact, it is abundantly evident that the Pope's benediction stopped short at the torrent of Torricelli, and left the "savage mountain" of Radicofani to its steril fate. It is strange that some travellers have represented the case as just the reverse. I appeal to ocular observation.

AQUAPENDENTE.

The ascent to AQUAPENDENTE is beautiful; but the moment we enter the town, we feel that the spiritual blessing of Christ's vicegerent is a temporal curse. Over earth and her natural productions the holy father's influence seems not to extend. On man and his works falls the withering blight! When we survey the squalid inhabitants of ecclesiastical towns, and the stinking tenements in which they are huddled together, we are almost tempted to imagine that the key of St. Peter, which is raised towards heaven from the summit of Trajan's pillar, had realized the transformation of Circe's rod--

> ——— Her circling wand the goddess waves,
> To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
> No more is seen the human face divine.

The CUSTOM-HOUSE is a pest-house—a petty quarantine station in all countries; but in this celestial empire, it is a veritable INQUISITION, where the secrets of the prison-house are sure to come out. Sir Hudson Lowe never inspected, with more minuteness, the dirty linen-baskets of Madame Montholon, than do the officers of the holy DOGANA overhaul the trunks, band-boxes and clothes-bags of undesigning passengers:—and for what?---lest the head of the Church should lose the duty on a pound of snuff! Verily HIS HOLINESS is a pattern of industry. With the care of so many immortal souls upon his shoulders, he finds time to attend to the most trifling concerns of the flesh. While porter to the gates of heaven, he is one of the first tobacconists in Europe. Lundifoot was nothing to him! The busi-

ness of signing permits for peccadilloes, and passports for paradise is occupation enough for two men—and, like the pious avocation of Mercury, must render the Pope a favourite of the gods above and of men below:—

> Tu pias lœtis animas reponis
> Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
> Aureâ turbam, superis Deorum
> Gratus et imis.

SAN LORENZO—BOLSENA—MONTEFIASCONE.

During the drive from the forlorn Aquapendente to San Lorenzo Nuovo, we were accompanied by a "bold dragoon," who rode close to one of the carriages, for what purpose we could not tell. At this village we learnt that he was merely the return guard from the mail coach, who gallantly as well as voluntarily escorted the carriage with the English ladies. From the centre of the village, which is built in a circle on the brow of a hill, the lake of Bolsena bursts on the view, and appears close under our feet—its surface smooth as glass, and reflecting, like a mirror, the surrounding mountains. It is 40 miles in circumference, and very beautiful. It is interesting to the medical philosopher, as well as to the historian and geologist. It was evidently the crater of a magnificent antediluvian volcano, compared with which Vesuvius, when in full feather, is but a bonfire. Here we have the first, and one of the most striking proofs of that terrible and invisible agent—Malaria. The inhabitants of the *new* San Lorenzo, bear ample marks of this fatal scourge in their countenances; but they live a few years. Not more than a mile from the village, and just at the foot of the hill, near the lake, stand the ruins of the old St. Lorenzo, where the inhabitants could not live—and therefore Pope Pius VI. removed them to the brow of the hill, where he built them a town. And yet the situation of the old or pestiferous village is beautiful—the fields are highly cultivated—and there is not the slightest trace of a marsh in its neighbourhood. Numerous caves exist here, where clay for pottery is procured, and the caves are dry. The ground is cultivated to the water's edge. The men work there by day—but to sleep there is death. A distance of half a mile, and an elevation of 200

feet, confer a comparative immunity from malaria on the inhabitants of San Lorenzo Nuovo.' The inference is, that the morbific agent, whatever it be, springs from the bowels of the earth—is circumscribed by limits which we can only discover by its effects—and is not necessarily dependent on, or connected with, any appreciable condition of the soil from which it issues.

Descending through this deserted paradise, where mouldering ruins attest the immolation of multitudes, we come to the verge of the placid lake, and gallop along its margin, for miles, without seeing a human habitation, though the earth is every where pouring forth her richest productions, almost at the nod of man. On the left rises a stately forest of oak; on the right, stretches out the lake still and silent as the waters of Lethe. No sound of man or animals strikes on the ear—no boat is seen moving on the face of the liquid mirror; and the aquatic birds that float on the smooth expanse, evince no sign of life but the form. The eye, while glancing over this fine sheet of water, encounters two picturesque islands; and memory recals the horrid deed perpetrated in one of them by THEODOTUS, who there murdered his young and beautiful queen, the daughter of the Emperor Theodoric! The mind is relieved by the thought that the bolt of veageance was soon directed against the head of the murderer. We smile at the credulity, if not the veracity of Pliny, who tells us that these, in his own time, were *floating* islands. Geology teaches us that the Campagna di Roma was once covered with water, some 50 or 60 feet above the present level of the Tiber at Rome. The seven hills were then seven islands. They were just as likely to float about, as the islands in question.

Passing the wretched town of Bolsena, (once the proud Volsinium,) and an immense bank of basaltic columns, we ascend through a wood, now cleared for some hundred yards on each side of the road, to prevent the concealment of robbers, and come at length to MONTE FIASCONE, which commands a magnificent view of the lake and surrounding scenery. Here, while the courier, the post-master, and the postillions were *doing* their usual battle, which, in the streets of an English town would collect a mob, but which, in Italy excites no more attention than the changing of the horses, I tasted the far-famed muscat wine of the place. It is a luscious mixture of "sac and sugar," with plenty of lime. No wonder that the German prelate never awoke

after getting tipsy with this fermenting beverage. A flask of it would extricate gas enough to fill a balloon! The distention of the poor friar's paunch must have been "prodigious."

VITERBO.

Woe to the man who first invented bells! We are sufficiently warned of the lapse of TIME by many unpleasant mementos, without having it sounded in our ears, every fifteen minutes, from four till seven o'clock in the morning. The lazy monks, who have nothing to do all day but to eat and sleep, seem to take a malicious pleasure in rousing every industrious neighbour from his morning slumber, by their noisy, ceremonious, and mechanical devotions. Would that they went through their genu-flexions, their crossings, their pater-nosterings, and all the other forms of their heartless mummeries, without proclaiming them to the world by deafening ding dong. A journey from Radicofani to Viterbo, half of which was performed on foot, entitled me to a night's repose—especially as the supper and bed were charged double or treble.* But, no:—I have slept soundly during the roaring of cannon—the explosion of shells—and the hissing of rockets; but there is something in the music of Italian bells, now swelling into the pealing anthem, now dying away on the ear in trembling cadence, now interrupted by short but solemn pauses, which banishes sleep, and leads the mind into long trains of reflection. But I must hasten from Viterbo. TWENTY-EIGHT monasteries and convents in one small town!! No wonder that the streets are swarming with dirty, idle, and ragged children! VITERBO must be a regular monkling manufactory, capable of supplying half the Roman states with the principle of laziness, as well as of population—at all events, with antidotes to industry!

Napoleon, it is said, predicted that, should the Italians ever be consolidated into one nation, they would be likely once more to conquer

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* It is on this road that the senses are annoyed, and somewhat alarmed by reeking vapours, sulphureous gases, and smoking exhalations issuing in various directions from the bowels of the earth!

Europe. There must be a marvellous revolution, moral and physical, before the modern imitate the ancient Romans in mental or corporeal energy—unless it be those valorous warriors who, when the Volscian army lay encamped before the city, sent out their mothers, wives, and daughters to solicit a year's truce—by which exploit "Rome was saved and Coriolanus was lost." An imitation, somewhat similar, did take place in modern times. When the French were advancing on Rome, the "army of martyrs" were ordered to march, and all the precious relics of the saints were put under arms—but without success! Whether the Romans followed the example of the Chinese on this occasion, and gave their tutelar deities a sound thrashing for non-performance of miracles, I know not; but it is rather too much to anticipate foreign conquest from men who expect to defend their hearths and altars, not with the arms of the living but with the images of the dead.

CAMPAGNA DI ROMA—MALARIA.

Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanding to the skies.

It is from the high mountain of Viterbo that we have the first glimpse of the wide-spread Campagna di Roma. The beautiful little lake of Vico lies under our feet, its sloping banks cultivated, like a garden, but destitute of habitations, on account of the deadly malaria, which no culture can annihilate. From this spot till we reach the desert, the features of poverty and wretchedness in the inhabitants themselves, as well as in every thing around them, grow rapidly more marked. We descend from Monte Rosi upon the Campagna, and, at Baccano, we are in the midst of it. This scene of desolation has been greatly exaggerated. If a stranger came upon the Campagna in this direction, unacquainted with the causes of its desertion, and its proximity to the once mistress of the world, he would feel no other impression than that of crossing a very extensive heath of moorland, which was destined to pasturage because not rich enough for agriculture. It is not more marshy than was Hounslow Heath at one time; and it is far

more undulating in its surface, its soil being, generally speaking, dry and sandy. Could we, indeed, divest ourselves of the idea of malaria, we should be inclined to admire many parts of this pestilential tract. The country, as has been well observed by Lady Morgan, is not the less lovely, because it is the tomb of those who venture to inhabit it. "That which is fatal to man gives vigour to vegetation, and the undulating surface of this once volcanic region was embossed with spontaneous shrubs, with masses of rich and bushy underwood, furze in blossom, juniper and sloe-berries still hanging in dusky clusters on their leafless branches." To the south of Rome, however, and in many parts of the valley of the Tiber, the ground is very marshy, and there is much stagnant water.

But no human form meets the eye, except the gaunt figure of the herdsman, muffled up to the chin in his dark mantle, with his gun and his spear—his broad hat slouched over the ferocious and scowling countenance of a brigand! The buffalo which he guards is less repugnant than he! As for the shepherd, Arcadia forbid that I should attempt his description! The savage of the wigwam has health to recommend him. As we approach within ten or twelve miles of Rome, some specks of cultivation appear, and with them the dire effects of malaria on the human frame:—"Bloated bellies, distorted features, dark yellow complexions, livid eyes and lips; in short, all the symptoms of dropsy, jaundice, and ague united in their persons."*

Yet there is nothing so very striking in the topography of the Campagna as would lead us to expect, *â priori*, that a pestilential effluvium should issue, in certain months of the year, from the bowels of the earth or the surface of the soil, so highly destructive to human life.†

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* Eustace.

† Sir T. C. Morgan informs us, that "whole villages (meaning, no doubt, their inhabitants) come from La Marca and Romagna to the Campagna, during the Winter and part of the Summer. They assemble at daylight in the public squares of Rome for hire. They are a miserable-looking people. A gentleman high in office at Rome assured us that, every year, *one in ten* of these wretches dies of the fever: and those who escape carry the marks of the poison in their swoln and sallow countenances. Very few are able totally to throw off the disease; and repeated exposure to the *malaria*, in successive seasons, never fails to destroy." Let this be borne in mind by those who spend whole years in Italy.

That this deleterious miasma did exist in the Campagna, from the very first foundation of Rome down to the present moment, there can be little doubt. Cicero tells us that Romulus, seeking a healthy spot, built his city in a region of pestilence:—Locum delegit *in regioni pestilenti* salubrem." Livy shews us how the Roman soldiers, before the invasion of Hannibal, were in the habit of contrasting the sickly and arid Campagna di Roma with the Campagnia Felix of Naples. "An æquum esse dedititios suos illa fertilitate atque amænitate perfrui; se militando fessos *in pestilenti atque arida circa urbem solo* luctari."—*Lib.* VII. The numerous *pestilential* visitations recorded in Roman history were nothing else than malarious epidemics rendered contagious, no doubt, by the crowded state of the city, the narrowness of the streets, and the filth of the plebeian population. Take, for example, the dreadful epidemic which scourged Rome for three years, and swept off multitudes of inhabitants, among whom was Camillus, the Dictator. Towards the close of this terrible epidemic, the earth opened in the middle of the forum, doubtless from subterranean fire, which, in all probability, was also the cause of the poisonous miasmata rising from the bowels of the earth. Indeed, the volcanic nature of the Italian peninsula generally may be fairly taken into the list of causes which contribute to its insalubrity.

It is very doubtful whether the Campagna was ever so thickly tenanted with *living* beings as it is represented to have been. Cicero complains, indeed, that the Via Appia was so lined with mausoleums and tombs, from the walls of the city to the vicinity of Alba, that little room was left for habitable mansions. And if villas were scattered in every direction through the Campagna, would that circumstance prove that malaria did not prevail in the months of July and August? Is it likely that those who could afford to keep a villa in the Campagna, could not also afford to migrate to Tivoli, Alba, Soracté, Baiæ, or other places, beyond the reach of the morbific miasmata, during the two sickly months of the year?

The immense population of Rome and of the Campagna affords no proof of their salubrity. If the insalubrity and mortality of Rome had been ten times greater than they were, the population would have gone on increasing, so long as she remained powerful and prosperous. Gibbon tells us that, in the decline and fall of the Roman empire, the grave was always dug at the foot of the *throne*, yet the *latter* was

never without a tenant! So it was with ROME, and would always be with the capital of an empire, more especially if that empire were the world. If the probabilities of life had been reduced to one-tenth of what they were, ROME would have been the grand vortex into which ambition, avarice, the love of pleasure, and all the turbulent passions of human nature, would have impelled man, from every quarter of the globe where the imperial eagle spread his sable wing. While riches could be acquired in Java and Walcheren, the pestilential cities of Batavia and Middleburg overflowed with inhabitants.

But there is great reason to suspect the cultivation and population of the Campagna, to the extent that is represented. Seutonius lets fall an incident worthy of notice. When the infamous tyrant, Nero, had reached the acmé of his crimes, and found himself deserted by all but Phaon, his freed-man, he set off in disguise to an *obscure villa*, belonging to Phaon, about *four miles* from the capital of the world. When near the house, Nero dismounted, and *crossed a field overgrown with reeds.*"* Such fields of reeds we observe in the neighbourhood of Rome to this very day. And, I ask, is it likely that such places should exist within four miles of the Capitol, if the Campagna was then cultivated like a garden, and covered with villas, towns, and villages?

And supposing, for argument's sake, (what may be denied in fact,) that the Campagna was, at one time, cultivated like a garden; would that afford proof of its salubrity? By no means. We have just seen that the shores of Bolsena and Vico are emblems of fertility and culture; yet they are uninhabitable!

I do not, indeed, maintain that the Campagna was as insalubrious, when covered with tombs and villas, as it now is, when covered with grass and underwood. The very buildings themselves afford great protection against malaria, which cannot well rise through the foundations of edifices. It is this circumstance, combined with the paving of the streets, the common sewers, and the shelter which one house lends to another, that renders Rome itself more healthy than its immediate vicinity. This city may be said to be built on a triple foundation of marble and other precious stones, brought from every

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* Suetonius in Nero, S. 48.

quarry in the world. The very worst parts of it, for instance the Jews' quarter, near the Capitol, on the banks of the Tiber, have probably the most numerous strata of ancient ruins beneath them—and hence, possibly, one cause of their greater degree of salubrity.

Lastly, I do not mean to assert that, in the early, the energetic, and the prosperous periods of Rome, the city and Campagna were as insalubrious to the inhabitants as now, in the abject state of pauperism to which the population is reduced. Far from it. Power and pride, leaving all the comforts of wealth out of the question, are among the most potent antidotes to external agents of a morbific nature, and especially to the impressions of malaria. Innumerable examples might be adduced from the history of our own times. I shall only give an instance that occurred under my own observation. When our army lay intrenched under the ramparts of Flushing, without any other defence from the sun, the rains, and the dews, than some brushwood or straw—generally, indeed, with the humid earth for their beds, and the canopy of heaven for their curtains: the animating prospect of success, the mental energy inspired by hope, together with corporeal activity, kept the whole army in health. When FLUSHING surrendered, however, and another object of pursuit was not held out, a dangerous calm ensued, and the deleterious influence of the climate began to make some impression. But, when it became clear that the great objects of the expedition were frustrated, and all hopes of further victory at an end, the depressing passions added such a dreadful power to the malaria of the place, that thousands and tens of thousands of gallant spirits were immolated at the shrine of military misfortune—or more properly speaking military INCAPACITY!

To all these considerations may be added a certain fact that the climate of Italy, as well as of all Europe, has become much warmer than it was at the commencement of the Christian æra. Who now sees the Danube frozen over so as to bear whole armies? Who sees the frost and snow and ice binding up the stream of the Tiber, as in the days of Horace? The climate of Germany, two thousand years ago, was precisely what that of Canada now is. Cultivation, and perhaps some other inexplicable agencies have wrought the change. The hardy vigour of the ancient Romans may, therefore, be partly owing to *physical*—partly to *moral* causes.

MALARIA.

What is malaria? This is not easily answered. We are pretty safe, however, in concluding that, generally speaking, it is the product of animal and vegetable decomposition by means of heat and moisture. In so luxuriant a climate as that of Italy, and more especially in the southern vales and on the fertile alluvions, near the mouths of her rivers, we may well suppose that during the hot months, every spot—almost every particle of matter teems with animal as well as vegetable life. As the scale of existence descends, in the animal kingdom, the amazing circle of reproduction and decay is perpetually trodden by myriads of animated beings, whose ephemeral vitality has scarcely commenced before it closes again in death. The earthy tenement of the sojourner is no sooner deserted than it is resolved, by the heat and moisture of the climate, into its constituent elements, and formed without delay into other compounds. It is during this dissolution of animal and vegetable remains, preparatory to new combinations and successive reproductions, that a certain inexplicable something is extricated, which operates with such powerful and baneful influence on the functions of the human frame. Such is malaria. The materials for its generation are obvious enough in many places, as the Pontine fens, the Maremmæ, &c. but in many other places, and the Campagna among the rest, the causes of this pestiferous exhalation are more obscure. The existence of a marsh, however, is not necessary for the production of malaria. Water imbued with animal and vegetable matters may sink into the soil, and either remain there, or percolate under the surface till it finds an issue in a spring or river. This is known to be the case in numerous instances, and in almost every country. Thus, in Sicily, Dr. Irvine tells us that—"in many of the *fiumares* the stream disappears in the gravel, and percolates under the surface of the ocean. It is in these kinds of FIUMARES that a malaria prevails; and this probably accounts for the extrication of miasmata in many parts of the West Indies, as well as in Europe." It was too fatally ascertained by our troops in Spain and Portugal, that the dangerous season was the hot months when the ground cracked with the heat, and permitted exhalations to issue from the moisture below the surface. We now see how it is that cultivation is no protection,

in some places, from malaria. Thus, on the sloping and level ground near the lake of Bolsena, where the ruins of St. Lorenzo attest the pestiferous exhalations from a highly cultivated soil, we can easily imagine that the waters from the neighbouring hills, impregnated with vegeto-animal matters, may percolate under the surface of the soil, in their way to the lake, and, in July and August, may be exhaled in the form of malaria. The following is an illustration. "Thus (says Irvine) some places in Sicily, though on very high ground, are sickly —as Ibesso or Gesso, about eight miles from Messina, situated upon some secondary mountains lying on the side of the primitive ridge, which runs northwards towards the Faro. It stands very high; but still there is some higher ground at some miles distance. Water is scarce here, and there is nothing like a marsh."

But eminences in Italy, and in other countries where the Summer heat is tropical, are exposed to another source of malaria besides the exhalations from their own soil—viz: the miasmata that are wafted on the winds passing over malarious districts and impinging against the first high grounds they meet. It is notorious that the heights at some distance from marshes are often more insalubrious than the immediate vicinity of the marshes themselves. Thus travellers and sojourners in Italy, during the Summer, are not exempt from danger by keeping to elevated positions.* They may escape fevers and agues, the more prominent features of malarious maladies, but they run the risk of imbibing the taint of a poison which will evince its deleterious influence for years afterwards, in forms anomalous and unsuspected, but more destructive of health and happiness than the undisguised attacks of remittent and intermittent fevers.† The surface

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* It has been ascertained that the poisonous exhalations from the lake Agnano, in Italy, reach as far as the convent of Camaldoli, situated on a high hill at the distance of three miles.

† Captain Smyth, in his late very valuable statistical table of Sicily, comes to the conclusion that, in an equal number of cases, the higher grounds suffer as much as the lower—the intrinsically healthy spots as often as the very seats of malaria. In this document we find that out of seventy-six unhealthy towns and villages, thirty-five are situated on hills or declivities, many of them at considerable distances from tracts productive of malaria. By a writer on the climate of Italy, we are told that the southern winds in that country, propagate *upwards* along the hills that malaria

of the globe can hardly present a country better calculated for the generation of malaria, and for the production of those conditions of the atmophere which give activity to the poison, than the southwest coast of Italy. Her sloping valleys are all furrowed by the beds of mountain torrents, which play the same part as the fiumari in Sicily, and form innumerable sources of malaria. Her suns are nearly as hot in Summer and Autumn, as those which glow over the coast of Coromandel. The southwest, on which all the principal cities stand, is exposed to the choaking siroceo, which, coming parched and burning from the Lybian sands, drinks up immense quantities of aqueous vapour from the Mediterranean sea before it rolls its volume of boiling steam over the face of fair Italy. Under the enervating influence of these siroccos, the human frame languishes, the vital energies are depressed, the pores are opened, and the susceptibility to malarious impressions is fearfully augmented. And not to miasmal exhalations only, is this susceptibility increased—but to all the dire consequences of those great and sudden atmospherical vicissitudes produced by the chilling tramontanes from the Alps or Apennines and the furnace blasts from Barbary. Hence it is that the inhabitants of this boasted climate are more afflicted with rheumatisms, pleurisies, and pulmonary inflammations than the inhabitants of Great Britain, *in addition* to the large class of diseases induced by a tropical heat, and an invisible but deadly malaria.

"Let us (says Dr. Maeculloch) turn to Italy; the fairest portions of this fair land are a prey to this invisible enemy; its fragrant breezes are poison, the dews of its Summer evenings are death. The banks of the refreshing streams, its rich and flowery meadows, the borders of its glassy lakes, the luxuriant plains of its overflowing agriculture, the valley where its aromatic shrubs regale the eye and perfume the air—these are the chosen seats of this plague, the throne of Malaria. Death here walks hand in hand with the sources of life, sparing none: the labourer reaps his harvest but to die, or he wanders amidst the

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which the northern or mountain winds do not.—Such winds, independently of their superior power in producing the exhalations, tending, from their high temperature, to ascend the acclivities, while the tramontanes have the opposite inclination.

luxuriance of vegetation and wealth, the ghost of man, a sufferer from his cradle to his impending grave; aged even in childhood, and laying down in misery that life which was but one disease. He is even driven from some of the richest portions of this fertile yet unhappy country; and the traveller contemplates at a distance deserts, but deserts of vegetable wealth, which man dares not approach,—or he dies."*

Although we know not what this invisible agent is, we have become acquainted with some of the laws by which it is governed. It rises from the soil with the watery exhalations by day, and falls with the dews of the night. It appears to be in mechanical mixture with the air; not in chemical solution. Being heavier than the atmosphere, it gravitates to the surface of the earth in still weather, and, when carried along by winds, it does not appear to rise very high or extend very far, except in such a state of dilution as to be nearly harmless, or at all events not capable of producing fever or ague. Thus, a current of air coming from a malarious ground is strained, as it were, by passing through a wood or grove of trees—or by passing over a portion of elevated ground, against which the malarious particles are impinged. Even a high wall will often arrest the denser and more dangerous strata of floating miasmata—and hence the suburbs of Rome are more exposed to malaria than the city—and the open streets and squares than the narrow lanes in the centre of the metropolis. The unequal distribution of malaria in the same city, and even in the same street of a city, has puzzled the medical and philosophical inquirer. I have no doubt that it is owing to shelter from, or exposure to, certain currents of air, carrying with them deleterious miasms, rather than the exhalations from the unhealthy spots themselves. Look at St. Paul's Church, in London. On the same front or side, one column is seen as black as soot and the very next one white—nay, half of the same column, pillar, cornice, or façade, will be seen blanched, and the other half like bronze. No one doubts that all this is produced by the winds and rains; but no one can explain how such an unequal and capricious distribution of their effects is produced. It

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* On Malaria, Vol. 1. p. 7.

is just the same with malaria affecting one side of a street and not the other in Rome. The low, crowded, and abominably filthy quarter of the Jews on the banks of the Tiber, near the foot of the Capitol, may probably owe its acknowledged freedom from the fatal malaria, to its sheltered site and inconceivably dense population.*

EFFECTS OF MALARIA.

A glance at the inhabitants of malarious countries or districts must convince even the most superficial observer, that the range of disorders produced by the poison of malaria, is very extensive. The jaundiced complexion, the tumid abdomen, the stunted growth, the stupid

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* Dr. Macculloch, who has taken great pains to collect information as to the portions of Rome which have lately become most infested with this invisible poison, gives us the following results of his enquiries.

"According to these reports, it appears to enter at the Porta del Popolo, or from the north-eastward; while it may be suspected here, that as far as this occurrence is new, as it is asserted to be, the immediate cause must be sought in the extirpation of the mass of wood just mentioned, which formerly sheltered this quarter of the city from that wind which crossed the pestiferous plain.

"From this point it is said now to reach to a certain distance along the Corso, the banks of the Tiber, and the west side of the Pincian hill; continuing its course along the base of that elevation, by the church of the Trinita del Monte, and thus round the foot of the Quirinal and Viminal hills, to the church of Santa Maria maggiore. In its further progress it reaches the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, diverging towards the Campo Vaccino, and proceeding onwards to the eastward of the Colosseum. It is also further said to have begun to enter, but at a later date, by the quarter of the Porta Maggiore and that of San Giovanni; occupying at present, to a severe degree, the district of St. John Lateran, and holding its course over the Coelian hill towards the church of St. Gregory, where it spreads to the eastward of the Palatine, towards the ancient seat of the great Velabrum and the river.

"To omit minuter and further details, I may also add, that by reports more recent than those from which the preceding sketch was drawn, its progress is by no means finished; and that every year adds something to the extent of its course and influence, and not a little to the alarm of the inhabitants; since, should it proceed for many more years in the same accelerating ratio, Rome, the eternal city, may perhaps at length be abandoned, and the modern Babylon, as it has been named, become, like Babylon the great, a desert of ruins."

countenance—the shortened life, attest that habitual exposure to malaria saps the energy of every bodily and mental function, and drags its victims to an early grave. A moment's reflection must shew us that FEVER and AGUE, two of the most prominent features of the malarious influence, are as a drop of water in the ocean, when compared with the other less obtrusive, but more dangerous maladies that silently but effectually disorganize the vital structures of the human fabric, under the operation of this deleterious and invisible poison. Yet the English traveller or sojourner in Italy knows little, if any thing, respecting these slow and masked underminings of his health, and thinks, if he escapes the malaria fever of July and August, he has nothing more to dread, but every thing to enjoy, throughout the year. Fatal mistake! The foundation of chronic maladies, that render life miserable for years, is every Summer laid in hundreds of our countrymen, who wander about beneath the azure skies of Italy. They bring home with them a poison circulating in their veins, which ultimately tells on the constitution, and assumes all the forms of Proteus, harassing its victim with a thousand anomalous and indescribable feelings of wretchedness, inexplicable alike to himself and his physician. It is the attribute, the character, of all malarious disorders to be slow in their developement, when the poison is inhaled in a dilute state, or only for a short time. Many of our soldiers did not feel the effects of the Walcheren malaria till months, or even years, after that fatal expedition. So our countrymen in India often go on for years in tolerable health, after exposure to a malaria, before the noxious agent shews itself in the disturbance of certain functions of the body. The same thing is seen even in England, though on a smaller scale. Those who inhabit marshy or damp situations become, sooner or later, affected with some of the Proteiform maladies engendered by malaria, though they are seldom understood, unless they happen to take on a regular aguish character.

Two causes have a marked influence in deranging the biliary and digestive organs—solar heat and terrestrial exhalations. Either is equal to the production of the effect; but, when combined, the agency is most potent. Thus, in India and other tropical climates, when a high range of temperature combines with marsh miasmata, liver and bowel-complaints are sure to result. And, under the most favourable circumstances, although hepatitis or dysentery may be evaded, the or-

gans of digestion are sure to suffer in the end; and the melancholy catalogue of dyspeptic, bilious, and nervous complaints is the portion of the tropical sojourner. Now Italy, in Summer and early Autumn, is nearly as hot as the East or West Indies, and is the very throne of malaria. She has also the additional disadvantages of the siroeco and tramontane winds—or, in other words, vicissitudes of temperature, great and sudden, beyond any thing which we witness even under the Equator. What are the consequences? Malarious fevers;—or, if these are escaped, the foundation of chronic malarious disorders is laid, in ample provision for future misery and suffering! These are not speculations, but facts. Compare the range of human existence, as founded on the decrement of human life in Italy and England. In Rome, a 25th part of the population pays the debt of Nature annually. In Naples, a 28th part dies. In London, only one in 40, and in England generally only one in 60, falls beneath the scythe of time or the ravages of disease.* Thus, then, in the ancient mistress of the earth and the modern mistress of the seas, the inhabitants of the *latter* have a superiority of life, and consequently of health, over the *former*, in the proportion of 40 to 25! Even Naples, the vaunted Naples, is, in salubrity, as 28 to 40, compared with the British Metropolis! The range of human existence, or, in the technical language of the insurance companies, the "value of life," is nearly double in England what it is in Naples.

In adducing these facts, I do not mean to deny that, in particular disorders, or in certain states of the human constitution, a *specific period* of the year in Italy may not conduce to the restoration of health, or at all events to the prolongation of life. But this I firmly believe, that every year's *residence* in Italy not only curtails the duration of life in the proportion above mentioned, but sows the seeds of such an additional crop of bodily (perhaps mental) infirmities, as will embitter the remaining years of existence, in fully as great a ratio as they diminish them.

As this subject is, perhaps, much more important to the health and happiness of a large class of Britons, in the present state of Europe, than a disquisition on paintings or statues, I shall risk a few more ob-

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* See Hawkins' Statistics, 1829.

servations. From some acquaintance with the effects of malaria, or vegeto-animal effluvia, on the human constitution, both at home and abroad, I venture to affirm that this invisible poison is a very fertile source of obscure but harassing disorders. I have already said that one of its characteristics is the slowness or insidiousness of its effects. Another and still more characteristic feature of malarious disorders is their alternations of activity and repose—in other words, the periodicity of their accessions and remissions. They love to prolong the life of their victim, in order that he may die a series of deaths—like the eastern tyrants, who protract the immolation of the criminal by dropping water from a height on his naked head.

The class or tribe of malarious maladies comprehends numerous families. At the head of one of them stands the foul TERTIAN fiend, distinguished by the peculiarity of his warfare on the human race—a regular series of attacks and retreats. The sufferer is thus harassed, but held up by alternate days of sickness and health, till the TERTIAN FIEND delivers him over to two of his merciless offsprings, LIVER and DROPSY, who finish the tragedy of life. These are the victims of malaria which meet the eye in all parts of the Campagna, Maremma, Pontines, and many other insalubrious localities of fair Italy.

At the head of another tribe of miasmal afflictions, stands one of the most terrible enemies of human nature. Unlike the TERTIAN FIEND, he gives no warning of his approach, no clue to the probable periods of his attack. The invisible and poison-pointed dagger is plunged, without notice, into those parts of our organization where sensibility is most acute, and, consequently, where pain is most agonizing! The stroke is repeated without remorse, and without the merciful humanity of quickly destroying its victim, who is reserved for years of torture and long protracted despair! Need I say that this destroying angel is TIC DOULOUREUX. It is a product of malaria; but fortunately, in this its highest grade, it is not a very common malady. The inferior branches of this family, however, are exceedingly numerous, even in our own country, comprehending all the forms of chronic rheumatism, siatica, face-ache, clavus hystericus, and the whole of the neuralgiæ, or wandering and periodical pains, dolorous sensations, &c. for which names have not yet been invented.

The offspring of malaria and certain morbific agencies conjoined, as intemperance, moral afflictions, and other ills of life, would require

volumes for their elucidation.* As malarious exhalations act strongly and injuriously on the digestive organs and the nervous system, the range of their influence is wide beyond all calculation. One general character, however, appertains to all the disorders connected with a malarious origin—PERIODICITY, or remissions and exasperations. Whenever this phenomenon (periodicity) shews itself, malaria should be suspected; and those countries or localities which are infested by this destructive agent should be avoided. The misfortune is, that both in England and Italy, the poison is often introduced into the constitution, in doses so minute, that no immediate effect is produced, especially while the excitement of novelty, and the exhilaration of travelling last. When these are over, the penalty of *residence* in malarious countries will, sooner or later, be paid; though, even then, by sufferings, which are rarely traced or attributed to their real origin. Their nature being mistaken, the treatment is ineffectual; and health is sacrificed! But, as I shall have occasion to touch on this subject again, when speaking of the medicinal effects of an Italian climate, I shall bring this section to a close.

APPROACH TO ROME.

At length the ETERNAL CITY bursts on our view from an eminence in its vicinity, and is soon again snatched from our sight by the usual "covered way," between dead stone walls! We cross the yellow Tiber, and the Milvian Bridge—all mute, but each immersed in his own contemplations. We enter the sacred city, and find ourselves between two handsome hemicycles, where we gaze on the jetting fountains, the marble statues of ROME, NEPTUNE, and the four SEASONS; but, above all, on the towering Egyptian obelisk in the centre,

* Dr. Macculloch has dedicated three volumes to malaria and the disorders produced by it, in which the reader will find fever, apoplexy, lethargy, coma, paralysis, epilepsy, hysteria, asthma, palpitation, mania, hypochondriasis dyspepsia, nervous disorders, atrophy, hepatitis, rheumatism, dysentery, pellagra, goitre, tic douloureux, and the whole tribe of neuralgic complaints. The author may have carried his doctrines to extremes on some points: but daily experience is corroborating the views which Dr. M. has taken of malaria and its consequences.

hewn out of the granite rock in the days of the Pharaohs, and now surrounded by couching lions, spouting forth crystal streams issuing from the springs of distant mountains. The PIAZZA DEL POPOLO furnishes abundant provender for soul and body. Three churches and three hotels! Those who are grateful for their safe journey through the Campagna may repair to the *former*, and sacrifice on the altar of STA. MARIA DEL POPOLO. Those who prefer refection to prayer, will find every thing they can wish or want at the "ISLES BRITANNIQUES."

ROME.

There is a sedative principle in the air of the Campagna, which, with the stillness of the atmosphere and the silence of the streets of Rome, tends to tranquilize—perhaps benumb the feelings, and lulls to repose. This, I think, is evident in the countenances, the gait, the actions of the Roman inhabitants. It is felt, I apprehend, by a majority of sojourners in that far-famed city. No spot on earth's surface is better calculated for dreaming away the lagging hours of life than Rome. Whether we meditate on the mouldering ruins of her former greatness, or the puerile frivolities of her present decay—whether we pore over the history of the dead, or mix with the motley crowd of the living, the energies of mind and body are weighed down by an inexplicable langour and listlessness quite peculiar to the former mistress of the world. No wonder that the Romans bowed their necks in abject apathy to every tyrant, when the foreign enemy was no longer at their gates—when the conquest of their neighbours was completed—when Briton was a colony, and Europe, Asia, and Africa, were state prisons. It is morally—or, rather, it is physically impossible that the inhabitants of a hot, and especially of a malarious climate, can retain dominion over those of the north. Hyperborean energy will as certainly trample over southern sloth, as the invigorating sea-breeze of the morning triumphs over the enervating land-wind of the night.* It may be urged that the Italian soldiers of Napoleon's army fought as well among the snows of Russia as the French themselves. Granted.

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* Gibbon tells us that, "in all levies, (of troops,) a just preference was given to the climates of the *north* over those of the *south*."—*Vol.* 1. *p.* 15.

They were out of their own country, and mingled with the veterans of the north. How did the Neapolitans behave, when fighting for their hearths and altars against their detested oppressors, the Austrians? They threw down their arms and fled! Indeed the Romans seldom exhibited an overplus of courage on their own Campagna. Whenever the enemy approached their gates, the priests, the gods, and the augurs were set to work to avert the danger. Every deity that was open to a bribe was seduced by a temple, an altar, or even a calf, in the days of the Prætors, precisely as now in the days of the Popes.* When the Gauls approached the sacred city, under Brennus, the Romans shewed the same courage as when, two thousand years afterwards, the same people advanced under Napoleon. The Roman army, within sight of their own walls, fled without fighting a blow, and the citizens were so terrified that they had not power to shut the gates! In short, it is probable that the general current of conquest has run from north to south, as much under physical impulse as the streams of the Danube and the Tiber.

TOWER OF THE CAPITOL.

At last lies extended before us—not the city but the cemetery of Rome! Vast and insatiable sepulchre, whose capacious paunch has swallowed up more than five hundred million of human beings, with all, or nearly all, the temples of their gods, the palaces of their princes, the columns of their warriors, the arches of their victors, the statues of their orators, the busts of their poets—and even the intel-

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* When Hannibal was approaching Rome, after the battle of Thasymenus, the augurs, the priests, and the senate decided on a "dedication to Jupiter of all the pigs, lambs, kids, and calves which should be produced in one Spring!!" Whether this butcherly bribe to His Celestial Majesty, or the prudence of Fabius Maximus, preserved the "Eternal City," it is not for me to decide. Even JULIAN, the philosophic and apostate emperor, many centuries afterwards, sacrificed so many victims to the Gods, that it was feared, if he returned victorious from his Persian expedition, the race of *horned cattle* would become extinct! Thanks to the "march of intellect," as well as to some *other* causes, there is not much danger of such an extinction in our days.

lectual products of their genius !* It is usual--it is almost necessary, to pour forth a copious flood of sighing sentimentality and lugubrious wailings over "ROME IN RUINS :"—But as I have neither talent nor inclination for the sublime or the pathetic, at this time, I shall permit the current of reflection to take its natural course.

Of all the tottering ruins, or tomb-stones of ancient Rome, now scattered before our view from the Tower of the Capitol, few indeed bear evidence to the *purity* of their origin, or the *utility* of their purpose—qualities which certainly deserve more veneration than the mere mechanical labour of workmen who hewed the blocks of marble from their native quarries, or formed them afterwards into temples, arches, columns, amphitheatres or statues. The aqueducts and cloacæ—those stupendous conduits of pure water from the mountains and impurities from the city, are almost the only exceptions. But let us glance at some of the objects beneath and around us, with the eye of philosophy, rather than of blind adoration for the monuments of antiquity.

MAMERTINE PRISONS.

Directly under us, and a little to the left, excavated in the rock, are the Mamertine Prisons, or rather subterranean dungeons, evidently not meant for the security of men before trial, or execution, but as cells for the perpetration of murder or the infliction of torture and double death. It has been a subject of pride with their poets that ancient Rome contained but one prison :

> ———————Sub Regibus atque Tribunis,
> Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

Yes ! but that ONE was a disgrace to humanity ! What was the use of having more than one cell for execution, when all Rome, nay, all Europe, was a prison ? The voice of the people in the Forum,

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* Of Cicero's works, for example, not a tenth part has survived the wreck of the Roman Empire !

or the will of the tyrant in the palace, had only to accuse—and the Tarpeian Rock, the axe, or the dagger soon completed the tragedy! Was a civil prison necessary? By no means. The creditor could seize his debtor, imprison him in his own house, and make him his slave! That the floors of the Mamertine dungeons were often trodden by villains, there can be no doubt. What foot of ground on the soil of Italy could plead exemption from such pollution? If they excluded from light and air the conspirators of Cataline, and the treacherous Jugurtha, so did they also the Apostles of our Saviour! In short, the only merit of the Mamertine Prisons was their diminutive size, which prevented the immolation of human victims on a scale proportioned to the tyranny of the princes, and the cruelty of the people of Rome.*

TARPEIAN ROCK.

Carrying the eye a little to the right, we behold the involuntary associate (in crime) of the Mamertine prisons—the far-famed Tarpeian Rock, down which the first Manlius, who saved the capitol, with ten thousand other victims of popular fury, patrician pride, or imperial cruelty, have been hurled! Of all that tremendous precipice, painted in such terrific colours by Seneca, "immensæ altitudinis aspectus," only thirty feet of its aummit now overlook the consolidated dust of ancient temples, and the accumulating filth of modern hovels! The senses are offended by the effluvium which rises from the base of this marble-hearted executioner; and were we not conscious that the rapid Tiber washed away the thousands of human beings that were dashed to pieces whilst precipitating from crag to crag along its horrid surface, we might fancy that the putrid corses were still pollu-

* The picture which Ammianus Marcellinus draws of the cruelty and effeminacy of the Roman citizens, is truly disgusting. "When they have called for warm water (says he) if a slave has been tardy in his obedience, he is instantly chastised with *three hundred lashes*:—but should the same slave, commit a wilful murder, the master will mildly observe that he is a worthless fellow; and if he repeats the offence, he shall not escape punishment." Such were the noble Romans, the lords, of the world, the demi gods of antiquity!!

ting the air of Heaven with their tainted exhalations! From such a scene, presenting nothing that can relieve either memory or imagination from a sense of horror and humiliation, we turn in haste not unmingled with disgust!

JUPITER TONANS.

Returning from this digression, we see springing up beneath us, at the very base of the capitol, or rather on its southern declivity, three beautiful fluted Corinthian columns of Grecian marble, once forming part of a magnificent temple, erected by VANITY and dedicated to HYPOCRISY! In every age and every religion, modern as well as ancient, man has taken the liberty to endow his Creator with all, even the very worst of his own passions and propensities! These impieties were invented by the priests, credited by the populace, laughed at by philosophers—but rigidly enjoined by princes, as powerful engines for wielding the mighty mass of the people. An imperial manslaughterer, who shed the innocent blood of three hundred senators, and proscribed his friend Cicero, is travelling in his litter among the defiles of the Pyrenees. A current of electric fluid, in its way from a cloud to the earth, encountered one of Augustus' bearers, and sent him to the shades. To look upon this event as a lucky escape, would have been a natural, though an ignoble thought. No! JUPITER, in pure wantonness, sacrificed the slave, just to shew Augustus a mark of his celestial respect and esteem! As the father of the gods threw down his thunderbolt in honor of a Cæsar, the latter erected a magnificent temple to Jupiter Tonans at the head of the Forum, to remind the people that the king of Heaven and the imperator of Rome were on terms of the most friendly intimacy!

This impious assumption of divine interference in the common concerns of human life, is nearly as rife at the present moment as in the days of Romulus or Cæsar. It may be more general, but it is certainly less reprehensible in Catholic than in Protestant countries. Catholic superstition employs the humbler machinery of saints and angels in worldly matters, and rarely troubles the ALMIGHTY with applications or even thanks for favors. Protestant fanaticism, on the contrary, considers the Creator of the Universe as a complete drudge

in the affairs of the godly. A celebrated evangelical divine declared, ex cathedra, in modern Babylon, to a wondering congregation, that he had just received a pair of excellent small-clothes from the Redeemer of mankind!

TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

Close to the right of JUPITER TONANS stands the Ionic portico of the TEMPLE of CONCORD—or rather of DISCORD. It may have been the Temple of Fortune—but that is of little consequence. It is evident that the vow of Camillus was not put in execution till two or three centuries after his death, when Opimius, "by massacres and executions, cut off the most active of his popular opponents," and then, *in piety*, and in imitation of Camillus, built a Temple to Concord! Under the inscription on the frontispiece of the Temple was, one night, written,—

"Vecordiæ. opus. ædem. facit. Concordiæ."
Senseless Fury builds a temple to Concord.

Yet Cicero laments this same murderer, applying to him the epithet PRESTANTISSIMUS!*

ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

To the left of the three beautiful columns of Jupiter Tonans, and

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* Though not inclined to question the right of Cicero to the title of *Pater Patriæ*, for detecting the conspiracy of Cataline, and saving the City of Rome from fire and sword; yet there are many parts of the orator's and the patriot's conduct, which are not very worthy of imitation or admiration. I may only allude to the contemptible artifices which he used to work on the superstition of the Romans. He declaimed on the "mighty streams of light from the western sky—the blazing of the Heavens, &c."—but that was all fair. When, however, he gravely tells the Roman people, that when the new and enlarged statue of Jupiter was placed with its face looking towards the forum and senate house, the gratified God instantly detected the Cataline conspiracy, and developed the conspirators to the senators, we cannot help blushing for Cicero—and for humanity!

at the foot of the STEPS OF GROANS, stands, partly excavated from the earth, the arch of SEVERUS. Triumphal arches ought to inspire horror wherever they lift their proud heads:—*first*, on account of the wars and concomitant miseries which they are intended to commemorate—*secondly*, on account of the base motives or abject adulation which generally gave them origin—*thirdly*, on account of the detestable and cruel pride by which triumphs were always marked. Behold that marble monument to the arms or to the memory of SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS—a man who *bought* the sceptre of the world by a bribe of 400 pounds sterling to each common soldier of his Pannonian army, (double the sum by which his ignoble predecessor had purchased the same throne, when put up to public auction by the Prætorian bands,) —that Septimius, who "promised only to betray, who flattered only to ruin"—who sent an affectionate epistle to Albinus in Britain, with orders that the bearers of it should assassinate him in the delivery—who murdered the sons of Niger, massacred the inhabitants of Byzantium, condemned to death, without even the semblance of trial, FORTY-ONE ROMAN SENATORS, with their WIVES, CHILDREN, ADHERENTS, and thousands of innocent persons—who permitted his infamous minister to forcibly emasculate an hundred Roman citizens, (many of them fathers of families,) as eunuchs for his daughter's cortège—who caused to be preached in the senate the doctrine of PASSIVE OBEDIENCE AND NON-RESISTANCE; the doctrine that the Emperor was *above the law*, and "could command by his arbitrary will the lives and fortunes of his subjects"*—who ordered his army not to subdue, but to extirpate the natives of Caledonia—and who, finally, without the virtues of Aurelian, cursed the world with a son (Caracalla) more diabolical than Commodus—a son who attempted and embittered his father's life, murdered his brother (Geta) in the arms of their common mother, and put millions of innocent men to death! For such a scourge of the human race, and disgrace to human nature, the marble arch arose, and stands to this day, the wonder, if not the admiration of unreflecting travellers. Perish such memorials of the pride of cruel tyrants and the adulation of crouching subjects! The convulsions of Nature,

* Gibbon. These retrospective glances at history cannot but be useful as well as interesting in the present times!

and the operations of Time had buried one-third of this monument in the grave. Curiosity, and veneration for antiquity have cleared away the accumulating earth that was slowly immuring the memorials of a murderous father and a fratricide son!

FORUM ROMANUM.

Behold the Roman Forum, around whose grass-grown grave still linger the few surviving associates of its former grandeur! Melancholy band of mourners, they are bowed down beneath the weight of years and the vicissitudes of fortune! Scarred with wounds from foreign and domestic foes—they appear in the act of performing the last obsequies to their fallen parent, and calmly awaiting the hour that may seal the fiat of their own extinction! And what was this Forum, whose monumental remains so often call forth the sigh of regret from the bosom of the stranger who surveys them from the Tower of the Capitol? It was an infernal cauldron from which boiled out, for a thousand years, every turbulent and hell-born passion of the human mind—a moral volcano which daily vomited forth, on an afflicted world, "plague, pestilence, and famine"—

> Where murder bared her arm, and rampant War
> Yoked the red dragons of his iron car.*

The nursery of tyrants, and the hot-bed of sedition—where villians preached up virtue; where traitors declaimed on patriotism; where slave-drivers bellowed for liberty, Atheists appealed to their gods, and Priests imbrued their hands in human gore!† True, the eloquence of Cicero thundered here—but senatorial eloquence—nay,

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* Where the whole of the conscript fathers publicly murdered Tiberius Graechus, (an incorruptible tribune,) together with all his adherents!!

† Instance the horrid scene, where the consuls, the decemviri, and the priests ordered two innocent Greeks and two Gauls to be buried alive in the Forum, under pretence of fulfilling an old prophecy that Rome was to be possessed by Gauls and Greeks!

the Senate itself, was as purchaseable as a flock of sheep ;*—and here, also, the lives of individuals and the liberties of cities, states, or even nations, were bought and sold, like droves of oxen, for sordid gold ! †

Such *was* the ROMAN FORUM, whose bosom is *now*, not ploughed but planted, by the same Gauls that twice sacked the Eternal City—under BRENNUS and BONAPARTE ! Yon shady grove and gravelled walk in the centre of the deserted Forum, bear not the impression of Roman footsteps—they suit not the meditation of Roman hearts ! The stranger only is seen slowly pacing this sepulchral path, contemplating the ruins of empires that are congregated around him, and drawing from the mournful scene the subject of many a moral reflexion !

COLUMN OF PHOCAS.

Nearly in the centre of the Forum rises a solitary fluted marble column of the Corinthian order—and imagination would fain attribute its preservation, in lonely and upright pride, to some honourable

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* See the briberies of Jugurtha. On turning his back on Rome, he exclaimed, "O venal city, ripe for destruction, and ready to sell thyself whenever there shall be found a purchaser."

† "Now (says Sallust) the nobility began to turn their dignity into tyranny—the people their liberty into licentiousness :—and each individual, considering only himself, studied nothing but to gain wealth by every means possible." This was 100 years before the Christian æra ! And Sallust himself took care to plunder Numidia to enrich his private palace ! But then it was here that the divine Cicero denounced, with irresistible eloquence, the conspiracy, the crimes, the villanies of Cataline ! It was here that he asked, "what poisoner, gladiator, cut-throat, parricide, adulterer, strumpet, did not live in intimate familiarity with Cataline ?" Granted. Yet it was also here, that the same Cicero offered to defend the cause of the same Cataline, and enter into partnership with him—but was refused !

It was here, say the idolators of the ancient Romans, that the stern, the incorruptible, the virtuous CATO brought to trial, for *bribery and corruption*, the Consul Muræna—and not for bribery and corruption only, but for the still more unpardonable offence of having been seen DANCING ! ! True. But then this inflexible CENSOR connived at the same crimes committed by the other consul SILANUS—*who had married Cato's sister !*

motive or memorable event connected with its erection, or name. But disappointment is our portion on earth. It is not very gratifying to the pride of rulers that a trophy should yet stand in the Roman Forum, of a mean Centurion, diminutive in size, deformed in person, ignorant of laws, letters, or arms; and supreme only in lust and drunkenness—whose savage temper was "inflamed by passion, hardened by fear, and exasperated by resistance,"—who dragged the Christian and pious Emperor MAURICE, with his five sons, from their sanctuary at Chalcedon, and murdered them separately in the sight of each other, throwing their bodies into the sea, and exposing their heads to the insults or pity of the Byzantine multitude—who immolated thousands of his victims without the forms of trial; and embittered their deaths by the refinements of cruelty; piercing their eyes, tearing out their tongues, amputating their limbs, scourging their bodies with thongs, consuming them with slow fires, or transfixing them with numberless arrows!! Such was the usurper PHOCAS, to whom yon column was erected (being first stolen) by the sycophant Smaragdus —a usurper and tyrant whose piety and benignity were eulogized by the successor of the Apostles, of that day, who prayed that the assassin's hands might be strengthened against his enemies, and that, after a long reign, he might be translated from a temporal to an everlasting kingdom! Lætentur Cœli (says the obsequious Pope Gregory) et exultet terra, et de vestris benignis actibus universæ Reipublicæ populus hilarescat! Whether that part of the pious Gregory's prayer, which relates to the "everlasting kingdom," was realized, it is not for man to say; but history assures us that eight years was the extent of this monster's reign on earth; and that, in his turn, he was exposed to every variety of insult and torture—his head severed from his body—and the mangled trunk cast into the flames! Look, READER, at that Column of Phocas, and if this short memorial of its history does not excite some vivid emotions in your mind, your heart is as cold and as hard as the Grecian marble of which its pedestal is composed.

JUPITER STATOR.

If brass and marble bear any records of truth, JUPITER held no

sinecure among the Greeks and Romans. It must be confessed, too, that his moral and regal character will not bear a very rigid scrutiny. The KING of HEAVEN was a faithless husband, a corrupt judge, and a ruthless tyrant. Some of the rulers of the earth, therefore, might cite divine precedent for all their peccadillos.

A little beyond and to the right of the solitary Column of Phocas, stand three beautiful fluted Corinthian columns of Pentelic marble, supporting a majestic entablature of exquisite workmanship, the whole still forming a model and canon for the Corinthian order of architecture. They are mute as the grave; and refuse to answer the interrogatories of the antiquary, or the tortures of the monumental inquisitor. They may have belonged to CASTOR and POLLUX—to the Comitium—to the GRÆCOSTASIS—or to JUPITER STATOR, constituting an impious bribe to the gods for a temple-worth of courage in a dastardly retreat! The head of Romulus having come in contact with a stone from the Sabine troops, the GENERAL was stunned, and, the Romans taking to their heels, were closely pursued to the very gates of the capitol. At this critical moment, Romulus recovered his senses, and bribed the King of Heaven, by the promise of a temple, for an infusion of courage into his flying soldiers. JUPITER, like a cunning Jew, was ever ready to take advantage of the distresses of mankind, and dole out his assistance to the highest bidder. JUSTICE was out of the question. The Romans, who had violated every principle of hospitality, and seized the daughters of their Sabine guests, with as little ceremony and humanity as their descendant banditti would pounce upon the unprotected traveller, became, as a matter of course, or at least of contract, the victorious party—and then rose the temple of JUPITER STATOR—to commemorate at once the venality of the gods and the cowardice of men!

TEMPLE TO ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA.

From this central glance over the few remaining monuments that totter in the middle of the FORUM, let us sweep the eye round its boundaries. Starting from the arch of Septimius, we range along a series of buildings on the left, presenting a strange medley of Heathen temples converted into Christian churches—and of regal palaces

changed into sordid workshops! One of the most prominent features in this memorable line of ruins is the remains of a temple (now the church of St. Lorenzo) dedicated to the God Antoninus, and the Goddess Faustina!! Six majestic columns, in front, of Cepolline marble, sustain a magnificent entablature composed of enormous blocks of the same, on whose frieze are seen, in bas relief, griffons, candelabras, vases, &c. beautifully sculptured. The names of the god and goddess are almost as plain as when they were first hollowed out by the chissel, some seventeen hundred years ago. To the deification of Marcus Antoninus, whose only fault (for it could not be called a crime) was blindness to the debaucheries of his wife, no man—nor woman, will object in these days. But that the Senate of Rome should deify, and dedicate a temple to one of the greatest strumpets of the age in which she lived, is one of the signs of those times, which may furnish food for reflection in our own days! It has been made matter of scandal against modern Romans by impudent heretics, that they worship God through the intervention of saints; but what shall we say to the ancients who worshipped the devil through the medium of his most active agents on earth! The Senate of Marcus was not perhaps more obsequious than those of some modern emperors. Napoleon's Senate would have deified the devil, had their master given the least intimation of such a wish; and if Marcus lived happy and contented with his abandoned Faustina for thirty years—promoted her lovers, some of them not of the most respectable description*—thanked the gods for bestowing on him a wife so faithful, so gentle—and ultimately requested the complying Senate to declare Faustina a goddess—we cannot wonder so much at the impiety of the Senators as at the blindness of the Prince! Marcus has verified the celebrated adage of Madam Dacier, that—"the husband will always be deceived if the wife condescends to dissemble." Be this as it may, the "holy water" of mother church has long since washed away the pollutions of Faustina, though the record of her debaucheries cannot so easily be effaced from the page of history. In the original temple she was represented with the attributes of Juno,

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* Faustinam satis constat apud cayetam, *conditiones* sibi nauticas et gladitorias elegisse!!

Venus, and Ceres—and it was decreed that the youth of both sexes, should sacrifice before the altar of their chaste patroness on the day of their nuptials! What a happy association of ideas for those who now count their beads, and repeat their Pater Nosters in the Temple of Faustina!

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.

When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprang on the viewless winds to Heaven again.

Passing over the dwarfish temple of Remus, fit emblem of the humble origin of Rome itself, the attention is rivetted on three gigantic arches that would appear to belong to Brobdignag! The antiquary distracts the meditations of the philosopher as effectually as the sceptic dispels the hopes of the Christian believer! Would that neither the one nor the other had ever obtruded their officious speculations on the world, but confined them to the precincts of their own breasts. In the Eternal City, antiquarian lore is indeed a drug—but one more poisonous to the reveries of Fancy, Philosophy, and Memory, than aconite to the corporeal functions of man. More than half our enjoyments in this world spring from the "pleasures of hope" and of imagination; but the sceptic and the antiquarian, like true Marplots, seem to derive their chief gratification from the infusion of gall into the cup of their neighbour.

Standing on the Tower of the Capitol, and viewing these magnificent arches, without the aid of an antiquarian telescope, the rekindled memory and the excited imagination roam over the awful events of the Judæan war, the destruction of the Temple, the conservation of its holy relics beneath these proud arches, the fond hopes of "eternal peace," which inspired Vespasian's breast, after the direful conflict*—and, lastly, the terrific conflagration which annihilated

* The inscription "*Paci Æternæ, &c.*" which was found on a fragment of marble near the *Temple of Peace*, was one of the reasons for supposing these ruins to belong to that august edifice.

the sacred emblems, the effigies, the entire mystic machinery of a religion dictated to trembling man by the Creator of the Universe, amid the thunders, lightnings, earthquakes, and miracles of MOUNT SINAI! Yes, the precious sanctities of Jehovah's temple—the tributary gold wrung from bleeding nations—the accumulated treasures of bloated Patricians—the blood-stained spoils of ruthless warriors—the darling pelf of griping usurers—the precious jewels of prudent matrons—and costly decorations of virgin beauties, were all consigned to the devouring element of fire—evaporated into air, crumbled into dust, or melted and precipitated into the bowels of that earth from which they originally sprang!

COLISEUM.

"Omnis Cæsareo cedat labor AMPHITHEATRO
"Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus."

Of all the monuments that now exist to attest the decline and fall of the Roman empire, this is the most stupendous;—and, could it be dissociated, in the mind, from the causes which gave it birth, or the cold-blooded hideous barbarities which it exhibited, it would be the most majestic, even in its ruins. But the springs of action are more philosophic objects of contemplation than the mere machinery by which these are brought into operation. In the early years of a state, as in those of an individual, the sensibilities, though keen, respond only to natural impressions. But as time rolls on, as wealth accumulates, as luxury prevails, and as virtue decays, the sensibilities become not only blunted, but perverted—wholesome stimuli cease to call forth the usual, or at all events, the desired excitement—and then nature is outraged in every possible way. Such was the condition of the Romans, when the manly, or at least the innocent, contests of the circus, and the fictitious sorrows of the stage became insipid—and yon gigantic structure rose, arch over arch, and order over order, Titan-like, to scale the heavens; or, rather, to usurp the privileges of the gods, in receiving the incense of slaughtered victims

—in breathing the odour of human gore, jetting in crimson fountains from a thousand pierced and palpitating hearts.

To feast their eyes on the mangled and quivering members—on the reeking entrails of man and animals—to view, with exquisite delight, the murderous conflicts of the ensanguined arena, hither flowed daily the impetuous tide of human existence, the lords of the creation, the venerated, the god-like Romans! Here took their allotted seats, the sceptered prince and laurelled consul—the warlike knight and solemn senator—the haughty patrician and factious tribune —the vestal virgin and stately matron—the tuneful bard and grave philosopher. These and countless multitudes of Roman citizens and Roman rabble, rushed daily to yon gorgeous structure—all for the sake of that EXCITEMENT which simple or innocent pleasures could no longer elicit!

Yes! and when the wounded gladiator fell before the superior force or fortune of his fierce antagonist, and sued for life—when the victor poised in air his gory falchion, and looked for the signal of mercy or murder—these polished Romans—the fair sex themselves, vestals, maidens, and matrons, held up their hands for BLOOD; nor would they forego the poignant pleasure of seeing the reeking steel plunged into the vitals of a fellow-creature!* Such was yon colossal slaughter-house, where every ferocious animal that roamed the wilds or haunted the rivers of Asia, Africa, and Europe, was conducted to view, as well as to encounter, with horror and astonishment, the still more ferocious animal—MAN.†

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* "Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours *sport* shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the Senators and Matrons of Rome to the butchery: a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter, and when glutted with blood-shed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming arenæ to a luxurious supper."—*Forsyth.* Who would expect that Cicero should not only defend, but warmly commend gladiatorship! "Oculis nulla poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina." If this diabolical insensibility to scenes of blood and murder was expected to re-kindle the valour of the degenerate Romans, the expectation was most woefully disappointed! The horrible and debasing inference of Cicero, indeed, is negatived by the examples of ancient Greece and modern Europe. Compare the heroic retreat of the ten thousand Greeks with the shameful flight of Julien's Roman legions from the banks of the Euphrates.

† The licentious and blood-thirsty Romans did not always enjoy these sights

Erected by a Pagan--purged of its inhuman rites by a Priest*--and propped in old age by a Pope—the Coliseum shadows out some faint emblematical picture of Rome itself. It was once the stormy theatre of bloody deeds--it is now the peaceful asylum of holy crosses. Part of it still stands erect, or renovated; part of it totters over its base; but the greater part has vanished. Eloquent in its silence, populous in its solitude, majestic in its adversity, admired in its decay, the ruins of the Coliseum, like the remains of Rome, excite the curiosity of the antiquary—the ruminations of the moralist—the zeal of the Catholic—the admiration of the architect—the sigh of the philanthropist—the sneer of the cynic--the humiliation of the philosopher--and the astonishment of all.

ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

I never look at a triumphal arch, without feeling a thrill of horror run through my veins. Behold the ARCH OF CONSTANTINE--the FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR, who waded to the throne ankle-deep in the blood of his rival (Maxentius) as well as of his whole race! But that was a legitimate procedure, according to the imperial maxims of ancient days! The murder of his wife—of his virtuous son (Crispus) --of his innocent nephews--and of a few thousand other victims, were only episodes which fill a few pages of impartial history, but which are prudently slurred over by historical bishops!

The arch itself is a memorable instance and record of the instability of human power, and the uncertainty of triumphal honours!

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with impunity. When the Emperor Probus was preparing for his triumph, nearly 300 years after the birth of Christ, fourscore desperate gladiators, out of 600 who were reserved for the inhuman sports of the Coliseum, disdaining to shed their blood for the amusement of the populace, broke from the place of their confinement, and filled the streets of Rome with slaughter and confusion. They were overcome at last; but not before they avenged their fraternity by torrents of blood in the Eternal City.

* St. Telemachus, (an Asiatic Monk,) who, in the reign of Honorius, jumped upon the arena to separate the gladiators, and was stoned to death for his humanity! This procured a decree against gladiatorship.

The fortune of a battle converted a traitor into an emperor—while an abject senate changed the edifices erected by Maxentius into trophies for his conqueror—demolished the Arch of Trajan to build up the heterogeneous Arch of Constantine, without regard to the memory of the virtuous dead, or to the rules of architectural propriety —confounded times, persons, actions, and characters, in a chaos of anachronism, and a mass of inconsistencies—prostrating Parthian captives at the feet of a prince who never crossed the Euphrates—and placing the head of Trajan over the body of Constantine!

That Arch reeals many a scene of deception as well as of cruelty in the MAN to whom it is raised. The "standard, the dream, and the celestial sign," rise in imagination—the mystic LABARUM floats before our eyes—and we almost involuntarily look up at the azure vault of Heaven, to behold the radiant cross over the meridian sun—and read the awful words—"sub hoc signo vinces," traced by the finger of God. But the delusion soon vanishes; and although the first Christian Emperor is still portrayed in the portals of St. Peter, as viewing the miracle in the skies, reason as well as history convinces us, that—"in the account of his own conversion, Constantine attested a wilful falsehood by a solemn and deliberate perjury."

ARCH OF TITUS.

"*Princes who without success, had defended their thrones or freedom, were frequently strangled in prison, as soon as the triumphal pomp had ascended the capitol.*"—GIBBON.

This awful RELIC, enchased with the sacred symbols of our holy religion—symbols—

"Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore"—

still strides over the via sacra, or via triumphalis, in solitary grandeur. The vice-gerent of Christ, the descendant of the Apostles has piously restored and propped up the triumphal arch of a heathen warrior, who demolished, in verification of prophecy, the Temple of Jerusalem. A grateful people, or an obsequious Senate raised the trophy of Pen-

telic marble—adorned it with fluted columns—embellished the interior of the arch with bas reliefs representing the conqueror TITUS in a car of state, drawn by four horses, and conducted by that virtuous female, ROME! VICTORY, of course, crowns the Emperor with unfading laurels; and he is followed by bands of soldiers "drunk with blood," and hosts of Jews in hopeless captivity. Here too are seen, the splendid but revolting proofs of Jupiter's triumph over Jehovah. The golden table—the sacred vases—the silver trumpet—the seven-branched candlestick—the weeping Jordan—the apotheosis of the conqueror—and all the various emblems of heathen exultation over Judean woe, have been piously *restored*, after a lapse of 18 centuries, by the successor of ST. PETER! Whether their restoration be owing to the unreasonable antipathy of Christians towards Israelites—the vanity of the Romans, as flattered by triumphal arches of all kinds—the laudable wish to preserve the most perfect specimen of the ancient composite order—the canon of its species of architecture—or, lastly, the awful proofs of the fulfilment of holy prophecy—I presume not to decide; but the ARCH of TITUS, with all its tumultuous reminiscences respecting the destruction of Jerusalem, and dispersion of God's chosen people, is one of the most exciting objects of contemplation in the Roman Forum.*

Triumphal processions form the blackest stains on the escutcheons of the ROMAN arms. Grecian feeling was too acute, and Grecian taste was too refined, to permit such unmanly and ungenerous exhibitions. The massacre of enemies, who surrender on the field of battle, is comparative mercy. The blood of the victor and of the vanquished is boiling with passion—the *former* is unaided by the dictates of cool reflexion; and the *latter* scarcely feels the fatal blow. But the selfish pride, the heartless cruelty, the dastard exultation, that could drag in chains, expose to ribaldry, and consign to death, the brave and guiltless opponents of Roman conquest, were alone sufficient to draw down Divine vengeance on the Roman Empire, and brand with everlasting infamy the Roman name. A contemplation of

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* Whether the spoils of the Sanctuary emblazoned on this Arch were burnt in the Temple of Peace, or carried off by Genseric to the shores of Africa, it is needless to inquire. Their marble copies on the Arch of Titus now only remain!

triumphal processions, from the FIRST, in which ROMULUS carried on his own back the spoils of Acron whom he had slain, down to the LAST, when Diocletian, a thousand years afterwards, softened perhaps by the precepts of Christianity, which were then beginning to operate, only paraded the IMAGES of the captive wives, the sisters, and the children of NARSES, King of Persia, before his triumphal chariot, would sicken the heart of the most blind idolator of Roman magnanimity. Even the least cruel, but the most splendid triumphal procession that ever ascended the steps of the Capitol, that of AURELIAN, (some thirty years previously,) was stained by the unmanly exultation over a fallen enemy, which marked and disgraced the conquerors of Rome. Twenty elephants, two hundred tigers, and other wild beasts, sixteen hundred gladiators devoted to the murderous sports of the amphitheatre, the wealth of Asia, the ambassadors of the most remote parts of the earth, the long train of captives, Goths, Vandals, Gauls, and Egyptians—these were not sufficient to satisfy the impious pride and dastard selfishness of AURELIAN! No! The beauteous ZENOBIA, Queen of the East, fainting under fetters and chains of gold, which required a slave for their support, was forced to *walk* before the magnificent chariot of the victor drawn by four elephants, and followed by the most illustrious of the senate, people, and army—while "unfeigned joy, wonder, and gratitude, swelled the acclamations of the multitude!" And what was the end of all this pomp and display of human vanity? The captive ZENOBIA survived the toil and humiliation of that memorable day;—dying in peace, perhaps in contentment, at her beautiful villa of Tivoli; while the haughty emperor was harassed with treasons, and soon afterwards assassinated by Mucator, one of his most favourite generals!!

But these first and last triumphs were bloodless, though unmanly. The interminable list of intermediate processions displayed all the shades of wanton pride and relentless cruelty, which darken and debase the human character! The first that occurs to the memory, is by no means the most agonizing to a Christian—or even a philosophic mind. JUGURTHA, the Numidian prince, was betrayed by the basest villany into the hands of MARIUS, one of the most blood-thirsty tigers of the god-like Romans. The king (with his sons) was dragged in chains behind the triumphal chariot of MARIUS—thrown into the Mamertine cells—his ears cut off by the gaolers, impatient to get

possession of their pendants—and then starved to death in those hellish dungeons, while the victor was entertaining the magnanimous Romans with shews and feasts!!*

Let the contemplative traveller recal these scenes to mind, while admiring the triumphal arches of ancient Rome!

MONS PALATINUS.

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

Passing the Arch of Titus in our circuit of the Forum, we come to the Palatine Hill, so long the throne of the haughty Cæsars, whose imperial rescripts and mandates moved the mighty engine of the Roman Empire. Its brow is still encircled by a coronet of mouldering ruins; but palaces no longer crown its head. The plough and the planter have been there—and the fox, roused by the sound of human footsteps, starts from his den, and casts a scowling look at the intrusive stranger. The clustering vine and funereal cypress, just emblems of that medley of mirth and mortality which constitutes the beginning and end of all earthly things, wave over that Mount which has witnessed more vicissitudes of fortune than poet's pen or painter's pencil could delineate in a hundred years! How often has it felt the impetuous storm of revolution, and the slow corroding tooth of time—the embellishments of peace, and the ravages of war—the voluptuous refinements of luxury, and the torturous inventions of tyranny—

* It is consoling to observe that, in the course of twenty years after this display of Marius, the Roman taste had changed for the better. Pompey, who boasted in this third triumph, that he had vanquished, slain, and taken, *two millions, one hundred and eighty-three thousand men*, and who paraded on foot, before his car, 324 kings, princes, and great lords, including Tigranes, Zozima, five sons of Mithridates, Olthaces, &c. yet avoided loading them with chains, and put none of them to death. In the days of the *virtuous* Aurelian, centuries afterwards, the taste had retrograded, and chains were placed round the necks of captive princes!

the corruscations of heaven-born genius, and the eclipses of Bœotion intellect! It has often heard the cheering voice of exulting Freedom —and the fearful TOCSIN of insurgent Anarchy;—but it has more frequently felt the withering grasp of iron Depotism—it has even bowed its proud head beneath a foreign yoke!

The sight of localities famed in classic tale or solemn history, most powerfully stimulates the memory, and draws forth from the deepest recesses of its magic granary, the earliest fruits of our intellectual labours. Over these airy figures, resuscitated from their mystic abodes, an excited imagination pours a flood of mellowed, but variegated light—

> While every form that Fancy can repair,
> From dull Oblivion glows divinely there!

If the ranges of fantastic clouds that sometimes hover along the western horizon, on autumnal evenings, incessantly changing their shapes and hues under the radiation of the solar beams, are capable of exercising the fancy in shadowing forth the transitory representations of castles, mountains, temples, cities—in short, every figure and combination of figures that had been previously impressed on the memory through the medium of the senses and of the imagination,—the PALATINE MOUNT, viewed from the Tower of the Capitol, is still better calculated to call forth the waking dreams of a philosophic mind, and conjure up a series of vistas presenting the most interesting phantasmagoria ever contemplated by the mental eye.

Between the straw-covered shed of ROMULUS* and the bannered camp of GENSERIC, (embracing twelve centuries,) what gorgeous structures have been piled, like Pelion upon Ossa, on that mound of earth—each the anxious care, the secret pride, the final disappointment, of its transitory architect, its momentary possessor! Pig-styes, cabbage-beds, artichokes, and lines of sober ilex, now cover the spots where stood the temples of her gods—the palaces of her

* Is it not astonishing that the classical Eustace should place the humble palace of Romulus on the Capitoline hill?—*See Vol.* I. *p.* 364.

Cæsars—the DOMUS AUREA of her NERO—the halls of her philosophers, poets, patricians—nay, ROME HERSELF!*

If foolish pride, frenzied ambition, and purblind power, were capable of taking lessons from the past, of holding converse with the dead, the PALATINE MOUNT might prove a school of no ordinary instructions. There is scarcely a grain of dust on that once castellated eminence, which has not, at some former period, been animated by the vital spark, and formed a component part of some living machine. If these silent atoms, these mouldering ruins, had tongues to relate the *secret* history of the PALATINE, human ears would not be able to endure the whole recital of the tragic tale. Enough, however, has been spared by the scythe of TIME, and rescued from the ravages of barbarism, to furnish sermons of morality and wisdom to all succeeding generations. The history of the Palatine Hill *might* offer lessons of humility to the great, and of contentment to the lowly—of moderation to princes and fidelity to subjects—of veracity to courtiers—of probity to statesmen—of temperance to ambition, love, avarice, and every tempestuous passion that agitates the soul of man during his brief sojourn on the surface of that orb, from which he emerges, eyes a few revolving suns, shakes off his little tenement of clay—and vanishes—back to mother Earth, or forward to a new scene of existence!

If the black and bloody deeds, the reckless murders, the savage cruelties, the unutterable iniquities, perpetrated on, or emanating from that far-famed Mount, have sunk, with their merciless agents, into everlasting repose, or evaporated into annihilation with the last scintillations of vitality—it is impossible to suppose that a hand of wisdom constructed the Universe, or a spirit of justice can preside over its laws! To the materialist, then, we may say—"utrum horum mavis accipe."

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* "The Casinos of Popes mouldering upon the palaces of Roman emperors—pigs and peasants inhabiting a corner of these splendid ruins—cabbages and artichokes flourishing above them—fragments of precious marbles and granites, of carved cornices and broken alabaster, scattered amongst the mould—while the eye wanders over a confused array of long corridors, nameless arches, unknown vaults, forgotten chambers, and broken arches."—*Rome in the 19th Century.*

TEMPLE OF VESTA.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
Littore Etrusco, violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis
Templaque Vestæ.

Carrying the eye over the ruins of the Palatine, towards the banks of the Tiber, we light on a small circular church, and are startled at finding it to be the famous TEMPLE of VESTA—forming a striking contrast, in solitude and meanness, to its successors, the multitudinous and gorgeous monastic edifices, scattered through fair Italy! Ancient Rome found it difficult to keep up the number of six vestal virgins—and if history speaks truth, *they* were not always more vestal than they ought to have been! It was but a poor prospect for these virgins, that, after 30 years' service in watching the sacred fire, they might retire, without pension or dower, and enter into the holy state of matrimony—*if they could.* Yet even that regulation was better than the present withering vow and blighting veil, which extinguish the hope of ever mixing with the world again!

That RHŒA SYLVIA did not relish the system of celibacy enjoined by Vesta, and imposed upon her by the heartless Numitor, is pretty clear. She, like many of her sex, was captivated by a nodding plume and a glittering helmet. The GOD of WAR, indeed, was accused of being the gay deceiver on this occasion—but it was far more likely to have been some sturdy "SON of MARS" than the God himself. Be that as it may, it is evident that the Eternal City was *cradled* in SIN and *christened* in murder! The faux-pas of poor Rhœa Sylvia was a venial indiscretion, compared with the slaughter of Remus by the hand of his brother, Romulus. The incontinence of the mother, however, and the fratricide of the son, were ominous presages of those dreadful scenes of licentiousness and cruelty which Rome was destined to exhibit, and to put on deathless record, for the astonishment, if not the instruction of after ages!

To guard the holy fire, the extinction of which was believed to be so displeasing to the gods and dangerous to man, by virgins, rather than by matrons, whose thoughts might wander, and whose attention

might be diverted from the altar to their families, was not an unnatural idea or an injudicious regulation. But the modern incarceration of thousands of the fair sex—

> "In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
> Where heavenly, pensive Contemplation dwells—
> And ever musing Melancholy reigns"—

is a grade of infatuation (superstition is too mild a term) very little inferior to that which consigns the Hindoo widow to the funereal pyre, the decrepid Indian to the spring-tide of the Ganges, or the frenzied zealot to the crashing wheels of Jaggernaut.

Throughout every gradation of animated nature, from reasoning man to the vegetating polypus, the omniscient Creator has admirably adapted the organization to the functions of the animal. But no metaphysical sophistry, no sacerdotal policy, no religious dogma, no precept, divine or human, can convince a rational and unbiassed mind, that men and women were ever designed to be converted into MONKS and NUNS. Had such strange and unnatural modes of existence been contemplated by the all-wise Architect, a portion of the human species would annually be born with a corporeal structure and intellectual endowments corresponding with the anamolous life that was to be led. This not being the case, we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that MONACHISM can never answer the designs, however pious, of man, because it is in direct cotravention of one of the most universal laws of God. ● ● ● ●

CLOACA MAXIMA.

It is not surprising that the ancients should have conquered in war, and prospered in peace. GODS and GODDESSES mingled in the martial conflict, and fought in the ranks, like common soldiers. The same deities assisted in cultivating the fields, planting the vines, pressing the grapes—and getting drunk with the wine. In short, the celestial powers of ancient Rome were neither so lazy, proud, or dirty as her modern inhabitants. They disdained no office however menial—and one of them actually turned SCAVENGER, and kept the streets of the city clean and wholesome!

Of all the divinities to whom incense rose in the Eternal City, CLOACINA was the most practically useful. HYGEIA, like some of her descendants, might occasionally stumble upon a *cure*—but CLOACINA went nearer the root of the evil—she aimed at the *prevention* of diseases.

On the banks of the Tiber, not far from JANUS QUADRIFRONS, may still be seen the first temple erected (as is said) by the Tarquins to Cloacina—the oldest edifice among the seven hills—and the least disputed as to its antiquity. Hither flowed, by day and by night, the votive offerings of the entire population of Rome. The worship of Cloacina was not a divided worship. The tenets of the Goddess were not disturbed by scepticism—her TEMPLE was not *defiled*—at least by heresies or schisms. Yet it is not to be concealed that it was by midnight rites, revolting ceremonies, and horrible philtres,* that a beneficent GODDESS expurgated the Eternal City, and cleansed her foul bosom of that "perilous stuff" which now "weighs upon her heart" and offends the delicate senses of her foreign visitors!

With the fortunes of ROME, CLOACINA also departed. She scaled the Alps, and halted in southern Gaul;—but *there*, no one would erect to her a temple. Then, as *now*, the Gallic votaries of Cloacina preferred the open air for offering up incense at her shrine—and, to this day, the worship of the Goddess is performed *sans ceremonie*, in high-ways and by-ways, under the canopy of Heaven!†

Driven from the banks of the Tiber, and finding no place of *retirement* on the Continent—the Goddess crossed the Channel,—fixed her residence on the banks of the Thames—and has now, in modern Babylon, *five hundred thousand* temples erected to her worship! The

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* Not the PHILTRES described by poets for entangling reluctant lovers in the chains of Venus—

Necte tribus nodis ———
——— et Veneris dic vincula necto;

but FILTERS, like those denominated DOLPHINS on the shores (sewers) of Old THAMES—filters which ingurgitate the quintessences of filth, and myriads of living creatures, without compunction, but fastidiously reject sharks, whales, or alligators, as rather too large for the swallows of modern Babylonians!

† Whoever has travelled through the South of France, will understand what I mean, and bear witness to what I assert.

oracle of her high priests may be consulted in Greek Street, Soho.

But to drop metaphorical language :—the Cloaca Maxima, with its former ramifications, which penetrated under some of the principal streets of ancient Rome, has induced inconsiderate observers to form too high an estimate of the cleanliness (as they have done of many other virtues) of the old Romans. If the arms of the Cloaca Maxima extended to many, or even *all* the streets of the Eternal City, the purification of Rome, by means of common sewers, can bear no comparison with that of London. Neither in ancient nor in modern times did the sewer of the *street* communicate with the *houses*, except in very few instances. Hence the dirt and filth of the *latter* were, *when* thrown out, collected by scavengers, and precipitated into the channels of the street. We may form some idea of the noisome and deleterious exhalations which were generated by this mode of expurgation, in an Italian climate, and amidst the dense population of the metropolis of the world, by the present practice of purification in Rome, which consists, as in the olden time, in the extrusion from the houses into the streets, of all the filth which the inhabitants are unable or unwilling to retain at home. The only difference between ancient and modern Rome, in this respect, is, that the detruded dirt was swept into the common-sewers by the ancients, and is now carried off in carts, Heaven knows where—and not till after it has perfumed the air —for days and weeks, in some places—and till it is almost entirely evaporated or withered away in many others!

The great improvement in British cleanliness and health, was not known to the ancient Romans, and is not practised by the modern inhabitants of the Eternal City, except on a very contracted scale—I mean the *private* conduits from the houses leading to the common-sewers in the streets. If drains permeated all the streets of Rome, (and they are only to be found, I believe, under some of the principal ones,) the benefit would be nothing, compared with that resulting from the individual conduits from each house, as in London. This is the grand source of cleanliness, comfort, and salubrity.

Descending into this ancient and subterranean Temple of Cloacina, we find ourselves on an angle, where two streams, of very different qualities, unite—one, a brisk and gurgling current of translucent and delicious water—the other a foul and sluggish *sewer*, fraught with all the impurities which modern Rome takes the trouble to consign to

the Tiber. If the *former* be, (as classic authors assert,) the virgin JUTURNA, condemned, after being *ruined* by the gay seducer of the skies, to mingle with the dregs of the Eternal City, the moral is not the least impressive which ancient and modern times present to the contemplative mind!

I do not despise, though I cannot admire, professed antiquarians. I only pity them for spending so much of the short span of existence, in useless research and fruitless speculation, which bewilder without instructing, and fatigue without amusing us. I am wrong, however, in the last expression. They *do* sometimes amuse us. Thus, one party insinuates that the CLOACA MAXIMA must have been the Colossal drain of some ancient, perhaps antediluvian city, which had vanished from the surface of the earth, and even from the records of history, thousands of years before Romulus and Remus were born—while another party insists that the said CLOACA is a comparatively modern work, constructed, not in the time of the Tarquins, but of the Cæsars! Common sense and common reason might suggest that the Tarquins drained the marsh of the Forum—and that the same power and spirit which afterwards erected the aqueducts, *enlarged* the drains of the Tarquins. But what has common sense, or plain reason, to do with antiquarian research?

And now having carried the eye round the circuit of the Roman Forum, and philosophized in a hurried manner on some of the most prominent remains of its fallen grandeur, I shall trespass but a few minutes longer on the patience of the reader, by a rapid glance over some other fragments of antiquity that arrest the attention of the spectator while taking the SOUTHERN view from the TOWER of the CAPITOL.

THERMÆ.

Balnea vina Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra :—
Sed vitam faciunt, balnea vina Venus.

At some distance to the left, and also at some distance to the right

of the Coliseum, stand the most stupendous ruins of Rome—the Baths of Titus on one side—those of Caracalla on the other, as viewed from the Tower of the Capitol. Though infinitely more extensive, they are much less imposing than the Coliseum from this point of view, on account of the unity and altitude of the Flavian Amphitheatre. They are formidable rivals of the Coliseum, however, in the honourable contest of—*which shall afford the most striking proof of* Roman degeneracy? Whenever, in a warm climate—perhaps in any climate—public hot-baths are erected for the accommodation, or, more properly speaking, the luxury, of the citizens at arge—that nation, state, or city is hastening rapidly to irretrievable decay. As a remedy for ill-health—or even as a preventive of disease, the warm-bath is proper and beneficial in numerous instances. As a luxury for people in health—and more especially as a public luxury for all ranks in a metropolis, it is eminently injurious to mind and body. The senses are given to man and other animals for enjoyment; but whenever that enjoyment is carried beyond the limit of moderation, the whole machine, intellectual and physical, suffers the penalty of intemperance.

I have endeavoured to shew that the horrible exhibitions of the Coliseum, evinced a dreadful degeneracy, an awful perversion of the feelings and tastes of the Roman people. The public baths of Rome were not less indicative of degeneracy than the cruel conflicts of the amphitheatre. If history did not shew the effeminancy of the Romans in the days of Caracalla, Titus, and Commodus, as compared with those of the early republicans, when the Tiber was the only public bath; the stupendous Thermæ, whose ruins we are now contemplating, would afford unequivocal proofs that personal, and, indeed, national hardihood, had been exchanged for voluptuousness—bravery for licentiousness—and patriotism for pleasure!

That any man, and least of all a clergyman, should be so dazzled by the classical and historical images of Roman greatness, as to bewail the want of public baths in Britan—baths to which thousands and tens of thousands, of *both sexes*, rushed daily, to mingle *promiscuously* in immense reservoirs of hot water, dark as Erebus, is most astonishing!

"I must observe, (says the Rev. Mr. Eustace,) that it is to be regretted that *we* have deviated so widely from the ancients in this

particular, and that the use of baths, both hot and cold, so wholesome and sometimes so necessary, should not be rendered more easily attainable to those who stand most in need of them, *the poor and labouring classes of mankind.* It must, indeed, be acknowledged that, in cleanliness, the moderns are far inferior to the ancients, or rather to the Romans, who seem to have carried this *semi-virtue* to a degree of refinement almost incredible."

This SEMI-VIRTUE—this daily and promiscuous congregation of *both sexes* in Stygean hot-baths—this scene of indecency—this sink of sensuality, against which the edicts of Adrian and Aurelian were issued in vain—scenes which so scandalized (or rather mortified) the incestuous, murderous, meretricious AGRIPPINA, that she could not bear the idea of the Roman fair sex being on a par with herself in licentiousness—and, therefore, constructed FEMALE BATHS on the Viminal Hill, which, we may well believe, were little frequented :—Such are the *semi-virtuous* establishments which the simple, and, I have no doubt, pious EUSTACE bewailed the want of his native land!

In truth, EUSTACE appears to have known but little of the world, or of human nature, except what he drew from his classical library ;—and, therefore, his judgment, unaided by experimental knowledge, was easily warped by his imagination. Who could suppose that a clergyman would set up a ROMAN DANDY, as described by Lucilius 2000 years ago, (and evidently stigmatized by the Father of Roman satire,) as a pattern for the of DANDIES our own days ?

> Scabor, suppelor, desquamor, pumicor, ornor,
> Expilor pingor.

Such was the routine of self-decoration which every Roman dandy went through daily before he finished, or rather before he began his toilet ! ! Can it be wondered at, that, when such personal refinements prevailed among the upper classes of society, the ancient hardihood and martial fortitude of the Roman armies felt their influence ? The fine faces that underwent the beautifyings described by Lucilius, could not be exposed to the cuttings and slashings of barbarian swords —nor could the fine forms, enervated by the vapour unctions of the THERMÆ, sustain the heavy armour and unwieldy weapons of their forefathers !

When rulers are impelled by the taste of the public, or tempted by their own lust of dominion, to erect such fabrics as the COLISEUM and the THERMÆ—the former to brutalize the minds, and the latter to enervate the bodies of their subjects, we may rest assured that PRINCES are bent upon despotism;—and that the PEOPLE are either ripe for revolution, or in preparation for slavery. That PUBLIC ESTABLISHMENTS, so well calculated to demoralize and effeminate the population of a state, may never raise their heads on the shores of Britain, is to be devoutly wished! When the *hardy Romans* bathed only in the Tiber—spurned tyrants and tyranny—asserted their independence, and subjugated their barbarian neighbours, they knew not the luxury of linen—and their flannel shirts were rarely, if ever washed. Well! such a state, so horrible in the eyes of their degenerate successors, was preferable to that, in which the COLISEUM was necessary to saturate the sense of sight with slaughter;—and the THERMÆ were indispensable for the indulgence of the other senses in every vicious propensity, which a prurient imagination could invent, or an insatiable luxury demand!

WALLS, TOMBS, AQUEDUCTS.

As the circle of vision widens, wave after wave, from the TOWER of the CAPITOL, the objects grow hardly less distinct—the recollections and reflections become scarcely less exciting. The sight of lofty battlements, standing like a chain of silent and unconscious sentinels around the solitude of a departed city, suggests the natural and the just idea, that ROME fell ingloriously by her own hands, and not in manly combat with a foreign foe! Had the Romans been true to themselves, yon walls would not have been left to encircle vacuity—nor to stand, at once the emblem and the evidence of NATIONAL SUICIDE!

PYRAMID OF CAIUS CESTIUS.

Carrying the eye to the right, along the mouldering and moss-grown girdle of Imperial Rome, our attention is arrested for a moment—and

but for a moment—by the Pyramid of Caius Cestius—one of the Septemvirs, who prepared the banquets of the Gods, and who, as comptroller of the celestial kitchen, tasted the choicest viands on the Lectisternian tables. Caius Cestius naturally concluded that a carcase which had, during life, fattened on ambrosia and nectar, would be speedily visited, after death, by swarms of the keen-scented courtiers of the grave. Brass and marble were put in requisition, to guard against oblivion and worms. The colossal statue and the pyramidal tomb arose—puny imitations of their stupendous prototypes heaved up on the banks of the Nile, by hands unknown and for purposes forgotten! The foot of the statue lies in a court of the Capitol —the body of Caius Cestius has vanished—and the pyramid itself, restored by a pious Pope, is only interesting, by daily sweeping its funereal shadow over the lowly and grass-grown graves of our departed countrymen, whom the spirit of curiosity, the thirst of knowledge, the ennui of idleness—the tyranny of fashion, or the torments of sickness, attracted to the hallowed shrine and balmy atmosphere of the Eternal City. No wall is permitted to surround the cemetary of Christian heretics, least it should obstruct the view of a pagan sepulchre. A deep trench answers the purpose as well, or better. A perusal of the "frail memorials" erected by consanguinity or friendship over the bones of our compatriots, clearly indicates that the greater number fell victims to that climate and those azure skies, from whose influence they vainly expected a restoration of health, or prolongation of life! It may possibly prove a gratification to their manes, that their ashes are mingled with those of the Cæsars, the senators, and the slaughterers of antiquity. But even if the anticipation of this posthumous honour ever flashed across their minds, ere the spirit winged its flight, it was a poor equivalent for the consolation of closing their eyes in the land that gave them birth, amidst the sighs and tears of filial or parental affection—the sympathy of friends—— and the solace of that religion, whose precepts are entwined with our earliest associations!

ST. JOHN LATERAN.

On sweeping the eye to the left, from the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, and closely following the line of the ancient wall, we are

arrested by an object which it would be almost sacrilege to pass unnoticed—the Church— he mother of churches—St. John Lateran! That first, if not most pious of Christian emperors, Constantine, whose arch has been mentioned, and whose noble achievements have been adverted to, constructed this holy edifice—or the edifice on whose ruins it is erected—while holy popes and devout Christians deposited within its sacred walls the most awful and interesting relics on which the human eye ever gazed!

"*First*, the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, encased in silver busts, set with jewels—*second*, a lock of the Virgin Mary's hair, and a piece of her petticoat—*third*, a robe of Jesus Christ, sprinkled with his blood—*fourth*, some drops of his blood in a phial—*fifth*, some of the water which flowed out of the wound in his side—*sixthly*, some of the sponge—*seventhly*, the table off which our Saviour ate his last supper—*eighthly*, a piece of the stone of the sepulchre on which the angel sat—and *lastly*, the identical porphyry pillar on which the cock was perched when he crowed after Peter denied Christ."*

All these, and many others, may be seen on each *Holy Thursday*, in the Basalica of Constantine—and what faithful Catholic, or true believer, would grudge a journey over the Alps, to behold such awe-inspiring relics! Even if the heretic sceptic should shake his head in doubt, he must acknowledge that here is the actual font, formed of an antique basaltic urn, in which the first Christian emperor received his baptismal immersion. Eusebius, it is true, informs us that Constantine put off his christening, as many people do their wills, till the day of his death, at Nicomedia:—but a trifling anachronism or transposition should give way to sentiments of veneration inspired by such a momentous event in the catholic, or rather the political history of the Church.

Heretic that I am, I acknowledge that an object in the front of St. John Lateran, called forth more profound meditations than the Baptistery of Constantine, (whose character I never admired,) or the *fabulous* relics of our Saviour's eventful life and death! I say *fabulous*—for were there a single atom of probability or truth in the

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* Rome in the 19th Century.

tales connected with these relics, I would be the first to fall down and worship them. But the venerable and gigantic obelisk of granite, hewn out of the solid rocks of the Nubian mountains, before the foundations of the Pyramids were laid, and dedicated to the SUN by RAMESES, King of Egypt, 3330 years ago, would attract the attention of the most apathetical observer, and call forth reflections—if the materials of thought existed in his breast! The first question that suggests itself is—what brought this stupendous piece of granite from Thebes to Rome? HISTORY, like a parrot, replies, CONSTANTINE the Great, and CONSTANS the Second. I should be more inclined to say, that this colossal monument was carried to its present destination by that irresistible current of moral and physical energy—of arts and of arms—of wealth and of power—which has constantly, if not uniformly flowed from East to West, and from South to North, for forty centuries. Where are the fountains of empire which once descended with the streams of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Nile, the Scamander, the Hellespont, the Tiber? They now glide through channels with harsher names—along the Rhone and the Seine—the Thames and the Oder—the Vistula and the Dwina! And has that obelisk fixed its final residence where it now stands? May not some future CONSTANTINE, of the North or the West, seize on this venerable exile of Egypt, and drag it in chains to a still greater distance from the Court of Rameses—to the frozen banks of the Beresina—or to the stormy and wave-worn shores of that gloomy clime—

> Where seas embrace,
> Dividing from the world the British race?

Yes! when the light of reason and knowledge, now dawning over the Apennines, shall have dispersed the dense vapour of superstitious thraldom, which still hangs over the seven hills, the temporal sceptre of the Church will be quietly inurned on the quirinal, and sleep in everlasting repose with the undistinguished ashes of the Cæsars, and the high priests of Jupiter—while the key of St. Peter will fall from the summit of Trajan's Pillar, (where it should never have been placed,) no more to unlock the gate of Heaven at the intercession or importunity of presumptuous man! And what shall *then* induce either gods or men to reside in the pestiferous atmosphere of the

Campagna? Nothing. Man will move into a better air—he can scarcely find a worse; while the gods and demigods of antiquity will abandon, perhaps without much reluctance, the Capitol and the Vatican, to visit regions unknown to, or abhorred by, their original idolaters. The Belvidere Apollo, and the Medicean Venus, may not be the only divinities for whom "CHANGE of AIR" may be prescribed by some potent physician of future times! JUPITER may yet display his ambrosial curls in the Louvre, in modern Babylon, or in St. Petersburgh—Apollo may yet direct his arrows against the Caledonian boar, instead of the Pythian serpent—the labours of Hercules may not yet be finished—he may yet sail between the pillars which he formed as the boundaries of the world, and cross the Atlantic to a world of which he was ignorant—LAOCOON and his children (for priests in his days acknowledged their offspring) may yet writhe on the banks of the Bothnia, under the stupid gaze of Finland boors—while NIOBE and her family enact their daily tragedy in the Gardens of the Tuilleries, to furnish excitement for the sensitive citizens of Paris. What may be the destiny of the inferior deities and their cortéges it would be fruitless to imagine. One thing is certain—that, ere many centuries roll away, they will migrate to colder climes. MODERN ROME may be said to derive life from the dead, and to exact nutriment from stone. She fattens on the statues of her gods, the bones of her saints, the busts of her heroes, the ruins of her temples, the remains of her arts, and the renown of her forefathers! But the superstitious veneration for her religious relics is rapidly subsiding; and the monuments of her antiquity are crumbling into dust. The attractive remains of her arts will soon be attracted elsewhere by the magnet of ruthless power and insatiate cupidity. The seven hills will become as deserted as the surrounding Campagna, and, after various revolutions, moral and physical, on the surface of our planet, some future Romulus or Tarquin may, to his astonishment, find a CLOACA constructed by hands unknown on the banks of the Tiber, for draining a new city, and furnishing antiquarians of the 99th century with ample food for speculation and controversy!

At last the eye, fatigued by the contemplation of endless, often of nameless masses of ruins, takes a wider range over the broad and

triste Campagna, strewed with tombs and strode by aqueducts; but exhibiting no other traces of MAN—save the lonely POST-HOUSE or tottering watch-tower, heightening rather than breaking the silence and the solitude of the scene! The few patches of cultivation are lost among reeds, bulrushes, and grass!

How strange was the taste, and how strong was the propensity of the ancient Romans, for lining their roads with the tombs of the dead! True, the CAMPAGNA DI ROMA was never very fit for any thing else but a burial ground. The complaint of Cicero, that the mausolea of the dead, on the Via Appia, left no room for mansions of the living, was frivolous—perhaps sarcastic. This wide and pestiferous plain, probably the filled-up crater of a huge antediluvian volcano, was a proper, and well-proportioned cemetery for the metropolis of the world. But the remark of Cicero, as well as common sense, shews that the principle of constructing tombs over the dead, is at variance with the welfare of the living, leaving the vanity of the procedure out of the question. It cannot be maintained that the lifeless clay of the rich man is more entitled to a marble edifice than that of the pauper;—and if one in one hundred, or even in one thousand of the defunct population were to have a house over his ashes, the surface of this earth would, in time, become encrusted with tomb-stones!*

Was it parental, filial, or conjugal affection that blanched yon CAMPAGNA with weeping marble, and studded its highways with storied urns and animated busts? No, indeed! The VIA APPIA was the great heraldic registry of ancestral pride and patrician prodigality, where the monuments of the dead vied in splendour with the mansions of the living—both erected from the same motives—both governed by the same principle—the gratification of VANITY!

The moralist, the divine, and the philosopher may gravely descant

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* Look, for instance, at that mountain of Tiburtine stone, the sepulchre of CECILIA METELLA—the wife of the rich and thick-skulled CRASSUS, who very appropriately encircled the freize of the tomb with the crania of oxen—built the walls thirty feet in thickness—spread the sepulchre over ninety or one hundred feet in diameter—and all to enclose a small chamber for a marble sarcophagus, which is now daily exhibited in the shew-room of the Farnese Palace! The golden urn that contained the ashes of Cecilia was melted into coins or crosses that have since undergone more transfigurations than VISHNOU!

on the impressive lesson which the campagna that *was*, and the Campagna that *is*, must read to the high and mighty of the earth. A glance from the Tower of the Capitol, in the opposite direction, will show that the lesson has made no other impression than that of stamping the seal of pride upon poverty, and of poverty upon pride!

——————————— Hic vivimus ambitiosâ
Paupertate omnes.

It was conceded that the aqueducts and cloacæ were exempt from suspicions of *impure* motives in their construction. It is questionable, however, whether VANITY did not predominate over utility, in carrying streams of water from the neighbouring mountains through the *air*, on the shoulders of stupendous arches, when they might have been conducted, at one thousandth part of the labour and expense, through unseen and unostentatious pipes in the *earth*. But it has been said that the ancients were unacquainted with that hydraulic law which commands water to rise to its level however deeply bent downwards in its course. They knew this law practically; for, on several occasions, when the enemy was approaching, or expected in the Campagna, the water was conducted by subterranean conduits to the city. The mighty arches of the aqueducts were therefore unnecessary, since the lake of Albano or the river Anio might have been made to travel under the surface of the Campagna, and rise in copious floods to the summit of the Capitol. The very same kind of conduits along which the water runs in the aqueducts, would have preserved it pure through every kind of soil—and brought it to its various issues at a much cooler temperature in the scorching Summers of Italy, than it comes with, by its loftier route. But a still more serious objection lies against the admired aqueducts of the ancients. By this plan the pressure of the parent reservoir cannot be, or at all events, is not made to force the water to the tops of the houses, and thus to cleanse away the intolerable accumulation of domestic filth. Nay, with all the parade of these stupendous constructions, nine-tenths of the waters bubble away in fantastic fountains, without ever entering the houses at all—except when carried thither, as in the days of Romulus, on the shoulders of the fair sex!

The eye is carried almost unconsciously along the lines of tottering

aqueducts, striding like solemn funeral processions across the plains of desolation and death—and alights, with something like the pleasure of escaping from the tomb, on the heights of ALBANO, studded with villas, villages, and towns, white as Rarian marble, and contrasting with the monotony and sepulchral solitude of the dreary Campagna.

This SOUTH view from the TOWER of the CAPITOL—or, in other words, the view of "ROME in RUINS," is enough for one day,—and the traveller should not abruptly break the chain of reflections excited by the objects there presented to his sight, by a survey of the scene which the opposite view commands.

Returning to my hotel, I dined, without knowing what I ate or drank —threw myself on my couch—and, notwithstanding the clattering of English carriages in the court of the "HOTEL DES ISLES BRITANNIQUES," enjoyed the luxury of a DERVISE dream, in which the events of ten centuries passed in vivid procession, though in wild fantastic order before the mental eye, during an earthly oblivion or equivocal existence of six short hours.

NORTHERN VIEW;

OR,

MODERN ROME.

Communion with the DEAD is safer, if not more instructive than communion with the LIVING. The race of ancient Rome and her countless inhabitants is run—their cause is adjudicated—the prisoners are acquitted or condemned by the tribunal of posterity. Censure cannot injure them—praise cannot soothe them—flattery cannot betray them. Their lives are become history—and history is a text, from which every one has a right to preach. With modern Rome and modern Romans it is different. They have eyes to see—ears to hear—senses to feel. Travellers should, therefore, be guarded in their expressions, measured in their language, temperate in their strictures—indulging

only in generalities; and sedulously avoiding personalities. For my own part, preferring no pretension to either time, opportunity, or talent for a scrutiny of men or manners, I skim the surface, and merely note the impressions which obvious and prominent objects make on the senses, together with the reflections which these impressions excite in the mind. As a slight and superficial observer, I only address myself to readers of similar character; and, as there are various gradations of intellect and taste in this world, so a link in the vast chain may somewhere exist, on which these trifling and evaneseent sketches may hang for a day.

Of all the scenes which I have beheld on the surface of the globe (and they have not been few) that which is surveyed from the TOWER of the CAPITOL, is the most interesting. I wonder that Mr. Burford has not selected it for a panorama—perhaps I may be the means of inducing him to such an attempt.* The contrast between the southern and northern prospects is truly astonishing. It is like a resuscitation from death to life—from the dreary vault to the cheerful haunts of man—from the silence of the catacombs to the bustle of active existence in a crowded city. Such is the contrast, if we turn, at once, from south to north. If we gradually veer round, from the two opposite points of the compass, we shall perceive a curious amalgamation of ancient and modern times. To the *Westward*, the seed of David is seen springing up close to the ruins of the Cæsarian palaces —on the *Eastern* side, the successor of ST. PETER has erected his earthly tabernacle contiguous to the once licentious but now consecrated, BATHS of DIOCLETIAN! In the midst of the modern city stands the Pantheon of Agrippa and the Column of Aurelian, like two venerable ancient FATHERS who have just started from their graves, and are calmly, but sorrowfully, contemplating the fallen state of their enfeebled descendants! Beyond the yellow Tiber to the North-west, the attention is divided by two most stupendous objects—the embattled tomb of HADRIAN, and the still more gorgeous sepulchre of ST. PETER—the Pantheon of the ancient city suspended in air over the POLYTHEON of the Popes!†

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* I find that this ingenious Artist did exhibit such a view several years ago.

† It is well known that Michael Angelo literally performed his apparently hy-

One of the first reflections excited in the mind, on shifting the view from the Old to the New City, arises out of the natural query, why the former should have been erected upon hills—the latter on a plain—the Campus Martius? Security was, no doubt, the cause of the first selection—luxury and laziness led to the second. It is not in ROME alone, that we see this difference between antique and modern taste. It characterizes the whole of the civilized world. The old and the new towns of Edinbugh afford a familiar example.

The Roman patricians did not dash to the Senate in splendid carriages, as our peers do. When Cicero assembled the conscript fathers in the Temple of Jupiter—on the very spot where I now stand—I question whether a regiment of Chamouni mules, the very best in Switzerland, would not have broken their knees in the attempt to carry the senators to the scene of their deliberations! No! The streets, and the Via Sacra—leaving history out of the question—prove that the ancients trudged the Eternal City on foot—and were true peripatetic philosophers. Not so their lazy and luxurious descendants. When the MONTE VATICANO begins to intercept the rays of the setting sun—when the vapours raised from the Campagna during the day, begin to descend in refreshing but deadly dews in the evening—then are carried forth the pale olive BEAUTIES and effeminate BEAUS of Rome, to be paraded in slow and solemn procession up and down the CORSO—a street greatly inferior to the Strand—but stretching from the foot of the Capitol to the Porto del Popolo. Where they spend the rest of their time, is best known to themselves—and to those of my countrymen and women, who had far better opportunities, and infinitely more curiosity than myself, to become acquainted with Roman privacy.

The listless inhabitants of the Eternal City have not, and desire not, the salutary exercise of scrambling up and down the seven hills, like their forefathers, protected from the sun by the narrowness of the streets and the height of the houses. When English example or their own curiosity happens to draw them from the gloomy CORSO to the cheerful PINCIAN, they ascend not that pleasant mount by the marble

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perbolic promise—that of raising the Pantheon into the air. The dome of St. Peter's is of the same dimensions as Agrippa's Temple of all the Gods.

stairs of the Piazza di Spagna, refreshed by the jetting fountain at their base! oh no. A carriage-course has been ziz-zagged to its summit, from the Piazza del Popolo, for dragging up the indolent patrician and lifeless Albino, on rare occasions, to inhale something like pure air.*

The external physiognomy of Italy, as well as of her great cities—and even of her inhabitants, presents more prominent features and singular contrasts than any other country or people in the world. Bernardine de St. Pierre informs us that all contrasts produce harmonies—and hence, perhaps, it is, that Italy is the land of music and of song. There is poetry—or the materials of poetry, in every thing which meets the eye between the Alps and Mount Ætna. Her skies are azure and her hills are green—the sun-beams are ardent, the moon-beams mellow, the stars brilliant—the breezes are alternately delicious and malarious—iced by the Alps, or ignited by the Sirocco—her mountains are lofty, and her streamlets are clear—her rivers are rapid, and her lakes are smooth—her shores are laved by tranquil seas, her hills are shook by hidden fires—the country is rich, and the people are poor—the fields are fertile, while their cultivators are squalid and unhealthy—men and women sow the seed; but saints and angels reap the harvest—the vines are graceful, the grapes luscious; but the wine is too often sour—the roads are magnificent, while the inns are wretched—the country swarms with priests, but is destitute of religion—teems with redundant population where celibacy is the cardinal virtue—glitters with gems and precious stones in the midst of penury and starvation—exhibits despots on the plains, and bandits in the mountains—abounds in all the materials of wealth and power, but possesses few flourishing manufactories, except those of monks, music, and maccaroni. In fine—the nobility is sunk in sloth, the Church in plethora, the populace in pauperism!

If we narrow our periscopic glance, and concentrate it on the

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* It is a well known fact, that a late Octogenarian Professor of "modern Athens," was in the frequent habit of walking to the summit of the Salisbury crags, and annually penning an ode, on those airy cliffs; the last of which, when upwards of 80 years of age, was to two of his oldest and best friends—"his legs." The veteran, in this ode, renewed his *adhesion* to his *tried* friends, and declared his determination to "stick to them, as long as they would stick to him."

opposite side of the Capitol, we shall there find ample objects for contemplation—every species of stimulus for kindling up excitement in the minds of northern visitors, whose sensibilities are acute, and whose moral appetites are keen (from long abstinence) for intellectual enjoyments.

MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL.

On descending from the Tower of the Capitol, and turning to the right, we enter an edifice which even Lady Morgan (no great idolator of antiquity) allows to be "well worth a pilgrimage to Rome, though that alone existed there." That the Museum of the Capitol excited in my mind the tumultuous tide of emotions which it raises in the minds of others, may be readily granted; but I may observe that, after each visitation, a train of ideas arose in my imagination, which haunted me, in gorgeous dreams, for nights in succession. I suspect that many others besides myself have regretted the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of recording on the tablet of memory the splendid and extravagant imagery which excited (perhaps *morbid*) feelings conjure up in the mental phantasmagoria of sleep, when disjointed fragments of previous sensations reverberate on the common sensory of the soul, uncontrolled, unchastised by waking reason. If report speak truth, these chaotic images have afforded materials for magnificent descriptions of the morning pen. Raw beef-steaks and indigestible condiments for supper are said to have furnished the untrammelled imagination with food for the highest flights of poetry and romance—while libations of laudanum, like the genius of Shakespeare, have—

"Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

Many of these alleged facts may be fictions, as far as regards individual descriptions; but the principle is founded in truth, and the extent of its influence on moral impulses and physical results is very far beyond the range of general belief. It is not, however, in dreams alone that such gross materials act on the mind, or at least on some of its faculties, through the medium of corporeal organs. In every

gradation of society, from the monarch to the mechanic, the imagination, nay, even the judgment, is influenced by material agents acting on the organized structures of the body, during the plenitude of intellectual exertion. But it is with moral agencies or impressions that I have now to do—the above being a digression.

MILLENNIUM MARMOREUM.

In despite of the authority of Tertullian and Lactantius, I long had my doubts respecting the advent of the MILLENNIUM—and never entertained the slightest expectation of its commencing in my time. What was my surprise, as well as joy, to find that I had lived to witness this blessed state, this reign of the saints on earth! A short tour in Italy offered to my senses proofs as strong as those of "holy writ," that PAPIAS was no dreaming enthusiast, but a veritable prophet. If the cessation of war and crime—the subsidence of every turbulent passion—the annihilation of envy, hatred, and malice—the establishment of harmony and concord among all the jarring elements of animated Nature, be signs of a MILLENNIUM, then I say that the gallery of the GRAN DUCA at Florence, the Museum of the Capitol, and of the Vatican at Rome, together with the Studii of Naples, furnish the most incontestible proofs. Gods, angels, and saints have descended upon this little beauteous globe, to mingle in peaceful quietude with men and animals of every tribe, of every species, and of every age!

Behold that majestic form, that celestial countenance! It is the Father of the Gods. He has ceased to—

"Shake his ambrosial curls and give the nod,"

which were too often the signals for bloodshed and injustice! JUPITER has become a reformed rake, and consequently the best of husbands. He has discarded all his former mistresses; and though he is evidently *cold* to JUNO herself, the latter stands with placid aspect, and without evincing the least symptom of jealousy towards her once faithless spouse. The presence of Daphne, Leda, Calisto, and Alcmena, excites no suspicions in the Queen's mind. Her Majesty of Olympus,

indeed, seems to be aware that TIME has cured her lord and master of his erratic propensities, and that a prying watch over his rambles is no longer necessary. Such is one of the many happy effects of the Marble Millennium!

It has been a mooted subject of discussion among divines, philosophers, and metaphysicians, whether or not a remembrance of the past shall accompany us to a future state of existence? The question is beset with thorny difficulties! If memory enables the disembodied spirit to look back on the transactions of this life, Paradise itself will not be free from agitating retrospections! If, on the other hand, all remembrance of the past be sunk in the grave, death is a virtual annihilation, and a *future* state of existence is, to all intents and purposes, a *new* creation. All our *present* ideas of retributive justice, and of future rewards and punishments, harmonize with the doctrine that *consciousness* of pre-existence shall obtain in another world—whether that be a better or a worse than the present. The marble Millennium which we are now contemplating, favours this natural supposition. Although every passion is hushed, memory seems to animate, or at least to leave an impression on the forms of gods and men in the millennium.

Mark that martial figure, with nodding plume and glittering helmet. It is the GOD of WAR. But MARS no longer "thunders on the plain," like a turbulent chief inciting others to break their heads, his own being secured by a secret amulet from wound or peril. The millennarii around him, however prone, in their former lives, to warfare, are now too wise to obey his call—even if they had the inclination! Would that nations took a lesson from the marble Millennium!

APOLLO treats us to some elegant postures indicative of former propensities—but neither bends the bow, nor strikes the lyre! Python forgives the wounds it has received from the arrows of the god, and humours his celestial pride by rehearsing its own death.

Not far from Apollo stands his crescented sister, still evincing MEMORY. DIANA is no longer permitted—or perhaps inclined, to destroy the fields of the industrious farmer—but the goddess is surrounded by her dogs—a circumstance that may furnish consolation to the country SQUIRE, on quitting this earthly scene, as it affords ample grounds for hope, that—

————admitted to an equal sky,
His faithful dogs will bear him company.

Venus looks as modest as a Vestal Virgin, and is, perhaps, as pure. Incapable of feeling the "soft impression," she is unable to communicate it to others. Like a very few beauties who have passed their meridian, she still commands admiration; though she never more can inspire love!

Mercury continues to evince his volatile predilections. Balanced on the breath of a zephyr, he has stood ready for ages, to execute the messages of the gods. But his masters have ceased to issue their commands—probably because they are no longer obeyed.

It would be endless to even glance at the numerous divinities who have descended from the skies, to take part in the celebration of the Marble Millennium on earth. Elysium and Tartarus have furnished their quota of representatives for this interesting scene. In fact, the infernal regions appear to have been nearly deserted—for Pluto and Proserpine, with almost the whole of their illustrious subjects, as well as their stern judges, Minos, Æacus, and Radamanthus, and their no less stern gaoler Cerberus, have re-crossed the Styx, and (to the no small astonishment and annoyance of old Charon, who never contracted for return-fares) now breathe the fresh air of Italy.

But enough of the gods. The vast assemblage of mortals, famed for the parts which they acted in a former life, and now re-appearing in the Millennium, might afford copious materials for useful as well as curious meditation! The long line of rulers, regal, republican and imperial, with their families and connections, each individual peaceably taking the station into which, murder or merit, bribery or right, happened to place them in the jostle of human contention and competition, is one of the most prominent phenomena of the Millennium. There they stand, emblems as well as illustrations of history—facts without feelings, records without bias, narratives without passion. We are distracted and astounded by the prodigious congregation of princes, heroes, legislators, philosophers, orators, poets—of men and women whose fame resounded from Pole to Pole—whose ambition lit the torch of war, whose eloquence roused the passions of applauding multitudes, whose poesy delighted the ears, and whose philosophy im-

proved or corrupted the hearts of mankind—all living, or at least residing, in peace, if not in friendship, with each other!

Cæsar calmly surveys his assassins, without uttering the memorable exclamation,—*et tu quoque Brute!* He has forgiven, if not forgotten the mortal stab of his friend. AGRIPPINA and GERMANICUS are again united; neglecting Piso, and despising Tiberius. The younger AGRIPPINA smiles on her hopeful son, NERO. The remembrance of incest crimsons not on the cheek of the *former*—the remorse of parricide disturbs not the countenance of the *latter*. Nero's features are as tranquil as when he tuned his lyre to the conflagration of Rome. Marius and Sylla stand reconciled. They have evidently experienced the benefits of purgatory. The *former* has washed off the mud of the Minturnian marshes, and the murder of his fellow-citizens:—the *latter* is purified from the slaughter of ten thousand Romans, and—of what he considered as far more important—the MORBUS PEDICULOSUS of which he died amidst the fumes of wine and the riots of debauchery, in the beastly haunts of Puteoli. Julian has got his wish. He is surrounded by the Heathen gods and goddesses, whose worship he laboured to re-establish on earth. Geta has forgiven the fratricide of his brother Caracalla—Arcadius and Honorius have narrowed the boundaries of their joint dominions—Constantine enjoys a double triumph; over Maxentius in life, and over sincerity in death!—Eliogabalus has recovered his sex, and lost his appetite—he has been dragged from the Tiber, which was polluted by his bleeding corpse, and re-instated as a Cæsar, in that city whose inhabitants he degraded (with little compunction on their parts) beneath the level of the most obscene animals that crawl on earth:—in a word, the mighty and the puny, the virtuous and the wicked race of Roman emperors and rulers have re-assembled on the Capitoline hill, from whence their empire first extended to the boundaries of the earth, and to whose narrow summit it is now again contracted!

But to descend from rulers to their subjects:—Behold the venerable, the highly-gifted patriot and philosopher—CICERO. He stands unmoved in the presence of the murderous Triumvirs. He breathes no vengeance against Antony, who proscribed him—he casts no reproach upon Augustus, who sacrificed him. He is silent when he might denounce with safety. But he has probably seen more than the page of history has revealed—though that may convince us that

the anguish of soul which terminated in his proscriber's suicide on the sands of Egypt, was fully an equivalent to the bodily fear which preceded his own assassination among the rocks of Gaeta. If he upbraid not his *friend* Augustus for surrendering him up a victim to the hatred of Antony, it is perhaps because he is conscious that, on the great political stage where he chose to act his part, FRIENDSHIP is only a character assumed, like other theatrical characters, during the time it is wanted. Or does the presence of TERENTIA, that faithful wife who fought his battles during his timorous exile—to whom he indited his unmanly epistles from Dyrrachium—and whom he afterwards repudiated, without cause, in the hour of prosperity, and at the age of 61, for a flirting girl—does her presence, I say, prevent him from hurling the charge of *ingratitude* at the head of Augustus?

Near to TULLY stands his quondam friend and firm supporter, the stern, the inflexible, the stoic CATO. He is no longer "pent up in Utica" by the sword of Cæsar, but now confronts him on the summit of the Capitol. This rigid censor, who stumbled over straws and leaped over temples—who arraigned a Roman consul for the crime of dancing, while he himself turned brigand to plunder a rich but defenceless miser of all his pelf—who deposed an unoffending prince, *because* he was weak, and robbed him *because* he was wealthy—who was so astute as to boast of this transaction which all the sophistry of his friend Cicero failed to palliate—who, in fine, viewed other men's failings through a powerful lens, and the springs of his own actions through an opaque medium:—such is the Roman patriot whom Addison wishes us to admire, but whom philosophy teaches us to distrust. And "mark the end." Ptolemy, the miser, could not survive the loss of his gold, and therefore destroyed himself—Cato, the stoic, could not bear the ascendancy of Cæsar, and therefore stabbed himself! There is sometimes—perhaps oftener than is imagined—retributive justice even on this side of the grave!

SENECA is as pale as when he opened his veins by order of his inhuman pupil. His death was more lingering and painful than that of the infamous Nero, who commanded him to die—but it was more philosophic and cheerful, because unaccompanied by remorse.* Han-

* It is remarkable that the ancient Romans did not discover the means of speedy death produced by the cutting of an artery, instead of the slow and painful disso-

nibal has, at last, out-generaled Fabius, and gained the Capitol—Scipio still maintains his continence, though surrounded by many fair ones, and some that were not less frail than fair!

The Millennium, like love, levels all distinctions of rank and character, and has introduced into each other's society and acquaintance, many contrasting personages, besides a considerable number that still choose to remain INCOGNITO. Here are seen associating, without the slightest symptom of collision, hatred or jealousy, princes and peasants, senators and centurions, fauns and philosophers, satyrs and vestals, matrons and courtezans, despots and democrats, (differing more in name than in nature,) patriots and traitors, priests and bacchanals, together with every variety of men and animals that prey on

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lution resulting from the opening of numerous small veins. The latter mode of terminating existence is one of the most torturous that can be imagined. The gradual exhaustion by venous hæmorrhage is attended by horrible pains, spasms, and even convulsions; whereas the wound of an artery, as of the carotid, extinguishes the vital spark in a torrent of blood, and consciousness is annihilated in an instant, without suffering. In Seneca's case, even with the aid of the warm-bath, death could not be induced by venesection—and his friends, in pity for his sufferings, were obliged to suffocate him! His wife Paulina, who, in imitation of the Hindoo widows, was induced to have her veins opened also, was spared immediate death, to die by a lingering disease, the consequence of loss of blood. The moderns are wiser, or ar least more scientific, in their generation. They know how to extinguish life by the opening of an artery. The author once witnessed a horrifying instance of this modern science of suicide in the Straits of Malacca. A surgeon in His Majesty's Service, without any apparent cause, laid a razor across the upper part of his thigh, and, taking a volume of Darwin's Zoonomia, struck the back of the instrument, cut the femoral artery, and was dead in twenty seconds! The blow was heard by the officers of the mess—they rushed into his cabin—but he was a corpse!

How is it that, among the ancients, the act of suicide is seldom recorded but as the means of escaping tortures, degradation, or captivity,—whereas, among the moderns, it is every day perpetrated without any apparent, or at least apparently adequate cause? The solution is to be sought, and I think to be found, in a combination of moral and physical circumstances distressing the mind and disordering the body. I firmly believe that suicide rarely, if ever, occurs from purely mental agony, and before perturbations of the mind have disordered the functions of the body. The corporeal disorder re-acts on the mind, and induces temporary insanity. The coroner's verdict, which is often looked upon as a humane or merciful fiction, is in fact founded, though not always clearly understood, upon a physiological truth.

or devour each other from the Equator to the Pole, from the banks of the Ganges to the Pillars of Hercules!

Antinous is more admired now than in the days of Adrian, and for less equivocal reasons—the Gladiator dies, not to gain plaudits from the populace, but applause from posterity—Diogenes and Alexander meet once more; but the cynic no longer snarls at the hero—Cleopatra applies the asp to her arm, though she need not now dread the triumphal procession of Augustus—Demosthenes is silently eloquent—Hercules rests on his club, though his muscles are still in action—Archimedes has solved the great problem!

And this reminds me of the end of all things—and especially of these reflections. It is said that Shakspeare was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, else Mercutio would have killed him. So I perceive that a much longer sojourn on the Capitol would throw myself into a fever, or my readers (if any) into a sleep. I shall therefore sound a retreat. I cannot, however, leave this spot (probably for the last time) without paying one short tribute of respect to a class of its inhabitants to whom I am deeply indebted for many of the most exquisite pleasures I have enjoyed during my earthly pilgrimage—I mean the Poets! To the Millennian favourites of the Nine, the odious epithet of "*genus irritabile vatum*" is no longer applicable. A rival's fame excites not envy in their breasts—a contemporary's merit is not now denied.

Homer, who—

> Wandering from clime to clime observant stray'd,
> Their manners noted and their states survey'd,

has rested after his travels, and is freed from the labour or pleasure of rehearsing his own poems. He left no issue—or at least successor. But his spirit has gone abroad and multiplied exceedingly. So long—

> "As pity melts us or as passion warms,"

the soul of the Grecian bard will animate every heart, and speak every language. This itself is no mean immortality; but it is to be hoped that the bard enjoys a still more lasting one! He is blind—that does not surprise us. But that he should be deaf, or at least insensible to

the incense of adoration which rises before his shrine in every region of the earth,' is remarkable in his order of beings! It seems to indicate, that if memory of the *past* accompany us to another state of existence, we shall not be indulged with a consciousness of what takes place after our exit from the theatre of this life.

Horace no longer flatters Mæcenas—for Mæcenas has no longer the ear of Augustus. Virgil weeps not for the loss of his few acres of marsh near Mantua. He has wisely preferred the arid rock of Pausilipo for his grave.

Ovid indites no more of his Tristia from the gloomy shores of Pontus. His exile has terminated, and he is restored to his beloved Capitol. His amorous effusions can no longer inflame the passions of his Millennian neighbours. He has undergone one of his own metamorphoses; and the glow of a corrupted and corrupting heart is changed into the icy coldness of Parian marble. Perseus and Juvenal have dropped the pen of satire. The vices which they scourged have fled from the Capitol—many of them to more favourable soils—while some of them still linger among the seven hills.

I would fain prolong my stay on this interesting mount; but Time warns me to depart. Saluting the equestrian statue of Aurelian, we descend, with reluctance, the long flight of marble steps on the northern side of the hill, and bid adieu to the Capitol!

MODERN ROME—STREETS, HOUSES, INHABITANTS.

We have scarcely quitted the marble stair-case, eyeing, on each side, the basaltic lions formed by Egyptian hands, when we find ourselves involved in a labyrinth of lanes, and among a people who seem to have few claims to consanguinity with their venerable, or, at least, venerated ancestors above! The wynds of modern Athens were never considered as patterns of cleanliness; but they might fairly challenge comparison with the streets at the very foot of the ancient Capitol! The first time I wandered through them was at night—and I confess I was exceedingly glad to get back to the Corso from places which seemed equally calculated for wretched poverty, and the crimes to which it leads! The eye of the stranger is attracted by a notice on the corner, and often in many other parts of every street—

"IMMONDEZZAIO." Not being an Italian scholar, I at first took this to be synonymous with what we see occasionally in the streets of London—"COMMIT NO NUISANCE." An interpreter beneath each notice, and which, it would be difficult to misunderstand, soon convinced me that I was quite mistaken—and that what I considered an injunction, was, in reality an invitation to "*throw dirt into the street.*" I thought within myself that this reiterated recommendation of the police was somewhat unnecessary in Rome, and Italian cities generally; but here again, I soon discovered that I had drawn a false conclusion. Of two evils we are advised to choose the lesser;—and if dirt must exist, it is better that it should be outside than inside of the houses. In the *former* locality, it stands a chance of diminution by rains, winds, suns—nay, even occasionally by the scavenger:—in the *latter*, it must accumulate to the destruction of life as well as comfort! IMMONDEZZAIO, therefore, is a salutary precept—but it only goes half way. When the police admonishes the Romans to throw the dirt into the streets, it should do *its* part of the duty, and compel the removal of that dirt from the offended eyes and olfactories of *strangers*. I say of *strangers*; for dirt can give no offence to the Romans themselves.

Of the narrowness of the streets I have already spoken.* Foreigners have no right to object to this peculiarity of Italian towns. The inhabitants who have to stand the brunt of the Summer's suns, as well as the Winter's colds, are wise in building the houses high and the streets narrow, as affording the surest and most effectual protection against the fierce solar beams, the suffocating siroceo, the chilling tramontane—and last, not least, the deadly MALARIA. Those, therefore, who inhabit the CORSO, the Via BABUINO, or the Strada di RIPETTA, pay dearly in Summer for the fresh air which they enjoy in Winter, as compared with that which is breathed by the Roman population in general.

If a stranger were to walk through the streets of Rome, for the first time, and without previous reading, he would be often surprised, and sometimes puzzled. While sauntering along the CORSO, for example, he could not help asking himself the question, why is the best street of Rome (though far inferior to the Strand in London) studded with

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* See page 72-3.

so many gloomy prisons? Or, how is it that a population of 130,000 souls should require so many strong places of incarceration for their bodies? After contemplating, with feelings of commiseration, one of these Old Baileys, with its massive walls and iron-grated windows, frosted or fringed with cobwebs, I ventured, though not without some inquisitorial apprehensions, to enter, in blissful ignorance, within its lofty portal. I wandered round a spacious court, and observed certain vestiges of man and animals, not very sightly or savoury—but of these I was somewhat reconciled by habit. A broad marble stair-case, in keeping with the court, invited my steps; and as I saw nothing to prevent a retreat—none of those awful words, "nulla vestigia retro," I ascended, and was soon met by the gaoler, who politely invited me to view the interior. I accepted the offer, and was agreeably surprised to exchange the rough and dirty marble stairs for lengthened halls, with floors so smooth and glossy, that I quickly measured my full length on the polished surface! I had often laughed at the idea of skates being exported to a hot climate;—but I now discovered that they were as necessary in Rome as in Moscow. Fortunately there was no other spectator of my fallen state than the gaoler, (as I then considered him,) and he assisted me most kindly to the perpendicular posture. I need hardly say that the delusion soon vanished. I was conducted through gloomy but magnificent galleries and saloons, tenanted by dead instead of the living—and presenting a new kind of Millennium—marble and pictorial! No living creature except the Cicerone met the eye, during the circuit of this vast mansion, which I had mistaken for a prison—and he had the emolument, if not the pleasure, of doing all the honours of his Lord and Master, at a period of the day, when the *latter* is invisible.*

The taste which erected these dreary mansions in the form of prisons, is not Roman. They were constructed in the same taste during the incarnations of Vishnou and Seeva, on the plains of Hindostan, and have been imitated by every nation between the banks of

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* I afterwards saw one of these regal prisons (for where there is a *throne*, there is, or ought to be, a *king*) in nocturnal splendour, and in full levee. The presentations were numerous, and the *court* of His Majesty was as crowded as any court need be!

the Ganges and the shores of the Atlantic. Specimens, though on a plebeian scale, are every year disinterred at Pompeii. The objects contemplated by the first constructors of these voluntary asylums, or domestic fortresses, were, doubtless, privacy and security. The forms were kept up and modified by habit, pride, and the annihilation of all wholesome equilibrium in the distribution of property. This INEQUILIBRIUM is strikingly illustrated in the streets of Rome. We see the most gorgeous palaces in actual contact—making, as it were, party-wall, with the most sordid abodes of poverty, or the work-shops of the meanest and most annoying artisans—as blacksmiths, pewterers, &c. Thus, between the palace and the hovel, there is little or no intermedium—in other words, there are but two great classes—the bloated patrician and the wealthless worker of the soil or its products. That there is a strong tendency to this state of things is certain, from its too prevalent existence in the world; but there is also a counteracting impulse or nisus in human nature, which, if suppressed in one form, will shew itself in some other. If the *road* be not left open for industry and talent to acquire property and rank, the lower orders must sink into abject pauperism, or ferment into dangerous rebellion. They have taken the *former* channel in most parts of fair Italy—but with the "march of intellect," they will probably run the *latter*, and more fearful course in some other parts of the world. If wealth accumulates, beyond all reasonable proportion, in one class, and that the least numerous of society, KNOWLEDGE, which is truly said to be POWER, will ultimately impel the larger and destitute class to organize physical force for the destruction of monopoly and the more equal distribution of wealth. This, it is true, will be ROBBERY, attended by blood-shed, and all kinds of crimes. But if Providence permit the hurricane to restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere, while it sweeps whole cities, with all their inhabitants, to destruction, it may sanction the storm of revolution, which subverts the foundations of society, to cure evils that have been growing for ages, fostered by the blind cupidity and the avarice of the human race. The history of the world, and of human nature teaches us that example, or even experience, has little or no influence on man, when his selfish passions are concerned. He will risk all rather than lose a part. When Cicero informed Ptolemy, king of Cyprus, that he might retire, with a certain part of his property, he refused. He went out to sea in a ship, with his treasures, de-

termined to sink himself and them, in one common watery grave. His courage amounted to the destruction of himself; but it could not be wound up to the immersion of his riches in the ocean. He sailed back—deposited his money and jewels in safety for his enemies—and then committed suicide! The application of this historical fact to existing circumstances, is not difficult. Our great depositaries of wealth will not concede to measures that may sacrifice a part to preserve the remainder. They will obstinately retain all, like Ptolemy, till the moment when they must lose all!

Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.

It is obviously the interest of popes, priests, and despots to check the dissemination of knowledge among their subjects. Such checks are the only means of procrastinating their power, whether founded on superstition or tyranny. But the gradual illumination of the human mind cannot be long retarded by any means—and much less can it be again precipitated into utter darkness by the irruption of Goths and Vandals from the North. That small, but talismanic engine, the PRESS, would foil the thrusts of ten million of bayonets, could they be collected and pointed against learning and liberty. To stop the progression of these, would not be less difficult than to hurl back the mighty waters of the Rhine to their icy sources in the Alps—check the fall of the roaring Niagara—or arrest the stream of TIME itself, of which KNOWLEDGE is a branch. Yet purblind power, imperious pride, and selfish passion will attempt these impossibilities. CHAOS *may* come again, though not in darkness.

Whether the tree of knowledge, when climbed by *all*, shall be found to yield the fruit of happiness to *all*, is a problem which time alone can solve. The experience of the past can throw but little light on the future, in this respect. If virtue has not always gone hand in hand with learning, it does not appear to have been from any necessary incompatibility of their co-existence. The same progress of civilization which gives energy to literature and science, gives also activity and growth to vice!

One thing, however, appears probable; namely, that in proportion as knowledge becomes more equally diffused, its acquisition will be less highly esteemed. What is possessed by all can confer distinction

on none. Hence the equalization of learning, arts, and sciences, will be the most mighty of all LEVELLERS. Nor will it be necessary for this levelling system, that the attainment of knowledge should go wide and deep through every ramification of society. Far from it. A certain amount, and a certain dissemination of this precious but dangerous commodity will work wonders—whether of good or evil!

Hitherto the heads of a few have guided the hands of the many—and one channel of thought has fed and set in motion ten thousand springs of action. Ere long, each brain will think for itself, and plan for the common weal. If, in such case, there be any lack of wisdom, it certainly will not be from want of multiplicity of counsellors! Such a state of things is rapidly approaching—nor can it be prevented, even on this oppressed soil, by the Austrian bayonet or Papal crosier. Human wisdom may do much to mitigate the evil, if it be one, by meeting it half way, and lessening the impetus of the revolution. Obstinacy may render the collision of two extremes most awful and destructive!

But this is a digression—a train of reflexions which floated on my mind, while the cicerone of the mansion wasted his pictorial—or rather his parrot learning on my unconscious ear. He doubtless considered me, and I fear with much justice, one of the most stupid and incurious visitors that ever handed him five pauls at the end of the circuit. And yet he made me as low a bow, at parting, as ever obsequious parasite made to minister or minion of a court.

I formerly alluded to the silence of the streets of Rome. This, however, relates to the "hum of man," and not to the clattering of hammers—to vocal, not instrumental music. In no city of the world, hardly excepting Birmingham, is there heard more discordant sounds than in the capitol of this land of music. In Rome and Naples, no trade, at least no noisy trade, is kept a mystery, except that of religion, which takes care to join in the chorus. Every artisan who wields a sledge, brandishes a hammer, grates a file, turns a lathe, or impels a chissel, pursues his avocations in open shops, and in the best streets, close to the ear of the deafened passenger.* This "concord of

* The reason of all this is the CLIMATE. If artisans had not the advantage of such open air and shade as the street and the ground-floor afford them, they would live a shorter time than they even now do. This explanation checks the irritation we feel from the annoyance.

sweet sounds" is somewhat mellowed and varied by the solemn chauntings from the numberless churches, and the never-ending dirge of CARITA from the army of mendicants! If there were no other draw-backs on happiness or even common enjoyment, than the sight and solicitation of beggars, I would not live in Italy, with the palace and revenue of the richest cardinal. Time must, of course, reconcile the eyes and ears of my countrymen and countrywomen, to the sights and sounds of wretchedness, penury, deformity, and disease, in all the "sad variety of woe;"—else they would fly from the daily and hourly contemplation of their species in the lowest depth of dirt, degradation, and despair! While surveying, with aching and humiliated heart, these swarms of loathsome and horrible objects, the impious question has sometimes flashed across my mind—can these crawling wretches be destined for a bright immortality in the skies, denied to the noble and instinctive animals who never deviate from the laws and forms impressed on them by the hand of their Creator? Such impious thoughts, however, are soon quelled by the reflection that, whether raised above, or sunk below the level of the brute creation around him, MAN has still that awful gift of responsibility—REASON, whether it be dormant or developed—cloathed in rags, or crowned with diadems. He alone, of all created beings, has the power and the permission to sink beneath his rank in the great scale of animated nature—and he alone ought to suffer the penalty. Those too, who, as rulers, contribute to this degradation of their fellow-creatures, will have to answer for their conduct. Those who trample over, are still more guilty than those who are trampled down!

I bear as great an aversion to that tip-staff of antiquity, the Roman Cicerone, as to the London bailif. They both abridge the liberty of the subject—and to neither of them do I ever wish to give employment. Here, as elsewhere, I indulged my peripatetic propensities, perambulating alone through the streets of the eternal city, by day and by night, in the full enjoyment of solitude and meditation—of first impressions, and of undisturbed reflections. By this procedure I saw a great deal more than the CICERONE would have shewn me, without being compelled to listen to endless conjectures. My object in Rome was not so much to hear the fictions of the past, as to see the realities of the present. Time did not permit, and inclination did not lead me to spend *all* my hours in exploring an endless series of monotonous

churches and palaces. Some fifty of the *former* and half-dozen of the *latter* sufficed to satisfy my curiosity on those points. I wandered in preference through almost every street and lane on both sides of the Tiber ;—where I was enabled to see with my own eyes, and permit the current of thought to take its natural course, instead of listening to the perpetual chatter of the Cicerone.

It was in one of these desultory peregrinations, and while carefully steering between stinking fish, pungent onions, rotten cabbages, and reeking entrails of animals, that I found myself actually within the portico of the—

PANTHEON.

There needed not the original inscription on its cornice, almost as plain as when chisselled in the days of Agrippa, to tell me where I was. A posse of mendicants soon drove me from this noble portico, and I entered the body of the venerable temple, where, by the light of Heaven, from its summit, I gazed around on its pious and pillared walls.

"Holy St. Francis, what a change is here!"

The tradition of the TITANS is no fable. The sons of Cœlus and Terra have, indeed, stormed Olympus, and put every god and goddess to flight. The thrones and seats of Jupiter, Juno, and the great celestial deities, are now quietly and securely occupied by their Patagonian usurpers, male and female—by MADONNAS and MARTYRS, with pink sashes, faded roses, red petticoats, tin crowns, and tinsel decorations—on whose altars are laid votive offerings, too plainly, though not too faithfully, indicating the heart-sickening depravities and infirmities, moral and physical, of the multitudes who have polluted the porphyry floor of the Pantheon! Is Jupiter *Ultor*, to whom the fane was first dedicated, meditating no vengeance, in his long exile, on the painted and pasteboard usurpers and successors of his throne? I suspect that he is. The Pope and the priesthood are now steering between Scylla and Charybdis—the rocks of idolatry and infidelity! If they relax in their mummery and superstition, they lose their hold

on the populace, and with it their loaves and fishes. If they persevere, they will draw on them the derision and contempt of enlightened Europe. Unfortunately, they have not even the alternative of these two courses. They must persevere, because blindness and idolatry give the best chance of lasting their day. Their successors must shift for themselves. And, indeed, many of them may conscientiously think that a belief in purgatory, intercession, and remission, is better than no belief except that of final extinction of the soul by death.

The flood of light which pours in from an Italian sky, through the summit of the temple, and amply illuminates every part of its vast area, strongly contrasts with twinkling tapers that are kept burning, for no apparent purpose, before the shrines of its present idols. That system of religion must, indeed, be in darkness, which requires numerous lighted candles in the middle of the day! Goths and Vandals, Princes and Popes, Cardinals and laymen, have stripped the Pantheon of its bronze, silver, and statues—but no brush, broom or towel has ever been applied to its interior or exterior since the revival of learning and the extinction of decency in Italy. Why does not his Holiness—(and we should then entitle him his Cleanliness—) the Pope, turn the neighbouring fountain of Trevi through the square, the portico, and even the cella of the Pantheon?—Why, indeed, are the innumerable fountains of Rome permitted to waste their sweets upon the desert air, without being made available for washing the streets?

It is extremely difficult to believe that the dimensions of the Pantheon and the dome of St. Peter's are the same. The former appears to be twice the size of the latter. This may be partly owing to proportion—but perhaps it is principally attributable to the dome of the modern Polytheon being placed over an edifice infinitely larger than itself. Every thing in this world is estimated in comparison with its neighbour. The Pantheon is considered the "pride of Rome," because the most perfect of all her now remaining ancient edifices. It is rather more ancient, but surely not so perfect as Trajan's Column. This last has never been equalled—much less surpassed—while Michael Angelo has made the "pride of Rome," a cupola to a modern temple.

JEWS' QUARTER.

I had come to the full conclusion that it was impossible to improve upon, that is, to surpass the dirtiness of Rome, notwithstanding that Mr. Matthews has given the palm of victory to Lisbon. I strolled one day into a quarter, where the filth of the streets and the features of the people assumed a different cast from what the eye had been accustomed to in the city generally. An observance of the seed of Abraham, wherever planted, between China and Peru, convinced me that, however climate may blanch or tinge the complexion, the Hebrew features will remain essentially the same in every parallel of latitude and longitude. No one can traverse that part of Rome which lies between the Capitol and the Isola Tiberina, without perceiving that he is in the midst of one of the tribes of Israel. Poor Moses is obliged to take out an expensive license for permission to see the light of heaven, whether under the cross or the crescent! It would be difficult, however, for human ingenuity or malice to devise a more cruel or ignominious tribute for breathing the mephitic atmosphere of the Campagna, than what the Romans have imposed on the Jews—that of being more filthy than themselves! Almost every one, indeed, who has narrowly scrutinized the Eternal City, will be ready to deny the possibility of the thing, and to exclaim—*credat Judæus, non ego!* But however impracticable or impayable this tax may have appeared, even to the Romans themselves, at the time of levying it, the patient, the persevering Hebrew has managed to pay it to the very letter of the law—nay, even with interest!

The policy which induces the Romans to keep a portion of the population in a state of greater impurity than their own, is more human than humane; but it is a disgusting principle in Papal politics to circumscribe and condense their Hebrew subjects within a narrow and stinking boundary on the banks of the Tiber, while grass, and weeds, and wild beasts are taking possession of several of the seven hills! Shame on the Vicegerent of Christ! How will he meet the looks of Moses and Aaron, of Abraham and of Solomon—of the divine and benevolent Author of the Religion which he professes, when he goes to the judgment-seat himself, and is asked if he has proclaimed and practised peace and *good-will* to his fellow-creatures

on earth? That the "CHOSEN PEOPLE" incurred the displeasure and experienced the chastisement of their GOD, is manifest from profane as well as sacred history;—but that MAN should claim the prerogative of his Maker, and take upon himself to visit the sins of the fathers, not only on the "third and fourth generation," but to the end of time, is an impious assumption which will assuredly recoil on himself, in the shape of retributive justice from Heaven. This retribution is evidently in operation at the present moment, and will not cease till the desolation of the Eternal City is complete.

The preservation of the Jews themselves in the pestiferous nook into which they are crowded on the banks of the Tiber, would look like a miracle; but—

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

This very condensation of the Israelites in their own filth, and in a low and sheltered site, preserves them from a worse evil—the deadly malaria of the higher and more open parts of the city.

TIBER ISLAND.

It would appear that the popular monomania for destroying the grain which a bountiful earth has produced for the sustenance of man, can boast of tolerable antiquity. The small island on which I stand is said to be the product of one of these paroxysms. The people of Rome disdained to eat the corn of their Tarquin tyrants, and therefore precipitated it—not into the flames, but into the Tiber! It sunk to the bottom, and the turbid stream supplied it so plentifully with aggregations of mud, that an island was ultimately formed in the midst of the current. It is to be presumed that the Roman populace were not then so much in want of bread as they are now—for, mad as a populace sometimes is, it is not credible that the people of Rome would throw any thing into either fire or water that was capable of affording nutriment to their bodies.

It is impossible to stand on this island, and survey the Yellow Tiber rolling along the wretched shores on each side of the muddy stream—the squalid inhabitants passing and repassing on tottering bridges or

leaky boats—the narrow lanes and sordid streets that line its banks—the absence of all marks of industry and comfort, without comparing the situation where we stand with the Island of the Rhone, on which Geneva is partly built, and where the blue waters of the Glaciers are rushing past us, aiding the labours of man in every kind of manufacture that conduces to the health, happiness, and luxury of the human race! A distant view of the Apennines also, reminds us of those "palaces of Nature," their parent Alps; while the invigorating atmosphere of the Swiss mountains, contrasts with the sedative and enervating air in which we breathe and languish among the seven hills. We need not wonder that Esculapius, in the disguise of a serpent, soon died after his landing on this island. Apollo himself could not render the atmosphere salubrious, or endue it with those qualities which, among the mountains of more northern countries, impart elasticity to the body and energy to the mind.

Before an increasing population lowered the hills and raised the valleys, the site of Rome must have been rather attractive, or even picturesque. A cluster of eminences, not very high, but steep, overlooking the banks of the best river in the country, with an extensive circumjacent plain in every direction, which promised fertility, and exhibited no apparent sign of insalubrity, might naturally enough suggest the idea, and invite to the erection of one of those petty principalities or republics which were then the order of the day. Industry, wealth, and power, with their inevitable attendants, an exuberant population, rendered MALARIA rather a blessing than a curse. The endless allusions to *pestilence*, in all periods of Roman history, prove that this scourge existed from the first formation of Rome; but, however the prophecy may be ridiculed, at this time, I have not the smallest doubt that the silent and invisible enemy, which has already taken possession of at least three of the seven hills of Rome, will, ere many centuries, reduce the former mistress of the world to a wretched village or a den of robbers, and compel the statues of her gods and men to seek other and more salubrious asyla. ST. PETER'S, like PÆSTUM, will yet be visited at the risk of life, as the wonder of the desert—but more fortunate than the latter, in having its history rescued from oblivion by the magic power of the press!

The mental excitement and corporeal fatigue of a ROMAN VISITATION, more especially when curiosity, self-interest, time, and inclina-

tion all pull different ways, prove no inconsiderable trial for the constitution. To be chilled by the Apennine blast on the Tower of the Capitol or Aurelian's Column, one day—exhausted by eight hours' peregrination through unventilated streets, the second—and parboiled in ST. PETER'S copper-kettle, the third, is not quite safe.* I suspect that health is annually damaged—perhaps some lives sacrificed by such over-exertion of mind and body. Indeed I have reason to know that this is the case. Certain it is, that some premonitory sensations, which it would have been unsafe to despise, warned me to "change the air"—and, as the most exquisite pleasures are of shortest duration; as the most savoury viands soonest pall upon the sense of taste, I began, like Gibbon, to be tired of Paradise, and to pant for new scenes! And lest the reader should become as fatigued by Roman meditations as I was by Roman perambulations, I shall absolve him from the penalty of wading through many an evening's lucubration, which, though interesting to myself at the moment, might not be equally so to him now. One other subject of contemplation, and we leave the former mistress of the world.

ST. PETERS.

I give myself some credit for not ascending the MONTE VATICANO until I had visited the other hills of Rome—for not rushing to the grand POLYTHEON, until I had explored half a hundred temples dedicated to the minor divinities of the holy Roman Catholic religion. Long experience had cautioned me to reserve the greatest pleasure for the last—though the same experience had also too often taught me that pleasures are almost all in perspective—

> And when in act they cease, in prospect rise.

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* The first day that I ascended to the summit of St. Peter's, was very hot, though in October. I spent an hour in the copper ball, enjoying the magnificent prospect, in which time the perspiration actually exuded through my clothes! It was as hot as the black-hole of Calcutta; but with the advantage of several crevices through which the fresh air might be inhaled.

Whatever momentary disappointment may be experienced in the primary glance at St. Peter's Portico, when approaching that noble edifice, first, through a mean suburb, and then through a magnificent cycle of colonnades, enclosing fountains that fling their pearly waters almost as high as that tallest of Egyptian obelisks which stands in the centre; it will be found, on entering the holy fane, that the feebler sense of PLEASURE is quickly drowned in the more tumultuous emotion of SURPRISE—that this, in its turn, is superseded by ADMIRATION—and that all three are ultimately absorbed in the stupor of AMAZEMENT.*

Sober reflections are necessarily banished or prevented by vivid sensations. It is not in the heat of battle that we can best calculate the consequences of victory or defeat. But ardent impressions supply the best fuel for subsequent cogitation, as collisions of flint and steel furnish the sparks that ultimately kindle the glowing flame.

It was not till after the third visit to St. Peter's, and the second ascent to its summit, that I was able to reflect with coolness on the origin, the object, and the end of an edifice, to which the epithet "nil simile aut secundum" may well be applied. My tribute of praise to its matchless perfections may not have been the less because not arrayed in language, which is inadequate to convey it. The most heart-felt admiration is, I apprehend, least noisy in its annunciation, as the most poignant grief is generally void of utterance. Those who feel but little, can afford to profess much;—when feeling is overpowered, silence is the most eloquent, as well as the most natural mode of expression.

I have more than once observed that MAN is too apt to measure the attributes of his Creator by the standard of his own passions, propen-

* Mortals are constantly complaining of the short duration of pleasure and happiness, (for they are very different things, though often confounded,) and the almost perpetuity of disappointment, discomfort, and even misery. The majority are unaware that our present state of existence is incompatible with long-continued pleasure or happiness. These would soon destroy the earthly fabric and corrupt its immortal tenant, the soul. A life of the greatest pleasure is, in reality, a life of the greatest pain—and as for a life of happiness, it exists only in the imagination of poets and maniacs. I believe that the greatest proportion of these much-desired objects is obtained by the earnest *pursuit* of them—and that he is the most fortunate who never gains possession!

sities, and appetites. The GREAT and the LITTLE, in this world, are much gratified by presents—nay, even by compliments. A diamond snuff-box, an Arabian courser, or a sparkling aigrette, has sometimes set armies in motion, and settled or unsettled the fate of dynasties. Through every gradation of society, the *bribe* operates according to its own intrinsic value, the rank of the donor, or the disposition (good or evil) of the receiver. A principle so universally diffused among mankind could hardly fail to shew itself in that paramount sense of duty, implanted by Nature in the human breast—ADORATION OF THE DEITY, whether expressed in superstitious idolatry or true religion. The blood of a calf, the entrails of a pig, or the milk of a goat began, however, in process of time, to be considered as presents or propitiations too ignoble and inefficient for Olympian JOVE;—and, as men came to feel the comforts or luxuries of splendid mansions for themselves, they could not do less than erect magnificent abodes for their GODS, who condescended to spend the greater part of their time on earth, not, certainly, in pursuits the most decorous or moral for celestial personages. Of the stupendous edifices, the extensive establishments of priests, the bloody sacrifices, and the degrading modes of worship, which engrossed the attention or subjugated the reason of man, century after century, it is not necessary to speak. One thing appears pretty clear—that the ignorant multitude bribed, or hoped to bribe the GODS, through the instrumentality of the priests—while the crafty priesthood cajoled the people with the oracles of the gods.

It is greatly to be feared that, when a pure religion was revealed to MAN, the latter was not always able or willing to shake off the trammels of an antecedent superstition. The gorgeous fane which I am now contemplating, would cast in the shade the magnificent temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline hill. Will any one say that it was not erected to honour the ashes of a MAN, rather than to form a place of worship for the ALMIGHTY? But, allowing that the design was solely that of testifying our veneration for the supreme Creator, is it to be supposed that the Architect of the Universe can be either pleased or propitiated by the mimic architecture, however splendid, performed by human hands? Is it to be imagined that the dimensions or ornaments of a place of worship can render that worship more or less acceptable in the sight of God? Certainly not. The next question that suggests itself to the inquiring mind is this—can the inimitable

statues, the beautiful paintings, the rare marbles, the polished pillars, the incalculable treasures of a temple like that of St. Peter's, contribute, directly or indirectly, to a more sincere and heart-felt adoration of the Divinity, contrition for our sins, supplication for pardon, or determination to reform, than a place of worship that merely protects us from the rains and winds, while performing our devotions to the Most High? It has been argued (and the argument is almost irresistible) that the feeble and plastic mind of man is disposed to the worship of his Creator, and to religious devotions in general, by the contemplation of solemn temples, filled with sensible representations of all the great historical facts, momentous miracles, and sublime truths of our holy religion—with images and delineations commemorating the origin, life, crucifixion, and resurrection of the Divine Founder of our Faith—with statues and paintings of saints and martyrs, who shed their blood, and laid down their lives in attestation of the heavenly mission and super-human works of our Saviour—and all this in the midst of a gorgeous, mystical, and ceremonious ritual, performed by the delegated authorities of heaven—even by the vicegerent of Christ on earth! It would be extremely difficult to start even a hypothetical objection to this line of argument, did not that sure and sole test of theory—experience—intrude itself on our sight, to confound the ingenuity of human speculations. Without reference to the sarcastic adage—"the nearer the church, the farther from God"—we may safely aver that, in no part of Christendom, have the precepts of Christianity less practical influence on the lives and actions of man than here in the very patrimony of St. Peter, where the churches *would* contain the whole of the population, and *do* contain the greater part of its wealth! Of faith, indeed, we have a superabundance—but of good works, a lamentable scarcity. Is not the *latter* a natural consequence of the *former?* Faith renders good works unnecessary, and procures absolution for bad ones. Christ died to atone for the sins of all; but the Catholic—I mean the Roman Catholic, crucifies him hourly for his own private ends. Hence we see the finger perpetually tracing the holy cross on the outside of the head, while the devil is prompting all kinds of bad thoughts and actions within! Hence we behold every transaction in life commence and terminate with a religious ceremony—from the vetturino, who crosses himself before he begins to cheat you in the morning, to the brigand

who mutters a prayer to the Virgin, before he murders you in the mountains.

All effects must have their causes. If this lax morality and skin-deep religion be not the consequence of that implicit faith in plenary indulgence and easy absolution, which the army of martyrs, the legions of saints, and the redundancy of priests deal out to supplicant, not repentant, sinners, we can, in no other way, account for the evil.

So much for the *spiritual* effects of these gorgeous temples, with the treasures which they enshrine, and the countless multitudes which they nurture in idleness! the incalculable masses of gold, and the inconceivable amount of labour which must have been wrung from an impoverished land, to erect that splendid tabernacle, and the ten thousand other edifices of a similar kind in this holy territory, offer a convincing but melancholy explanation of that abject poverty and extreme exhaustion, every where visible around these magnificent mansions of the gods. The moment we enter their portals, we are dazzled by a blaze of diamonds, agates, chrysolites, porphyries, and every species of precious stone, encircling and emblazoning the most exquisite productions of the painter and sculptor. The moment we issue from these sanctuaries, we are ingulphed in a chaos of human wretchedness, squalid mendicity—and sometimes of loathsome depravity! In Rome, we are alternately led through paradise and purgatory. In the VATICAN, we associate with *Gods* in the human form, and men in the attitudes of the gods. In the streets we awake to the sad reality of man's first disobedience—his fall—and all the variety of human woe!

ALBANO.

After a three hours' drive, we at last breathe a purer and keener air, and experience a corresponding increase of mental energy and corporeal vigour. From this height, we have a complete view of the dreary Campagna, girt by a crescent of rugged Apennines on one side, and laved by the placid Mediterranean on the other. The monotony of this scene of desolation is only broken occasionally by mouldering tombs, lonely watch-towers, tottering aqueducts, and the narrow winding Tiber. In the centre is ROME herself, weeping

and drooping, like Niobe, in the midst of her fallen and lifeless children. Her hills are bald from age and misfortune—or partially covered with ornaments that betray rather than conceal the ravages of Time! We eagerly turn from the depressing prospect, to linger round the shores of a tranquil and glassy lake, perched on this airy eminence, and capable of being easily turned through the streets of the Eternal City, to wash away every particle of her impurities—or pursue our journey amid hanging woods, romantic dells, and giddy precipices that command extended views of the pestilent maremma, smooth and untenanted as the wide ocean that bounds the western horizon. Albano is the Hampstead of Rome, and the inhabitants may be distinguished from their more sickly Roman visitors, by some slight appearance of health. But although the air is less oppressive here in Summer, than on the level of the Campagna; yet the vicinity, on three sides, of highly malarious grounds, renders Albano a precarious residence during the almost tropical temperature of Summer or Autumn. The crater of an immense extinct volcano is now the lake of Albano; and the ancient subterranean conduit of its waters to the plain, may shame the modern, and even compete with the ancient aqueducts. The sepulchral vases, dug from beneath a flood of lava that ran from the now silent volcano, long before Æneas landed on the Latian shores, form one of the greatest curiosities at Albano—far more ancient, but far less intelligible, than the relics of Pompeii.

After climbing up some steep and woody acclivities, we reach that dilapidated and miserable MAN-ROOST, LA RICCIA, overlooking the deadly plain that stretches away to the almost uninhabitable Ostia. The complexions and features of the wretched inhabitants prove, beyond all doubt, that they are not beyond the range of the malaria, however elevated above its source. Their physiognomy alone, unaided by recent and too authentic tale or history, would excite a suspicion that we are here within the sphere of a more dangerous evil than malaria—BRIGANDISM! From Albano, indeed, to Velletri, (the first night's rest on the road to Naples,) the country presents a wild and tumultuous scenery that, under better auspices, would be beautiful or even romantic. The tranquil, or the moderately excited mind of the traveller, would recal, at every step, the most pleasing recollections. LAVINIUM, with all its Virgilian associations, would rise on his view—while Horace's journey to Brundusium, along the same

road, would induce him to saunter with slow step, rather than to accelerate his pace, over the most classical ground in Italy. But, alas! that noble, god-like, rational, immortal—villainous animal, MAN,

Wild as the raging main,
More fierce than tygers on the Lybian plain,

banishes, by the memory and the terror of his atrocities, every sense of pleasure—every feeling of security, till we labour up the eminence, on which stands the bandit town—the Volscian City—the birth-place and patrimony of Augustus!

VELLETRI—PONTINE FENS—TERRACINA.

From the principal inn of this eagle's nest, we have a most magnificent view of the Pontine Marshes in front, stretching away to the verge of the horizon, at Terracina—the Volscian Mountains, on the left, rising abruptly, and somewhat fantastically, from the Pontine Fens; crescented and crowned with villages, whose exteriors are as white as their interiors are dark and dismal—whose inhabitants were *lately* robbers, and are *now* beggars! To the right, the eye wanders over an almost interminable plain of Maremma, supplying abundant nutriment for every animal but MAN, against whom the plains of Italy seem to have waged eternal warfare!

From Velletri we started at the dawn of day; and the groups of terrible figures, through which we passed, at the corners of the streets, apparently in close divan, and scowlingly examining the carriages, as they cautiously descended the steep defiles, were not at all calculated to tranquillize, much less exhilarate the mind of the traveller, advancing towards a scene of desolation and death, that had been the theatre of murder and robbery for two thousand years. Yet the remembrance of several incidents, that seemed ominous or even alarming at the time, but which proved to be quite fallacious in the end, deprived the Velletri bandits of half their terrors. One of these incidents I shall here relate, as it may save some unpleasant emotions in the minds of others.

When ascending the mountain of Radicofani, at the close of evening, we were startled by the sound of a horn from a neighbouring mountain on the right. On directing our eyes to that quarter, we saw three gaunt figures striding down the side of a hill, and waving their caps. The postillions (three in number) immediately stopped, and answered the signal. They then alighted—got into close conference—and allowed the horses to creep up the mountain at a snail's pace. The three strangers soon joined them, and entered into earnest consultation with the postillions, frequently eyeing the carriages, and even pointing to them. The courier had gone forward to the inn, and we had no protection whatever. The strangers took out bottles, and plied the postillions with rosoglio freely. After half an hour's confabulation among these parties, the postillions mounted, and the strangers, after making us some obsequious bows, darted off the road to the right, and soon disappeared. During this scene, we preserved perfect composure, and neither asked the drivers any questions, nor urged them forward on the journey. After supper, at the Caravansera on the summit of the mountain, and while taking our wine, we hazarded many sapient remarks on the occurrence which had happened;—and in the midst of these ruminations, who should burst into our room but the leader of the trio whom we had seen a few hours previously on the mountain's side!

The denouement was rapid and satisfactory. The suspected robbers were merely dealers in petrefactions, that abound in a neighbouring mountain, and who keep a sharp look-out for English travellers, whom they regularly visit at Radicofani.

PONTINE MARSHES.

"Et quos pestifera Pomptina uligine Campi."

The brigand-looking groups of Velletri proved as harmless as the mountaineers of Tuscany—we safely descended to the marshes—and were soon in sight of the Torre de Tre' Ponti, where we observed, at some distance, the squalid caliban borderers collecting wild beasts

from the fens, and beating as well as swearing them into office, as post horses, for our accommodation!

Four of these savage and unseemly creatures being pinioned to the large, and two to the small carriage, away they flew—kicking, flinging, plunging, and snorting—curveting in fitful and fearful sallies from side to side of the road—one moment within an inch of dashing us to pieces against the trunk of an elm or a poplar—the next, within an ace of hurling us headlong over a perpendicular bank into the yawning canal below—keeping us in perpetual, and not the most agreeable suspense, between a broken neck and a watery grave! Thus we darted across the Pontine Fens, with little less velocity than that of an arrow from a bow—traversing a space of 28 miles (nearly the distance between London and Chatham) in two hours and forty minutes—a *journey* which, in the Augustan age, and in the pride of the VIA APPIA, occupied Horace during sixteen tedious hours, while listening to the croaking of frogs, the brawlings of boatmen, the maledictions of muleteers—the buzzing of gnats—

Mali culices ranæque palustres—

and what was far worse, while submitting to the depredations on personal property inflicted by these douaniers of antiquity, the bugs, the fleas—and a certain animal—

Quod versu dicere non est.

And here I would venture to make a remark or two on the famous "journey to Brundusium," so much of which is dedicated to the passage across the Pontine Marshes. Horace places it among his satires—and it is one of the keenest of the Roman poet. It is in my humble opinion, a satire on itineraries and itinerants in general. It is almost entirely taken up with INNS and EGOTISM, the everlasting topics of travellers. First, the favourite of Augustus and flatterer of Tiberius—the poet-laureat of at least two reigns—acquaints posterity that he was badly accommodated at Aricia—that his fellow-traveller was one of the most learned of the Greeks—that the water was detestable at the Forum Appii—that the gnats and frogs prevented his sleep in the passage-boat—that he mixed with the best society at

Terracina—that Capito treated him to a luxurious supper at Mamurræ—that he and Virgil met the next day, and beslavered each other for half an hour—

"O qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt!"

that Mecænas went to play at tennis, while he and Virgil went to sleep—that he was highly delighted with the low buffoonery of two mountebanks at the villa of Cocceius, and protracted his supper to a tolerably late hour—that he was burned out at Beneventum by the chimney taking fire—that the water was bad, and the bread excellent at Æquotuticum—that the rains had rendered the road very heavy between Rubi and Barium—and finally that, having put all these most interesting events on record, he arrived at the end of his journey—Brundusium.

I have passed over the *indecencies* of the itinerary, because most of the English printers refuse to soil their types with them. Of the personal *indelicacies*, a single specimen is sufficient. It was important for posterity to know that one of the most renowned bards of antiquity had got bleared eyes, and applied a black wash to them on the journey to Brundusium!

"Hic oculus ego nigra meis Collyria Lippus
"Illinere."

That Horace meant all this as a biting irony on the itineraries of travellers, I have not the smallest doubt. Why else should the "Iter ad Brundusium" be placed as his fifth *satire?* To my mind it indicates that travellers should rather exhibit their thoughts than their persons—reflections on surrounding objects, rather than little petty details of their dinners and suppers on the road, the honours they received, or the personal inconveniencies which they experienced. In an itinerary, it is impossible to entirely avoid these personal adventures, and some egotism—I only mean to say that they should not be too often or too minutely detailed.

But, however rapid was our course across this pestiferous tract—this anomaly in Nature—where earth and ocean have been contending for mastery since the days of Noah, we had ample opportunities

of observing the dire effects of man's impolitic interference in the conflicts of belligerent elements! Had he allowed land and water to carry on their intestine warfare in this neutral ground—this Pays Bas—till the effervescence of discord had spent itself, the surface of the Pontine Marshes would, long ere this, have been converted into a glassy lake or a verdant jungle, equally incapable of exhaling mephitic vapours over a neighbouring territory. But the officious, selfish, and avaricious aid of man, in favour of one of the contending parties, has contrived to keep this laboratory of pestilence and death in the best possible condition for effecting his own destruction! The Pontine Fens are neither fluid nor solid, but a hideous and heterogeneous composition of both, more destructive of human life than the sword of war, or the tooth of famine.

Why the Consuls and the Cæsars, the Goths and the Popes, should have been so anxious to preserve this accursed spot from the incursions of Neptune and annex it to their wide dominions, is to me a mystery!

It is true that eels, oxen, buffaloes and wild boars, are not particularly liable to ague, and are very profitable stock for the patrician fen-holders. As for the plebeian cattle, they are easily replenished from among those "whose business is to die"—for no man can live—on these morbific quagmires—men whose crimes have forfeited the boon of existence; or whose poverty has rendered existence no longer a boon!

It is in these destructive swamps, that the malarious physiognomy, which merely indicates bad health in other places, rises into that hideous deformity which accompanies lingering death under multiplied sufferings. The frame of man appears here like a nosological picture, in which all the great mortal maladies of human nature have their frightful but faithful representatives. The "foul fiend" of the fens, Ague-fever, claims precedency. On his right sits liver-grown Jaundice—with bloated Dropsy on his left. Around these, Marasmus, Palsy, Mania, Melancholy, racking pains and hectic burnings take their respective stations, and play their tragic parts! In short the frail tenement of the immortal mind is here a living carrion, on which the vultures of malaria prey, for months and years, before the friendly grave interposes its arm of protection against their torturous

depredations! The punishment of Prometheus is no fable. It is here verified to the letter!

From the Pontine Marshes we suddenly and joyously emerge; and find ourselves, all at once, on the very verge of the placid, tideless, and translucent MEDITERRANEAN, on our right; while the white and romantic rocks of ANXUR tower over our heads on the left. The refreshing air of the boundless ocean and the exhilarating view of marble instead of mud, produce a most agreeable effect on the senses of the traveller. The countenances, however, of the inhabitants tell us that the sea-breeze is no security against the mephitism of the fens. The neighbouring promontory of Circe reminds us of her magic wand which had the power of transforming the "human face divine" into that of swine—a power still inherent in the territory which the goddess has forsaken!

From Terracina we are whirled along a narrow pass under the impending cliffs of Anxur, with myrtles on one side, and morasses on the other—the former perfuming, and the latter poisoning the air we breathe—a Syren atmosphere,—

"Whose touch is death, and makes destruction please."

Six miles farther on, we pass under a portal, and exchange a beggarly but holy land for a land of beggars and bandits. At FONDI we have remarkable specimens of ancient power and modern poverty—the VIA APPIA, as laid down two thousand years ago, and a town encircled with Cyclopean walls, and peopled with the most wretched inhabitants over which an Italian sun ever radiated his glorious beams, or a pestiferous soil diffused its noxious exhalations!

While the courier and the custom-house are carrying on their belligerent negociations as to the sum that legalises all contraband commodities, the English carriage stands, without horses, in the street of FONDI, surrounded by increasing swarms of professional mendicants, exhibiting all the seriocomic combinations which misery and mirth, importunate deformity and jocular starvation can produce! Every piece of money that is flung from the carriage, causes, first a scramble as to who shall catch it—then a scuffle as to who shall keep it—and lastly, a chorus of laughter, jibes, and jokes among those who

have missed it. Such are the interludes in the drama of mendicity, as enacted by Neapolitan performers.

From Fondi to Itri, the road winds through a mountainous and romantic country, whose only visible inhabitants, besides the occupants of gibbets, are painted wooden soldiers on the road-side, in mortal combat with murderers and robbers, reminding the unprotected traveller that he is treading on the classic soil of brigandage, the fearful territory of FRA DIAVOLO, whose head is at Terracina, but whose spirit may still be wandering among his former haunts in these lonely mountains! Instead of lingering in this unpeopled paradise, this smiling solitude, we are almost instinctively urged to hasten our steps, till we enter, with something like a feeling of security, the very DEN of the BANDITS—the cradel of misery, and the nursery of crime! Such is ITRI, half of which is buried in the depth of a ravine—half of it clinging along crags and precipices—a site equally well adapted for the commission and the concealment of murder. It would be difficult to imagine a spot more

"Fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils"—

than the town of ITRI—and it would be impossible to body forth the forms of human beings, male and female, better calculated to inspire the horrible ideas of lawless plunder and midnight assassination, than its gaunt, and grim, and hunger-stricken inhabitants present to the eye of the shuddering traveller!*

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* "Let those who rejoice in the failure of the Neapolitan enterprise—in the vain efforts of the enlightened and the independent to shake off the tyranny which has poisoned the sources of humanity, and left the best gifts of God and nature worthless—visit Itri, and see there the effects of the government, in whose restoration they triumph. Let them see only once this nest of crime and malady, let them behold the well-known bandit, scowling at the door of that black dismantled shed, where he finds, in his casual visit from the mountain, the brawling brood of famished imps, whom his portion of spoil can scarcely nurture, for whom the last human feeling that lingers in his hardened heart exists! Let them see that brood, destined to beggary or to their father's trade, disfigured by dirt and rags, issuing forth at the noise of a carriage-wheel, throwing themselves under the horses' feet to excite compassion, and raising yells, that move more by terror than by pity. Let them view that listless vicious mother, with her look of sagacity sharpened by want, handsome

There our purgatory, our persecution—perhaps our FEARS, are of shorter duration than at FONDI—because the change of horses occupies less time than the briberies of the DOGANA. Again we meander through another terrestrial Paradise, perfumed by the orange, the lemon, and the myrtle, till we descend to the border of the placid ocean, and halt for a moment under the MAUSOLEUM of CICERO, marking the spot where a political FRIEND assented to his assassination, and a grateful SLAVE erected him a tomb! Italy is the land of morals, though not of morality. That which may naturally be drawn from a contemplation of this mouldering ruin is not the least impressive. The wide, the almost unbounded circle of Tully's friends and relatives did not produce a single individual to strew flowers over the grave of "a father of his country"—nor imprint his name on a plain marble slab! It is only by the spark of gratitude which glowed in the breast of a manumitted slave, that we are led to the spot where Cicero fell by the assassin stroke of the vengeful Antony and the artful Augustus! While ruminating on this tragic memorial of fatal ambition and faithless friendship, we arrive at MOLA DI GAETA, and take up our night's quarters on the very spot where stood the formian villa of him whose untimely grave we had just been contemplating!

It is not wonderful that the wealthy Romans should have eagerly contended for every inch of ground on this delightful shore. There is something in the sight of a boundless, waveless, and tideless ocean, which, independantly of the pure and refreshing air, conduces to tranquillity of mind, and calms the effervescence of the passions. The depressive atmosphere of the Campagna and Pontine Marshes is here exchanged for the refreshing sea-breeze that skims the Mediterranean by day, and the bracing land-wind that descends from the Apennines at night. The scenery is highly romantic. A bold coast, with shelving shores and projecting promontories, forms a striking contrast with the glassy ocean, that falls, in gentle murmurs, on the golden sands,

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in spite of filth, but the more terrible for her beauty, lying at her door in utter idleness, the knife perhaps still reeking, which her husband has plied too successfully within view of the gibbet, of the orange-groves of Fondi, perhaps near the image of the Madonna.—Here is the sum up of the results of the Neapolitan despotism of centuries' existence; want, vice, disease, bigotry, and assassination. Such is Itri, the stranger's terror, the native's shame, the bandit's home."

or chafes in white foam against the rugged rocks. Homer, Horace, Virgil have exhausted their poetic powers in peopling these regions with the creatures of fancy—with heroes, gods, demi-gods—and CANNIBALS! The taste of the inhabitants for human blood seems to have descended to their posterity. More of Napoleon's soldiers fell by the modern, than of Ulysses' sailors by the ancient Læstrygons.*

It is fortunate for the travellers on classic soil, that the labours of the day prove an effectual bar to the meditations of the night;—else who could expect to fall fast asleep at ten o'clock in the evening, and that for the first time, in the "VILLA of CICERO," and within sight of his tomb? Such are the effects of travelling exercise in the open air. The majestic scenes of the Alps and Apennines fade from the mental eye, as well as from the corporeal optics, at the close of day; and we sink into a state which is the closest approximation to death itself. It is not with *toil* on the mountain's airy brow, as it is with *care* in the crowded haunts of man on the plains. In the latter—

> Should kind repose
> Steal us but one short moment from our woes,
> Then dreams invade!

We were on our third and last day's journey between Rome and Naples, before the sun had burst over the Apennines, and burnished with his rays an exhilarating scene of rocks and hills and towers—of glittering streams and a glorious ocean. As we approached the classic LIRIS, we passed under the broken arches of an ancient aqueduct that once supplied the proud city of MINTURNÆ, whose ruins, close on our right, are now the habitation of wolves, foxes, and wild animals.

We were on the spot where MARIUS concealed himself in the Marshes, and we could not help fancying, every now and then, the fiendish face of that inhuman monster, staring at us from the mud!

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* "In 1806, Frà Diavolo had rendered himself formidable even to those whom pontifical guards and Neapolital troops dared not oppose. The murders on the highway between Rome and Naples were almost as numerous as the travellers that passed it. The bravest men in the French army were cut off by assassination, and the gallant Colonel Brugniere and several of his officers are supposed to have fallen by Frà Diavolo's own hand."

Crossing the Liris, we ascend a series of hills amidst romantic scenery, and from one of the eminences of Mount Massicus, behold the Campania Felix stretching away to the foot of Vesuvius, in front, from whose crater the wreathing smoke rises in a zig-zag line, and mingles with an atmosphere of heavenly ætherial blue. On the left, the serrated ridge of Apennines towers to the skies, as an impassable barrier and protection to this Garden of Eden—on the right, the Mediterranean laves the base of the bold and perpendicular promontory of Ischia.

Descending from the hills where Horace quaffed, and quaffing praised the Falernian juice, we post rapidly to Capua, a place fraught with exciting recollections. If ever this renowned city subdues the energies of another Hannibal, and dissolves an army of veterans in sloathful effeminacy, it will be by the relaxing of the climate rather than by the captivating graces of the women! Capua is still a fortified town; but the only military exercises which we observed, were a kind of Lancastro-Lusitanian system*—not of mutual instruction, but of mutual protection against marauders, who levy contributions on the personal property (not propreté) of all ranks and both sexes.

From the hills of St. Agatha to Capua, and from Capua to Naples (but especially between the latter places) the ground is nearly as level as the bordering ocean; while the natural fertility of the soil and the extreme refinement of cultivation combine to form a scene too luscious for the eye not to pall upon the sense, even in a short journey of less than thirty miles. On every side, and in every direction, mother Earth is bringing forth triplets at a birth, and these births are quadrupled in the course of the year. Grain below, orchards above, vines between, produce such a constant reiteration of corn, fruit, and wine, that we become as sated and drunk with the exuberant gifts of Nature, as flies that are wading over a plate of honey. What a treat would the savage mountain of Radicofani, or the steril rock of Gibraltar, prove to the eye of the traveller in the Campania Felix! We are naturally led to ask, what are the causes of all this fertility? They are obvious enough. The soil is a rich alluvion, on which the rays of

* The compositor, who considered himself a great traveller, having once made a voyage to Lisbon, changed Lusitanian, into Lousitanian, by way of shewing that he had not travelled without noting the manners and customs of other countries.

an almost tropical sun are beaming from above; while Vulcan's forge is for ever roaring beneath. He who cannot dissociate, in his mind, the ideal connexion between fertility and felicity—sterility and starvation, should traverse the CAMPANIA FELIX, and the mountains of Switzerland.

NAPLES.

Naples is to the Eternal City, what the sprightly Greeks were to the solemn Romans. The three views, from the Bay, from Vesuvius, and from the Castle of St. Elmo, are, I think, the most splendid on the surface of this globe, as respects natural scenery—and are hardly inferior to any, in point of materials for clsssical recollection, or poetic imagery. The situation of Naples is not more singular than the character of her inhabitants. Perched on the abrupt declivity of a craggy and precipitous eminence that overhangs the ocean—alternately rocked by the earthquake and scorched by the volcano—in daily risk of being hurled into the sea, or crashed beneath gigantic rocks—this magnificent city sits smiling at the convulsions of Nature—the head-quarters of noisy mirth and motley masquerade—where, in fact,—

> All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players!

The Neapolitans are the only true philosophers. DIOGENES considered himself peculiarly independent, because he could coil himself up in a tub, like a dog, and snarl at passengers. The LAZARONI are far more independent as well as far more happy than the Grecian cynic, because the earth is to them a comfortable sofa—the sky a magnificent canopy—and a "few fingerings of Macaroni" are ample provision for the day!*

* A spirited female writer (Lady Morgan) looks upon the Neapolitans as "fine materials for an able legislature to work out a noble national character;" sagaciously observing that—"an ardent temperament is the soil of great virtue, as of great talent—for strong feelings and kindling fancies are not the stuff of which

The transition from Rome to Naples—from the Bœotian and pestiferous atmosphere of the Campagna to the clear blue ether of Baiæ, is like that experienced by the long-confined slave, on emerging from the dark Peruvian mine, to gaze in freedom on the glorious vault of Heaven.

The operation of physical agencies alone, in such scenes as these, is of no mean potency; but when moral influences are superadded, the effects are very striking. Example is peculiarly contagious, and human magnetism is not entirely visionary. There are few possessing any share of sensibility, who can saunter along the Toledo, or thread the mazes of the thousand wyndes and *crevasses* that descend from this magnificent street to the Mole, or delve through the steep acclivities of the rocks, without catching a portion of that exuberant animal spirit which flashes from soul to soul, like the electric corruscations that play from cloud to cloud, along a tropical horizon on an autumnal evening. It will be well too, if we do not catch, by frequent contact, something more than a portion of the vivacity of this lively people, "whose character is as volcanic as their soil"—in whose veins the fires of Vesuvius are said to burn—perhaps not always with the most hallowed flame!

Situated on the verge of Elysium—on the confines of earth and ocean, enjoying all the advantages of land and water—this terrestrial paradise affords too much physical stimulation to the senses, and too

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mediocrity of any kind is created." Her Ladyship then lauds the spirit, the patriotism, the learning, and other estimable virtues of their ancestors, from the time they assisted in driving out Hannibal, down to their resistance of the pope and the inquisition. The amiable writer's sex prevented her from seeing certain proofs of the *virtues* of the ancient inhabitants of this land of genius, as carefully concealed on the walls of the houses in Pompeii—and preserved in a certain wing of the Museo Borbonico, wisely locked against female curiosity. Had her Ladyship studied these *relics*, she would have found that the ancients were still less decent and virtuous than the modern Neapolitans.

"The day-light (says her Ladyship) is not shunned by the lower Neapolitans, under any pretence. In the full glare of its lustre, in the *full observance of the public eye*, ALL THE DUTIES AND ALL THE OFFICES OF LIFE, are frankly and undisguisedly performed." A precious scene this for the eyes of delicate English females! Lady Morgan has gone as far in graphic description as she could, with decency—and farther than I shall venture to go, on this occasion.

much moral excitement to the intellect of casual visitors, not to induce that satiety which sooner or later supervenes on vivid impressions and voluptuous sensations. Hence it is a general remark among strangers, that, although Naples is most charming, as a temporary sojourn, Rome is more desirable as a protracted residence. This illustrates a position which I ventured to advance on a former occasion, when speaking of Gibbon, Rousseau, and the lake of Geneva. Brilliant skies and beautiful landscapes cannot secure constant pleasure. On the contrary, the very excitement which they produce, inevitably exhausts the power of enjoyment, and ends in ENNUI. I speak of a moral and intellectual people, and not of those mere animals whose "over-abundant vitality, uncalled on by their torpid institutes, bursts forth as it can, and wastes itself in shrill sounds, rapid movements, and vivacious gestures." The agencies in question lead to two important results—a deficiency of moral sentiment, and a decrement of human life. Where climate supplies constant stimulation for the senses, passion will predominate over reason; and where the passions are indulged, the range of existence will be curtailed. Hence we see around us, in this fairy land, a people "who seek sensations in proportion as they are denied ideas—and who, consigned unmolested to the influence of their vehement passions, are as destitute of moral principles as they are removed from the causes out of which moral principles arise—PROPERTY and EDUCATION." Lady Morgan attributes all these effects to mal-government—and nothing to climate—but how will her Ladyship account for the next part of the position—the decreased length of life? In Naples, supposed to be the finest climate in Italy, or in the world, a 28th part of the population is annually swept away,—while only a *fortieth part* pays the debt of Nature in London! This prodigious difference cannot be placed entirely to the account of moral or political causes. In all warm climates, an approximation to the same results takes place, whatever be the form or the merits of government. Life is shortened—moral sentiment depressed!

But however we may moralize on the influence of a climate which, there is too much reason to believe, is unfavourable to valour in one sex and virtue in the other; it is impossible to view the topography of Naples, without exquisite delight. From Misenum on one side, to Surrentum on the other, the bold and waving line of coast, with

islands of classic fame, forming the guard or break-water of a spacious semicircular bay, presents the most magnificent and romantic scenery over which the eye of man ever ranged, in a mixture of astonishment and pleasure. It is a scene of loveliness, sublimity, and serenity, springing out of the agonies, the distortions, and the convulsions of Nature! Every inch of coast from Procida to Capri—nay, from the rocks of Anxur to the vortex of Charybdis, including the Tufa Mountain, on whose rugged brow and jutting crags Naples itself reposes, has been torn from the bowels of the earth, and vomited forth, in torrents of boiling mud or molten lava, to crystallize in air or rush into the affrighted ocean. In Rome, we tread on the ruins of sad reality. Here, we wander over the land of fiction and of song. The poet's eye "in a fine phrenzy rolling," has peopled every foot of this fairy ground, with gods celestial and gods infernal—with heroes and demigods—with syrens and sybils—with the shades of the JUST, enjoying their Elysium—with the souls of the WICKED expiating their crimes!

It would be delightful, if we could disburthen our memory of the facts of history, and only retain the illusions of poetry, while eyeing the shores of Baiæ. But alas, we cannot forget, though we need not dwell on the subject, that this enchanted and still enchanting coast has been more debased, in a moral point of view, by the crimes and depravities of MAN, than physically disfigured by the conflicts of elemental war! If Homer and Virgil, Horace and Lucullus, Mæcenas and Cicero, Varro and Hortensius have been there—so also have been Marius, Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, and too many others of the same stamp! They breathed on these shores, and their pestilent breath remains, to sicken and consume the unwary sojourner—a breath more depopulating than the UPAS TREE of Java or the SIMOON of the desert!

But to return to modern PARTHENOPE. The first few days' sojourn in this intoxicating spot—this land of Circe and the Syrens—would induce even a veteran traveller to think that he had, at last, found the haven of happiness, the PORTUS SALUTIS, the RE-UNION and concentration of all the objects that can delight the senses, exercise the intellect, inspire the fancy, renew the health, and prolong existence. Whether we pace the terraced roof of the beautiful VITTORIA—saunter through the statued and scented groves of the Chiaja—wind round the romantic promontory of Posilipo—sigh over Virgil's tomb—ascend

the steeps of St. Elmo, Camaldoli, or Misenum, there to gaze on the sublimest scenes of varied beauty, fertility, and grandeur, that ever burst on the human eye; or shudder at the desolating ravages of active or exhausted volcanos,

> Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world;

Whether we endeavour to recall the glowing descriptions of poets, or labour to imprint on the mind or the memory some faint images of the gorgeous scenes that surround us, we are overwhelmed, distracted by the tumultuous tide of impressions, half of which we can neither receive, dispose of, nor retain!

> "And thus an airy point he won,
> Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
> One burnished sheet of living gold,
> The ocean lay beneath him rolled;
> In all its length far winding lay,
> With promontory, creek, and bay,
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the silver light;
> And mountains that, like giant's stand,
> To centinel enchanted land."

Of the inhabitants of Naples, it would ill become a momentary sojourner, even to sketch the lineaments. The features of Nature, and the feats of art are open to all—and "he who runs may read." But a knowledge of character requires intimacy of acquaintance; and intimacy of acquaintance can only be formed during a protracted residence. That the monarchy of this fair region is despotic, and the government corrupt, will hardly be disputed. That, in such a country, there should be one law for the rich, and another for the poor, need not be wondered at, when we reflect on the current of justice under tribunals less arbitrary. It is more than suspected that the Neapolitan government fosters ignorance and idleness in its NOBILITY —trusting to *these qualities* for all others that may be subservient to its policy! As to the middle and more enlightened ranks—the clergy, the bar, the faculty of physic, and the literary of all kinds, they must be pretty much the same as their brethren in other countries. Pro

fession and avocation produce nearly the same effects as military discipline. They drill men into a surprising uniformity of mind and manners—they go far to annihilate idiosyncransy—to render identity not personal but generic!

Of the people—and especially of that anomaly in civilization, the people's people, or LAZARONI—much has been said that will soon be forgotten. So great a change has taken place in the fortunes of the LAZARONI, within a few years, that Forsyth and Lady Morgan would hardly believe their own eyes—or their own hand-writing, were they to revisit this splendid city. The government having comfortably, or at least securely lodged most of those in the work-house, who could not shew proof of having a lodging elsewhere, an entire revolution has been worked in the aspect of affairs, and half the drollery of Naples has been transformed into the drudgery of industry. The peripatetic poet, wit, and commentator on Tasso, has lost half his audience, on the Mole—the preaching friar is in a still worse predicament—and even PUNCHINELLO has experienced a sad defalcation in his revenue!

The heat of the climate, however, and the custom of the country still render the streets of Naples the theatre of all kinds of arts, manufactures, and traffic, as well as of idleness and amusement. Hence the graphic sketches of Forsyth and others, on this point, are likely to continue faithful representations for centuries to come.

"The crowd of London is uniform and intelligible: it is a double line in quick motion; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, and in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current, there you are wheeled round by the vortex. A diversity of trades dispute with you in the streets. You are stopped by a carpenter's bench, you are lost among shoe-makers' tools, you dash among the pots of a *maccaroni*-stall, and you escape behind a *lazarone's* night-basket. In this region of caricature every bargain sounds like a battle: the popular exhibitions are full of the grotesque; some of their church-processions would frighten a war-horse."

The other part of the picture, as drawn by Forsyth, is now greatly curtailed of its fair proportions; but may still be recognized.

"The Mole seems on holidays an epitome of the town, and exhibits most of its humours. Here stands a methodistical friar

preaching to one row of *lazaroni:* there, Punch, the representative of the nation, holds forth to a crowd. Yonder, another orator recounts the miracles performed by a sacred wax-work on which he rubs his *agnuses* and sells them, thus impregnated with grace, for a grain a piece. Beyond him are quacks in hussar uniform, exalting their drugs and brandishing their sabres, as if not content with one mode of killing. The next *professore* is a dog of knowledge, great in his own little circle of admirers. Opposite to him stand two jocund old men, in the centres of an oval group, singing alternately to their crazy guitars. Further on is a motley audience seated on planks, and listening to a tragi-comic *philosofo*, who reads, sings, and gesticulates old Gothic tales of Orlando and his Paladins."

Such were thy charms—but half these charms are fled!

A contemplation of the narrow streets which intersect the Toledo in all directions, from the Chiaja to the Museum, would furnish matter for a small volume; but a great part of it would not look well in print. If it ever happen, which is far from impossible, that Naples, like Pompeii, should be surprised by an inundation of ashes from Vesuvius, her disinterred streets will supply ample materials for a secret sanctum in some future museum! It is a consolation, however, to reflect that no resurrection of this kind can ever bring to light the horribly revolting proofs of human depravity which the apartments of Pompeii have so unequivocally revealed!

So keen and sensitive a people as the Neapolitans must rapidly improve by intercourse with their northern neighbours, and not adhere, like the Chinese and Hindoos, to the same path which their forefathers trode, from time immemorial. Half a century, indeed, of peace and commerce would go far to obliterate all distinctions among the people of Europe, excepting those topographical and natural peculiarities which are unchangeable by time and circumstance. This general amalgamation, resulting from intimacy of communion, is wonderfully promoted by that unceasing propensity in human nature to imitate the good as well as the evil examples of our neighbours. Thus vice and virtue—folly and wisdom—industry and sloth, are perpetually tending to a level or equilibrium among nations, like temperature among different material substances. If the Neapolitans

acquire some ideas of comfort, utility, and cleanliness from their numerous British visitors, the latter will, no doubt, import a liberal equivalent of all the most prominent features of Italian manners, sentiments, and principles. Commerce is not confined to the exchange of wines, oils, cotton, and cutlery. It extends to much less ponderable substances—to thoughts, words, actions, and even passions. The reciprocal traffic, in these commodities, between Great Britain and the Continent, has, for many years, been more active than in those multifarious articles which are entered at the Custom-house, on both sides of the Channel. In this respect, the system of FREE TRADE is as unshackled as its most enthusiastic advocates could desire. The results will be seen in time.

A great complaint is made against Naples on account of its deficiency, or almost total want of architectural ruins and antiquities, as compared with Rome. This complaint is just, as far as architecture is concerned; but the defect is more than atoned for by the beauties of Nature, and the unique antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. If Florence has its Venus, and Rome its Apollo—Naples has its Toro, its Hercules—and, what is worth the whole four—its ARISTIDES! I am doubtful whether I should not prefer the Museo Borbonico to the Vatican, if the gift of one of these invaluable treasures were offered to me.

POMPEII.

If a stranger were to arrive at Naples, by sea, and that for the first time, in the month of November or December, he would be apt to form a very erroneous idea of the climate, according to the point from which the wind blew. If it came from the SOUTH, he would be inclined to think that there was little difference between Naples and the black-hole of Calcutta. If from the NORTH-EAST, he would begin to doubt whether he had not sailed in a wrong direction, and made the Gulph of Finland, instead of the Gulph of Salerno. If a gentle North-West zephyr skimmed the surface of the deep and wooed the shores of Baiæ, he might be tempted to think that he had got into the gardens of the Hesperides, or the isles of Atlantis, so green is

vegetation, so balmy the air, so mellow the sun-beams, and so azure the skies!

YESTERDAY, the SIROCCO—"Auster's sultry breath"—steamed over Naples, depressing the animal spirits and the vital energies to the lowest ebb. It is impossible to convey in words any adequate idea of the sedative effects of this wind on mind as well as body. I tried to respire in freedom on the roof of the Vittoria—on the Chiaja—the Mole—the Chiatomone; but found no relief from the nervous depression and muscular languor induced by this mephitic composition of rarified air and aqueous exhalation. I hired a calessino and drove round the promontory of Posilipo—and afterwards ascending to the airy castle of ST. ELMO, wandered through the beautiful church of ST. MARTINO—but all in vain! From lassitude of body and dejection of mind there was no escape, while this accursed blast prevailed.

TO-DAY, started at sunrise, in an open barouche, for POMPEII, under the chilling influence of a TRAMONTANE, or North-easter, that came down in piercing gusts from the Apennines, more cutting and keen than the winds that sweep along the Winter snows of Siberia. In passing through PORTICI, I could scarcely help envying as well as pitying the LAZARONI, stowed in rows, like sailors' hammocks, along the sunny sides of the streets, sheltered from the blast, and basking in the rays of a glorious luminary.

As the carriage rolled rapidly over the volcanic grave of HERCULANEUM, hollow murmurs echoed from the chambers of the dead beneath; while fancy assimilated these melancholy sounds with the dying groans of its entombed inhabitants, when the terrific surge of boiling lava curled for an instant against the ramparts, and then swept, with relentless fury, over the devoted city! No sight—no idea is so agonizing to the human mind, as that of protracted torture and lingering death. Fortunately for the Herculaneans, their sufferings were momentary, and instant destruction released them from the horrors of the scene! The nature of the fatal torrent which inhumed Herculaneum, and filled every crevice with solid stone, will probably prevent its ever being excavated.

From Portici to Pompeii, the country is any thing but lovely, as some travellers have represented it. It is a dreary waste of black scoriæ, sprinkled with habitations and patches of cultivation. It is impossible to drive over this scene of volcanic desolation, without

casting an eye of distrust, if not of fear, towards that giant of mischief who rises on our left—from whose mouth, the curling and carbonaceous breath ascends to mingle with the blue ether, in long wreaths of smoky clouds—and from whose troubled paunch so many rivers of liquid fire and showers of burning ashes have been vomited forth over the plains which we are now crossing!

It is not the least remarkable trait in the human mind, and one which distinguishes man from other animals more than any characteristic pointed out by philosophers—I mean that prying curiosity, which is as intense in respect to the *past* as to the future. We approach Pompeii, a city which would appear to have been preserved as a most piquant condiment for antiquarian stomachs, with as much anxiety to know how the inhabitants lived eighteen hundred years ago, as the blushing maiden feels, on consulting the oracle as to her future matrimonial destinies. We advanced towards the Herculanean gate, through a double line of tombstones, with breathless expectation and palpitating hearts. We know that men and women have died in all ages, and that grateful friends or joyful heirs have erected monuments to their memory. But modern feeling—perhaps prejudice—is hardly prepared for that association of ideas which converted the marble coverings of the dead into cool and pleasant couches for social conversation, if not hilarity, among the living. Such was evidently the secondary, perhaps the principal object and use of the tombs of Pompeii.

Among these mansions of the dead, and nearly opposite to each other, stand two of the amplest abodes of the living, which are seen within or without the walls. One was a private, the other a public edifice—one, the Villa of some rich citizen—an alderman—Sir William Diomede, of Lombard-street, or Threadneedle-street, Pompeii—the other, a hotel of ample dimensions which was, no doubt, a fashionable rendezvous for the Cockney Pompeians in the first century of the Christian æra. The accommodations which it afforded for man and beast—or rather for beastly man, are but too unequivocal;—and indeed the interior of this inn, as well as the apartments of private houses throughout this city, perpetually recalls to memory the terrible but not undeserved fate of Sodom and Gomorrha!* Only five

* The learned Abeate Jorio, who has taken such pains to delineate Pompeii,

human skeletons, and the bones of an unfortunate ass—all mingled pell mell, were found in this HOSTELRIE!

The inmates of Sir Diomede's mansion were not so fortunate in making their escape. In travelling round the immense wine-cellar of this wealthy cit, who, by the way, was only a FREEDMAN, and some of whose amphoræ still stand as they were packed and labelled seventeen centuries ago, we naturally pause at the spot where twenty-eight human beings perished—principally young persons—one a female, with numerous golden ornaments! This villa presents the best idea that can possibly be formed of an ancient Roman residence, because it is on a large scale. We enter it by a flight of steps from the street, or rather the road, and soon find ourselves in the usual open court, surrounded by a covered portico, with a fountain in the middle, and innumerable apartments, or rather cells, opening in all directions towards this central area. If the condemned criminals in Newgate were confined in such dark and unventilated cells as the sleeping chambers of Diomede's mansion, (the best in Pompeii,) there would soon be a rebellion in England! In two only of these apartments, as far as I could discover, was there any other aperture for light or air, except the small door to each, of some two feet in breadth. Few of these dormitories would hold more than a small tent bed, and how the family could breathe in such living tombs, I am unable to divine! It is clear, however, that Lady Diomede slept in a very respectable chamber that had windows, with good plate glass, opening upon a terrace which commanded a view of the sea and neighbouring country. I say Lady Diomede, because, in this chamber was found a toilet well furnished with paints and all kinds of cosmetics for beautifying the skin. Whether Sir Diomede was so unfashionable as to partake of her Ladyship's bed, I am not antiquarian enough to decide. The other windowed and glazed apartment is the warm-bath, well supplied with flues and stoves for that

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very naturally slurs over the disgusting scenes of depravity which that city commemorates, but was not able entirely to conceal them. Speaking of this hotel, he observes—"On voyait dans l'interieur plusieurs boutiques pour des marchands, soit des comestibles, soit d'objets assez communs, *ainsi que l'extreme grossièreté de l'enduit et des peintures, &c.*"—PLAN DE POMPEII.

grand and daily luxury of the ancients. The cellar, which would contain wine enough for twenty Albion or Free-Mason's Taverns, runs round and under the whole of the garden, and is lighted, as well as ventilated, by port-holes from above. Sir Diomede must have been a jovial soul! His amphoræ were much better lodged, and had much ampler space for repose than the whole of his family, slaves and all included!

The private houses in Pompeii, and the house of Diomede, par excellence, shew us at once how the people lived. Each family met, when they did meet, in the open court of the house—while their masters assembled, and might be said to live, in the public porticos and public hotels of the city! Such *was* the state of society among the ancients; and if we examine the cafés and other public places of resort, some of them not the most moral or edifying, in Italy and France, at the present day, we shall find that the state of society, in this respect, has not essentially changed. How the women and children contrived to pass their time at home, while the husbands and fathers were lounging in the porticos, the forums, the temples, and hotels, it is not easy to say; but if we may judge by the figures and devices on their work-boxes, vases, flower-pots, lamps, amulets, and walls, we may safely conclude that, in their narrow and darksome cells, the pruriency (I dare not use the proper term) of their minds was at least commensurate with the inactivity of their bodies and the enervating influence of the climate!

The mansion we are contemplating consisted of three stories, and it is probable that none of the houses in Pompeii were of greater altitude—most of them indeed were of less, viz.: only one story in height. The diminutive size of the chambers is still surpassed by that of the stairs leading from one flight to another. The trap-hatches through which we see heads and bodies pop up and down on the stage, are prodigious, compared with the stair-cases of Pompeii. Lady Diomede must have given all her routs in the open air, or else the heads and sterns of the fair sex were very different from those of our own times!

And now we pass the diminutive gate, where the side portals were for man,—the central aperture for mules or asses—and enter the city of silence and death—the only one in Italy where the ear is free from the importunity of beggars and douaniers—the eye undisgusted by

filth. We pace along the narrow and deserted streets—or we turn into the houses, unroofed, as it were, by the magic spell of some CRUTCHED DEVIL, in order that we might have a distinct view of every act, word, and thought of the inhabitants, at the moment when Vesuvius showered fire and brimstone on their heads, 1756 years ago! Yes! The imaginary *coup d'œil* of Madrid, as drawn by LE SAGE, is here realized. We see and we read, without any equivocation or disguise, the public and private—the moral and physical scenes of Pompeian life!

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas.

From the dolls, and hoops, and tops, and skip-ropes of childhood, to the skeleton-fingers, clenched round the pieces of gold and silver —(the grasp of age, which the fires of Vesuvius or the agonies of death could not relax—) all were here fixed, arrested, preserved from the corroding tooth of time, and locked up for eighteen centuries to be unfolded and compared with the drama of human life in after ages! It is mortifying to add that from the signs over their doors, to the frescos on the walls of their bed-chambers, there are but too many images to blast and contaminate the eye of modesty, and sicken the heart of philosophy!

The surprise which is excited by a survey of the various implements of domestic economy and luxury, employed by the ancients, as disinterred from the tomb of Pompeii, where they slept since the beginning of the Christian era, and as compared with those now in use, must be natural, else it would not be so universal. This surprise is not solely occasioned by the almost miraculous preservation of these objects during so many centuries. There is another and less explicable, or at least rational, cause for this emotion in the human mind. We are astonished (though I know not why) that the bakers of Pompeii had ovens for their bread, and could stamp their names on the loaves—that the cooks had pots, stewpans, cullenders, moulds for Christmas-pies and twelfth-cakes—that the aldermen and gourmands stowed their wines at the greatest distance from the kitchen and hot-bath—that the cafés had stoves for supplying mulled wine to their guests—that the apothecary's shop abounded in all kinds of "Doctor's stuff," a box of pills remaining to this day *gilt*, for the squeamish palate of

some Pompeian fine lady—that the surgeon's room displayed a terrific "armamentum chirurgicum" of torturing instruments; among others, "WEISS's DILATOR," the boast of modern invention in the Strand—that the female toilets disclosed rouge, carmine, and other cosmetics, with the hare's-foot to lay them gracefully on the pallid cheek—that the masters and mistresses had little bells to summon the *slaves* (for servants there were none) and that the asses, mules, and oxen had the same noisy instruments, to warn carts and wheelbarrows from entering the streets, where two vehicles could not pass at the same time—that play-bills, quack advertisements, notices of sights, shows, &c. were pasted up at the corners of streets, in monstrous bad Latin—that opera-tickets were carved in ivory, though at a lower price than 8s. 6d.—that dice were ingeniously *loaded* to cheat the unwary Calabrian, who came within the vortex of the Pompeian gambling-table—that horses had bits in their mouths, stirrups at their sides, and cruppers on their rumps, though the two latter are omitted in statues, for the benefit of antiquarian disquisitions—that windows were glazed when light was preferred to air, which was rarely the case—that the temples of the gods were then, as now, the theatres of priestcraft, debased by juggling miracles and popular credulity*—that tears of sorrow fell from Pompeian eyes, 2000 years ago, to be enshrined in crystal, or inurned with the ashes of the dead, as symbols and proofs of affection for departed friends—that waning virgins and barren wives

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* In the Temple of ISIS, we see the identical spot where the priests concealed themselves while delivering oracles that were supposed to proceed from the mouth of the Goddess! Here were found the bones of the victims sacrificed—and, in the refectory of the *abstemious* priests, were discovered the remains of ham, fowls, eggs, fish—and BOTTLES OF WINE! These jolly friars were carousing most merrily, and no doubt laughing heartily at the credulity of mankind, when VESUVIUS poured out a libation on their heads which put an end to their mirth, and more effectually disturbed their digestion, than did the denunciation of our amiable HENRY VIII. annihilate the appetite of Cardinal Wolsey! One priest seems to have had an eye to business in the dreadful scramble. He helped himself to 360 pieces of silver, 42 of bronze, and 8 of gold, which he wrapped in cloth so strong as to stand the wear and tear of 17 centuries. He fled with these spoils of the temple; but was overtaken by death near the tragic theatre, where his skeleton was found, grasping the treasure, in 1812! Few, indeed, have been able to clasp the mammon of unrighteousness so long in the fond embrace of death!

longed for suitors and prayed for children in days of yore as well as at the present moment, placing their hopes in amulets and charms that would now be equally ridiculous and disgusting—that the Pompeians, like the Irish, had their wakes, their howlings, and their whiskey drinkings at funerals—that the public-houses had checquers painted on their walls, as at present—that the chemist's shop had for its sign a serpent devouring a pine-apple, symbolical of prudence defeating death—that the Pompeian ladies employed male accoucheurs, who had all the implements of their art nearly similar to those of the modern men-midwives*—that the houses were numbered, and the names of the occupants painted on the walls—that, in the public tribunals, the magistrates protested to Heaven that they would decide *conscientiously*, while the witnesses swore most solemnly that they would speak nothing but *truth*—that masters were tyrants, and that servants were slaves—that the men occupied all the good seats in the theatre, leaving the gallery for the women, where officers were appointed to preserve order—that, in short, men and women had their passions and their propensities—their cares and their enjoyments, long before VESUVIUS burst into flame!

Nothing is more common, therefore, than the observation, on going round Pompeii or the Museo Borbonico, that there is "nothing new under the sun." Yet no remark can be more void of truth. Human nature being nearly the same in all ages and all climates, the more common wants and wishes of life must have early led to a discovery of the means of satisfying them—while, in so polished an æra as that of the Augustan age, there can be little wonder that luxury and refinement, under the impulse of the passions fostered by a warm climate, should have racked invention for every possible means of gratifying the senses, and exciting the imaginations of so mercurial a people—a people whose very religion was the grossest system of sensuality, and whose morality was only guided by the feeble light of reason—or moulded by the feebler laws of civilized society. And accordingly we perceive at every step in this resuscitated city, the passions, the propensities—almost the thoughts of the Pompeians, frozen, as it were

* What will Sir Anthony Carlisle say to this! I tried to procure for him a pair of Pompeian FORCEPS, as a frontispiece for his next anti-obstetric pamphlet, but was unsuccessful.

by fire, and preserved for ages to be gazed at by future generations. This survey discloses too many scenes that are ill adapted to edify the eyes or the imaginations of travellers—though most of them are wisely concealed from general observation.

But to return to this subject of NOVELTY. It may be asserted, without fear, that in every invention which can conduce to the comfort, the utility, and the benefit of mankind, the moderns are as far *superior* to the ancients, as they are *posterior* in the date of their existence on this globe. It may be said, indeed, that in the refinements and luxuries of the THERMÆ, or baths, both public and private, we are surpassed by the old Romans. This is granted—because the baths were, in fact, vicious and enervating indulgences of the senses. But let us look at the implements which conduced to the necessary or rational enjoyments of life. The oxen trode out the grain—the grain was ground between stones turned by human or animal muscles, as may be seen to this day in a great baker's shop in one of the streets. The corn-mill is little more than a large stone mortar, in which a huge pestle of the same material is turned by capstan bars, as sailors heave up an anchor in a ship! The grade of advancement in mechanical ingenuity displayed in this instance, is a fair specimen of all other arts conducive to the common wants of mankind; but when we look to those embellishments which gratify the senses, or excite the imagination, it is quite another thing. Whenever the great and noble feelings rising out of patriotism, liberty, true religion, morality, and public virtue are predominant in a people, simplicity, utility and economy, will supersede frivolous and useless embellishments, calculated only to please the eye and stimulate the imagination. The Pompeians, in short, like most other provincials, were merged in the great prison of Roman despotism, where all exercise of public spirit, beyond the precincts of the city or little state, was converted into study of private gratification! This is one of the glorious effects of national subjugation or privation of national freedom. Vice *may* spring up with liberty, but virtue *cannot* grow in thraldom! Modern Greece, under the withering yoke of Moslem tyranny, affords a mournful illustration. But to return to Pompeii, for a few examples elucidatory of the forgoing precepts.

Let us examine the dark and unventilated little cells, denominated chambers, in which the Pompeians lived and slept. The floors are all Mosaic—the walls all frescos exhibiting figures and tales, classical,

mythological, or legendary, designed, of course, to convey pleasing images to the eye and the mind—not always, nor even generally, calculated to improve the moral or intellectual portions of our nature. Is it not evident that, if the minds of the Pompeians had been employed on nobler objects, connected with public as well as private good, this labour and this expense would have been expended in a very different manner—in the invention of machinery—the enlargement of their cells, the construction of roads, and the abridgement of human labour —or rather of human slavery? Take, for example, the little LAMP with which they illuminated their pigeon-hole chambers, or the WEIGHT which hung from their steel-yard. The *former* is worked into every possible shape that can excite the imagination—too often disgust the moral sense, of a rational being—while the *latter* is moulded, with useless labour, into the head of an emperor, or some fantastic form, totally unconducive to and unconnected with the real object of the metal.

That a lady's work-box or flower-stand should be supported by pedestals of curious or elegant workmanship, no one can object; but if we find these pedestals moulded or carved into the most disgusting and obscene figures which a depraved imagination could invent, are we not authorized to conclude that the female mind was corrupt and rotten to the very core? Those who have examined the penetralia of the MUSEO BORBONICO—nay, those who look at the drawings made by order of the CHANOINE JORIO himself, must confess that this picture is not overcharged! The same depravity is too often seen to pervade every kind of female ornament—the necklace, the ear-rings, the bracelets, the amulets—every object, in short, on which the female eye was accustomed to repose!

But however humiliating is the picture of female *indelicacy* (not to give it a coarser name) that of the male sex very far surpassed it, and ran into the grossest BESTIALITY. Will it be believed that a MAN, before his own death, or his FRIENDS, after that event, should have employed sculptors for months, or years, in *decorating* the marble sarcophagus in which the lifeless corpse was to repose, with the grossest emblems and representations of revolting obscenities and crimes! Such however is the fact—and this fact alone is damning proof enough of the state of depraved feeling in which the Roman mind was sunk at the commencement of the Christian æra!

If the forums, the temples, the thermæ, the theatres, and the amphi-

theatres display a portion of that PUBLIC SPIRIT which, in times of national freedom and patriotic developement of the mental energies, would have been expended on great, and good, and useful purposes, the fact does not disprove, but confirms the position I have advanced, that in Pompeii, as in every other Roman prison, the heaven-born elasticity of the human mind was compressed into the narrowest boundaries; and, when it burst the iron cincture of gloomy despotism, could only display itself in little ebullitions of personal pride or local ostentation. In almost every public edifice at Pompeii, we find inscriptions, denoting that private individuals erected this or that statue, portico, or other decoration, at his own expense!*

There are a few other subjects which are calculated to excite reflection and speculation before we leave this memorable spot.

The streets of Pompeii are paved with LAVA, although the eruption of Vesuvius, in 73, is mentioned as the first. This leads to conjectures, however fruitless, on the vicissitudes which the classic soil of Italy may have undergone! Other HERCULANEA and other POMPEII may lie deeply buried beneath those which restless curiosity is now resuscitating!

The THERMÆ, or PUBLIC BATHS, are objects of no mean curiosity, since the uses of all their parts are quite unequivocal. We traverse, with no small surprise, the undressing room—the cold bath—the tepidarium, or warm-air bath—the CALIDARIUM, or VAPOUR-BATH, furnished at one end with a common liquid hot-bath—at the other with a spouting hot-bath, &c. We see the place where the boilers were placed, not only for supplying hot water, but VAPOUR, which is conveyed by pipes into the interstices of the double walls, with small sieve-like or capillary apertures, to let the vapour into the CALIDARIUM. In short, invention was tortured to construct these public baths, in which hundreds bathed in common, with every thing that could minister to luxury. Considering the sultry atmosphere which the Pom-

* As an instance of the insulated interests and feelings of the Roman cities, even in the Augustan age, we may refer to the fact recorded by Tacitus, in the 14th book of his Annals, that—"a fray took place in the Pompeian Amphitheatre, A.D. LIX. between the colonies of Nuceria and Pompeii, at a gladiatorial exhibition given by Livinejus Regulus, in consequence of which, these exhibitions were prohibited at Pompeii for ten years."

peians breathed, we are not disposed to indulge in rigid censure on the enervating influence of these public Thermæ. Nor ought we to blame a people, who were shut out from all common or political feeling with the rest of the world, for indulging in the fictitious joys and sorrows of the stage. But when we proceed from the THEATRE to the AMPHITHEATRE, and survey the now empty benches where TWENTY THOUSAND spectators eyed, with rapturous delight, the mortal conflicts of men and animals on the ensanguined arena, a sense of horror at the cruelty, supersedes a sense of disgust at the licentiousness of a people, who united the wantonness of the goat with the ferocity of the hyena! While pacing the lofty gallery that runs round this spacious amphitheatre, commanding an enchanting prospect of the Apennines and the ocean—of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples, we are reminded by history that on this very spot, and on the 24th of August, 79, TWENTY THOUSAND Pompeians raised the shout of pleasure at the sight of blood and butchery on the arena beneath them—but, on casting their eyes towards the smoking mountain, had their joy suddenly turned into unutterable terror, when they beheld, rising from its crater, "that terrific column of boiling water and volcanic substances which suddenly transformed this majestic amphitheatre, and the whole city, into a barren hill of pumice-stones and ashes!" The horror and dismay with which this countless multitude rushed towards the SARNO and the SEA, to escape the showers of fire and the torrents of mud that issued from Vesuvius, must have been a scene unparalleled in the annals of human disasters! If an overruling providence ever deigns to manifest its displeasure through the instrumentality of such destructive operations of natural causes, this catastrophe may have been a judgment on manifold transgressions against the laws of Nature and of Nature's God! But, although it would be presumptuous in man to pronounce on such awful events, it might be wisdom in him to look upon them as indications of offended justice, in times when vice prevails.

As only five human skeletons have been found in the amphitheatre, and not more than two or three hundred in the other excavated portions of the city, it has been concluded that the greater number of the people escaped this dreadful visitation. But this conclusion is probably very erroneous. Not an eighth part of Pompeii is yet disinterred—and that eighth is the portion most likely to be first deserted, as

being nearest the source of danger. There may be places towards the marine aspect of the city where great numbers have perished. But granting that only 2000 were buried in the ruins of Pompeii, how many thousands must have perished in the Sarno—in the space between the city and sea—and in the sea itself, since drowning was an easier death than burning! When Pliny approached the place, he saw innumerable boats putting off from the shore; and, as he himself fell a victim to the showers of burning ashes, it is probable that a very considerable proportion of the wretched inhabitants were destroyed. It is evident, too, that numerous excavations were made by the ancients themselves, and immense quantities of valuables dug out of the ruins. The bones of their countrymen would be collected and burnt on such occasions.

Some articles found in Pompeii, and now preserved in the Museum, excite much conjecture. We see helmets and armour under which no human being could now fight, on account of their weight. But these were probably used in gymnastic exercises, or on the stage. The skeletons of the Pompeians indicate any thing rather than gigantic stature or strength. The glazed windows have put an end to all doubt about the use of glass, among the ancients, for the transmission of light—and as for bottles, of all shapes and sizes, the Museum at Naples would furnish half a dozen glass-shops in the Strand. The art of rendering bronze as elastic as steel appears to be lost. We there see the handles of utensils made of this curious manufacture. The portable cooking apparatuses might be made subjects of patents in London—and the moulds for pastry, &c. are as imaginative as all the other utensils among these fanciful people. The brass cocks, and leaden tubes for conveying water into the houses, are precisely like those now in use in England, and ought to make the modern Romans blush for their uncleanliness! But the surgical instruments are probably the greatest curiosities of all. The doctors must have been in famous demand, though not in very high rank among the ancient Romans! There were more medicines and more instruments in use at Pompeii than in Paris or London—and some of the latter quite equal to the rarest inventions of modern times. For example, the DILATOR or SPECULUM, for which Mr. Weiss, of the Strand, obtained so much repute a few years ago, has its exact prototype in the Bourbon Museum, at Naples. The coincidence in such an ingenious

contrivance would be absolutely miraculous; but, unfortunately, there is a key to the similitude which destroys the charm of astonishment. A crafty Frenchman imitated from memory (and with some awkward deviations) the Pompeian speculum, and passed it off as his own. Weiss improved upon the Frenchman, and hit upon the exact construction of the original! Many modern *discoveries* may probably have originated in the same way!

I could not tear myself from Pompeii till the sun was setting in the Mediterranean wave; and the excitement produced by such a scene nearly cost me a fever. I had examined the Museo Borbonico twice previously, and once subsequently to an examination of the city itself. Perhaps this is as good a plan as any. Of all the impressions which my mind received between the Alps and Calabria, those of Pompeii and the Museum are still the most vivid on the tablet of memory. As this was the farthest point to which time permitted me to go, so did it form the climax in point of interest. If the emotions had been less tumultuous, and the excitement less feverish, I should have been able to portray them more faithfully. Never did I feel more poignantly the want of language to represent sensations—the inadequacy of words to typify ideas, than on this occasion! Were it not for the hiatus which such an omission would produce in this hurried itinerary, I should be inclined to bury these reflections on Pompeii in oblivion—a fate which will soon overtake them, however, without any interference on the part of their author!

RETROGRESSION.

The middle of November was at hand, before I could permit myself to reflect that the Alps were to be recrossed, an operation that might not be very pleasant in the month of December. It was necessary at last to bid adieu to the luxury of an English carriage, with courier and servants, and to travel in good earnest by night or by day, in whatever vehicle promised the most speed, or rather the least delay.

I started from the post-office of Naples, at eleven o'clock at night, in the mail coach, which was a small cabriolet drawn by three horses, and capable of carrying one passenger—viz. myself. I was ordered to be at the office precisely at eight o'clock, and had only three hours

to wait! It is fortunate for passengers by this royal conveyance, that there is a theatre, of some twelve feet square, directly opposite the door of the bureau, and which seems designed for the purpose of amusing the dull hours of delay in this place. The courier who was to conduct the mail to Terracina handed me into the theatre, and assured me he would call me in good time; but, in fact, the play was over before the horses were harnessed.

The night was tempestuous, with lightning, rain, and thunder. The wretched appearance of the dark towns and villages through which we passed, while crossing the Campagna Felice in a storm, is indescribable. The rain beat into the cabriolet, and this first specimen of Italian travelling by mail was any thing but encouraging; and here I experienced a cold fit of ague, with all the horrible and depressing feelings of that FOUL FIEND. The cheering sun arose as we approached Mount Massicus—and some good coffee at St. Agatha revived the chilled and shivering frame. The day was beautiful, as is usual after a thunderstorm, and again we crossed the LIRIS, the marshes of Marius, and the ruins of Minturnæ;—again we passed the brigand towns of ITRI and FONDI, shuddering at the misery of the inhabitants, and admiring the beauties of Nature around them. We arrived at TERRACINA about three o'clock, or sixteen hours after quitting Naples. Much as I despised the little Neapolitan mail, it was, with one exception to be soon mentioned, the pleasantest vehicle which I sat in between Naples and Dover. It was open, like an English cabriolet, but on four wheels; and the young courier was all mirth, good humour, and kindness. He held the curtain himself, to defend me from the storm in the night—and he was unceasing in his efforts to amuse me with descriptions and anecdotes of the places through which we passed in the day. He was a complete contrast to the gruff, surly, and ill-tempered courier belonging to His Holiness the Pope, whom we had the misery of travelling with from Terracina to Rome.

At Terracina I had time to dine, and make the acquaintance of two of my travelling companions to the Eternal City. These were, a German gentleman with his English wife—both invalids, who had come from London to GENOA in pursuit of health—and were tempted by the steamer to voyage onwards to NAPLES in search of pleasure. In both these objects they were grievously disappointed; and their

short tale may be of service to others. In the first place, the steamer was full of vermin and filth; in the second place, on arriving at Naples, the vessel was put into quarantine, (because letters announced that the small-pox was at Genoa,) and the whole of the passengers, men, women, and children, were incarcerated pell mell in a loathsome Lazaretto near Portico, there to languish and starve for three weeks, paying treble for any kind of refreshment that was permitted to enter their dungeon—and, at last, charged enormously for their lodgings in this detestable prison! The lady was still labouring under the effects of this diabolical quarantine; while the husband, ever and anon, ejaculated, in broken English, his anathemas against the terrible extortions and expenses of their Italian expedition! I greatly fear that the next adventure which befel my fair and delicate fellow-traveller was still more destructive to her health. But of this presently.

We started from Terracina, a little before sunset, in a carriage very badly calculated for four, but compelled by the villainous courier of the Pope (for which I hope he has never received absolution) to hold an additional passenger, in the shape (if shape he had) of his own pot-bellied son, besides baggage and luggage enough to load a caravan. Nothing but the philosophy of observing the Pontine Marshes at night, could have induced me to bear, with any degree of patience, the infernal breath of the father and his urchin, between whom I voluntarily placed myself to give the invalids all the accommodation which their health and sufferings required. But patience has its bounds, and at the end of the first stage I got on the outside of the coach, rather to breathe the deleterious gases emitted from the fens, than inhale the mephitic airs generated within this infernal cauldron. The atmosphere was still as the grave—the moon shone faintly through a halo of fogs—and a dense vapour rose in all directions around us, emitting the most strange and sickly odour which I ever experienced on any part of the earth's surface. Under other and ordinary circumstances, I should have felt some alarm at thus exposing myself to the full influence of nocturnal emanations from the deadly marshes over which we were passing; but a consciousness of the life which I had led for three months, inspired me with complete contempt for any morbific influence which air or earth could direct against me. I crossed the fens in this philosophic mood, while the courier of St. Peter kept the

windows of the coach closely shut against the dangerous malaria of the night. I would not advise others to imitate this rash conduct on my part. Many have paid dearly for their curiosity—and myself among the rest—if not on this, on various other occasions.

——— Video meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor!

As we approached Velletri, the storm again rose, and compelled me to take shelter in the interior. It ceased during a part of the next day; but as night came on, the thunder, lightning, and rain pursued us to the Eternal City, which we entered after midnight, and were dragged to the Dogana, where we were detained full an hour in the examination of our baggage. When let loose from this villainous inquisition, the rain was pouring down in torrents; the streets were roaring currents of water; and not a coach or human being was there to be found to conduct the passengers to any place of residence for the night! Fortunately I was perfectly well acquainted with the topography of Rome, and was able to conduct, though not to carry, the invalid lady, through the dark and dismal streets, in a deluge of rain, to the Place d'Espagne. The husband of the lady could render her no assistance, and she was obliged to wade through currents of water, more than ankle-deep, to the Hotel de Paris, where I left her, drenched to the skin, and nearly dead with cold, hunger, and fatigue! If she did not perish from the effects of this dreadful night, she will perhaps recognize, in these lines, a countryman who lent her all the assistance in his power, and without whose guidance to a hotel she might probably have died in the streets! Such are the interesting *incidents* to which an invalid is exposed under the delightful skies of Italy! I hastened on to my kind host of the "Isles Britanniques," who, by previous notice, had a warm supper and excellent bed prepared for his guest. I need hardly say that I slept till ten o'clock next morning, rising refreshed to pursue my journey to Old England.

As the mail did not start for Florence till midnight, I had an opportunity of paying one more visit to the Vatican—taking a last stroll through the streets—and indulging in a farewell rumination on the fallen greatness of the Eternal City, while taking my evening walk along the Pincian Hill. In these meditations, I could not

help comparing, or rather contrasting, the splendour and luxury of the Romans that *were*, with the poverty and degradation of those now existing. The following graphic illustrations, from two very different pens, may not be inappropriate in this place.

ROMANS THAT WERE.

" The Romans, after they had abandoned their native simplicity and poverty, and despoiled the provinces of the East, gave themselves up to a degree of luxury, to which the moderns have never arrived. Their palaces surpassed in grandeur the most splendid of succeeding ages, even without quoting as an example the golden house of Nero; the gates, often of Numidian marble, the doors inlaid with tortoise-shell,* the walls of the rooms incrusted with the most rare marbles, covered with rich furniture and carpets; gilded beams with gems enchased in them,† and fountains in the rooms; pavements of excellent Mosaic, often representing interesting histories, and the Etruscan vases as a finish to the ornaments. The buildings were very lofty, and at the top was a hanging garden, of rare and expensive plants; the entrance was sometimes flanked by a wood of columns; that of the villa of the Gordiani has two hundred of the finest Numidian marble.‡ The profusion of jewels and pearls, worn by the women, can hardly be expressed: after having covered the head, the locks of hair, the neck, ears, fingers, and arms, they attached a great number to their shoes;§ and the celebrated Lollia Paulina, on every public occasion, carried no less upon her than the value of four millions of French francs.‖ The cost of their suppers exceeds imagination; the

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* " ———— inhiant testudine postes."—VIRG. *Georg. lib.* 2.

† " Vidi artes veterumque manus verisque metalla
Viva modis, labor est auri numerare figuras
Aut ebur, aut dignas digitis contingere gemmas."—STATIUS.

‡ " Capital. in Gord."

§ " 'Neque enim gestare margaritas nisi calcant et per uniones ambulent satis est.'—Plin. lib. 9, cap. 56."

‖ " Vide Plin. loc. cit. e le note dell'Arduino."

tables most appreciated, (although many were made of silver and ivory,) were of knotty cedar, stained like a leopard, the feet of silver or of onyx :* the vases were for the most part of silver, (it having been ordered by Tiberius that the golden ones should serve only for sacrifices,) were covered with jewels ;† they are still called vases of entire gems.‡ The luxury displayed in their servants at the suppers, was such that they were all nearly of the same age, of the same quality and colour of hair.§ The expense of the suppers of Lucullus Apicius, and Vitellius, will scarcely be believed. The fish, of which they were so greedy, were seen alive at the tables before cooking them ; and for this purpose there were reservoirs beneath‖. This is only a very small example of the luxury of the Romans, which was in truth extravagant ; but it was necessary to expend in some manner the immense sums which flowed into Rome from a conquered world. Her citizens, not content with the spoils of the East, with the immense tributes drawn from the provinces, had acquired immense possessions; under Nero, according to the testimony of Pliny, six Roman citizens possessed the whole territory of Africa subjected to the Romans."¶ Pignotti.

ROMANS THAT ARE.

Let us look at the descendants of those extravagant Romans.

"Apart from the great mass of the population, separated by the

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* "Mertio describes some that cost 50,000 florins."

† "'Turba gemmarum potamus et smaragdis teximus calices.'—Plin. in præ. l. 33."

‡ "*Pacat* in padeg. 'Parum se lautas putabant, nisi æstivam in gemmis capacibus glaciem falerna fregissent,' and more positively Cicero, ver. 6: 'Erat illi vas vinarium ex una gemma pergrandi trulla excavata cum manubrio aureo.' Probably some hard stone, of the finest and most rare quality, is here meant."

§ "Senec. Epist. 95."

‖ "It was said that the fish should be fresh enough to have the taste of the sea."

¶ "See Meurs de Luxu. Rom."

distinctions of ages, foul and fatuous as an Indian fakeer, and sunk in the dusky niche of its splendid stye, vegetates the Roman patrician, or prince of the empire! The morning is lounged away by the heir of the Gregories and the Clements in a dusty great coat, (the modern Roman toga,) rarely changed at any season of the day for a better garb. An early, but not a princely dinner follows; succeeded by the siesta and the Corso, a funereal drive in a long narrow-street, relieved in Summer by a splashy course in the Piazza Navona. The *prima sera* is passed in some noble palace, where, at the end of a long suite of unlighted rooms, sits the *Signora Principessa*, twinkling her eyes before a solitary lamp, or pair of candles, whose glimmer is scarce visible in the gloomy space, which a fire never cheers; while the *caldanini*, whose embers have expired in the atmosphere of her petticoat, is presented to the most distinguished of her visitors; and such a conversation ensues as minds without activity or resource may be supposed to supply;—a sermon of the popular preacher, Padre Pacifico, if it be Lent; a *Cecisbeo* faithless or betrayed, if at the Carnival, to fill up the time till the opera commences, or until the only two genuine Roman houses open to society in Rome, light up their *rouge et noir* tables—the sole object for which company is received or for which company go."—*Lady Morgan.*

I inquired, at the HOTEL DE PARIS, for my fair and invalid countrywoman; but she was in her bed—and whether she ever arose from it, I am ignorant.

The "ISLES BRITANNIQUES" furnished me with hospitable refection for my journey, and I left the Eternal City at midnight. While crossing the Campagna, amid the "droning music of the vocal nose," I amused myself with ruminating on the scene which I had just left, and which I should, in all probability, never again behold. As daylight dawned, I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with some agreeable and intelligent fellow-travellers, which rendered the journey to Florence very pleasant. It was on this retrograde march through Italy, that I had opportunities, in consequence of travelling occasionally by night, to behold and admire the brilliancy of Italian

skies, when lit up by moon and stars in that fairy land. It is impossible for language to paint the glories of the firmament in clear moon-light nights among the mountains of Tuscany. They surpassed any I had ever witnessed, even in the tropical latitudes; and a thousand times did I repeat the glowing description drawn by Homer of similar scenes among the Grecian Isles.

> As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
> Through Heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light;
> When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
> And not a cloud o'er-casts the solemn scene;
> Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
> And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole—
> O'er the dark trees a yellower foliage spread,
> And tip with silver every mountain's head:—
> Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
> A flood of glory bursts from all the skies!

Instead of dozing away the hours of night in the lazy mail of his Holiness, I walked up all the hills between Viterbo and Florence, enjoying the enchanting prospects—and when I could not keep pace with the vehicle, I mounted on its summit, to continue the enjoyment. Time can never obliterate from my memory the impressions of moonlight scenery on this journey.

But his Holiness is indulgent even to heretic travellers. He allowed us six hours for supper and sleep at AQUAPENDENTE, where we were lodged in a genuine specimen of an Italian LOCANDA. Fortunately for us, one of the passengers was an Italian courier—Mr. BRUNO—and a more intelligent or useful companion I never met. His finger was that of a conjuror, and commanded, in the twinkling of an eye, every thing we wished or wanted in a most wretched-looking loft over the stables! The company at supper consisted of an Italian, a German, a Frenchman, and a Briton. The Italian spoke English, the Frenchman spoke Italian, the Englishman spoke French—and the German spoke little of all languages. Never was there seen a more happy QUARTETTO. We made a hearty supper—quaffed various kinds of wine—toasted, in *Montefiascone*, the memory of the German priest who drank this beverage till he died of it—and slept, without a dream, on beds of coarse straw covered by clean linen, till roused from our couches long before the dawn of day.

LOWER VALLEY OF THE ARNO.

After a night's repose in Florence, and one more perambulation of the Royal Gallery, I was standing on the sunny-side of the LUNG-ARNO, admiring the graceful arches of the PONTE TRINITA, and pondering the route which I should pursue in my way home—undetermined whether to take that by Venice, the Tyrol, and Germany—or by the Simplon through Switzerland—or by Pisa, Genoa, and the new road along the Mediterranean shore to Nice—when I was accosted by one of the most brigand-looking forms I had ever beheld, and asked if I wished to go to PISA that day. The fellow was sitting on one of the shafts of his carricello, drawn by a tolerably smart little horse. I demanded the terms and the time, which appeared satisfactory—jumped at once into the seat—drove to the inn for my trunk and sac de nuit—and, in twenty minutes, was rattling over the Carraja bridge on my way to Pisa. I had counted, however, without my host—for, near the Porta Frediano, my bandit-visaged JEHU stopped short at a door, where stood a passenger with half-a-dozen boxes and baskets, waiting for the carricello which had been engaged by him, for the same journey! Our mutual surprise was as great, as our remonstrances were vain. In our bargain, we had made no clause for solitary travelling—and our wily vetturino maintained that two people would jog along the road much more comfortably, though rather more slowly, than one! I was more amused than vexed at this little incident; and could not foresee much inconvenience from the society of a fellow-passenger along the banks of the Arno. Never did two faces present such contrasts, as did those of my youthful companion and our conductor. The former was as smooth, pale, and void of expression as a lump of spermaceti moulded into the doll-like resemblance of a human countenance. He was a young law-student on his way to the university of Pisa, with his library, his wardrobe—and, I verily believe, with provender for half the academic session. French, Latin, and bad Italian were lost upon my fellow-traveller, for never could I extort more than SI and NO from his costive lips! The visage of the vetturino, on the contrary, was pitted and seamed by small-pox and its consequences—his eye-brows were shaggy—his eyes dark, penetrating, and scowling—his nose aquiline—his chin projecting—and his whole countenance indicative of damnable ferocity. If I am any judge of physi-

ognomy, our lives would not have been worth six hours' purchase in the company of such a bandit, among the mountains of the Abruzzo, or anywhere else that presented opportunity for murder and pillage! But in the VAL D'ARNO, and with an English pistol in my breast, the diabolical countenance of this savage only afforded me amusement.

The first ten miles of the Leghorn road were in the primary stage of MACADAMIZATION, and I soon perceived that, instead of getting to Pisa that night, as was promised, we should not accomplish one half of the journey, so loaded, or rather overloaded was the poor little BESTIA. This unpleasant reflection, however, did not prevent me from admiring and enjoying the beauties of the lower valley of the Arno. I had not seen a more beautiful or romantic piece of country in Italy, than that which we traversed this day. The beauty and tranquillity of the scenery are enhanced by the appearance of comparative comfort among the population. The whole road from Florence to Pisa appears to be a straw-bonnet manufactory, every hand being employed in platting sinnet for the shops of London and Paris. Industry was every where visible along the road, with its usual attendants, HEALTH and CONTENTMENT.

Night was closing in, before we got to the little town of IMPOLI, where our guide was to have his first relay-horse. We drove to a paltry inn; and, after some whispering and confabulation between the vetturino and the host, we were informed that there was no horse at home, but that we might sup and sleep very comfortably, while the fatigued BESTIA enjoyed the same indulgence. At this intelligence my taciturn companion shewed strong symptoms of finding his tongue —for his visage sensibly changed from the globular to the elliptic form, while something like an emotion of the Penseroso cast might be discerned, by a good eye, on his monotonous countenance. This did not escape the master of the hotel, who drew him aside, and whispered something in his ear, which I did not hear, but which I so perfectly understood that I would swear to the words :—"NEVER MIND! THE ENGLISHMAN SHALL PAY FOR YOUR BED AND SUPPER." Being fatigued by walking a great part of the way, and not wishing to lose the remaining scenery of the VAL D'ARNO, I very readily complied with the invitation—enjoyed a hearty supper, to which I invited my young legal companion, knowing that I should pay for his fare at all events—slept soundly—and started long before sun-rise, for Pisa.

The country loses none of its romantic beauties till we approach Pisa itself, which is situated in the midst of a fertile alluvial plain, through the centre of which flows quietly the Arno, on whose banks repose in silence and tranquillity, this ancient city. The river is much broader here than at Florence ; but still preserves its yellow colour. The LUNG ARNO is also wider on each side of the stream—and that which forms a crescent on the northern bank, collecting into a focus the rays of a Winter sun, and sheltered from a tramontane blast by a mountain in the rear, is admirably adapted for an invalid residence during the months of December, January, and February. It affords a most comfortable and salutary promenade, even in the depth of Winter. I pitched my tent at the HUSSAR (L'USSERO) by the recommendation of my fellow-traveller, Mr. Bruno—and to all my countrymen, I recommend this hotel, not only on account of his own intrinsic merits, but of the honourable and friendly conduct of his excellent master. I cannot conscientiously say less—and I need not say more.

Having only two days to spare for Pisa, they were not spent in idleness. The celebrated leaning tower was the first object of curiosity, not only on its own account, but on account of the magnificent view which its summit presents, of town and country—of mountain and flood—of ocean and of Apennine. A single glance over this interesting scene convinces the experienced eye that PISA is not a safe residence in Summer or Autumn. The alluvial flat which surrounds it, and stretches from the base of the mountains to the borders of the Mediterranean, must furnish all the elements of malaria, in the hot season of the year—and that in ample quantities. But, in Winter, it is one of the best asylums for an invalid of which Italy can boast.

The tower on which I stand, leans so extravagantly to one side, that it is very painful to look down from that side to the ground. The two antagonizing opinions—one, that the inclination was given during the erection of the tower—the other that it occurred afterwards, from defect in the foundation, appear to be both true, and both erroneous. That the lower third was built straight, but subsequently inclined from the perpendicular, is evident from the pillars being all of the same length ;—that the middle and upper portions were afterwards constructed with the view of remedying the effects of the inclination, seems almost certain from the pillars being longer on one side of the tower than on the other. This belfry, in fact, has three inclinations ;

the lowest and highest being nearly in the same direction. If Pisa be ever visited by even a slight shock of an earthquake, I think this tower will come down—and then Heaven help the inhabitants of those houses that are built directly under the tottering structure. I should not like to be in it or on it, when the huge bell on its summit is tolled —if it ever be now tolled.

The chief lions of Pisa are all crowded into one quarter—which is a great convenience for those who, like myself, may be very transitory sojourners. "There stand the cathedral, the baptistery, the leaning tower, and the Campo Santo—all built of the same marble—all varieties of the same architecture—all venerable with years—and fortunate both in their society and their solitude." It has been remarked by a very ingenious modern traveller that "the general effect of the leaning tower is so pleasing that—like Alexander's wry-neck—it might well bring leaning into fashion amongst all the towers of Christendom." I confess that the effect on my senses was very different, and that a contemplation of the building from below excited the idea of painful deformity; while that from above, added a sense of danger to pain. When we can abstract our attention from the fear of "toppling down headlong," we enjoy a very magnificent panorama, the smooth Mediterranean and the rugged Apennines bounding a level and fertile valley teeming with all the vegetable productions of Nature, and meandered by the winding Arno. The city of the living is on one side—the city of the dead on the other; while the cathedral and baptistery point to the skies, and seem to direct our thoughts to Heaven.

CAMPO SANTO.

It is impossible to pace along the solemn aisles and arcades of this venerable cemetery, in which the ashes of the illustrious dead are deposited in the sacred and actual earth of Mount Calvary, transported hither by a pious fellow-warrior of *Cœur de Lion*, 800 years ago, without feeling an awe of consciousness that we are treading on holy ground—that ground on which the Redeemer of mankind bore the agonies of death for the redemption of our sins! The innumerable scenes, some of them awful enough, taken from sacred, profane, and fabulous history, as extended round the walls of this vast burial-ground, produce different impressions on differently constituted minds.

I do not envy, perhaps because I cannot feel, that sentiment of curiosity which is capable of engrossing and absorbing the whole attention of a traveller, in the critical examination of the "PROGRESS of PAINTING," as portrayed beneath these silent arcades.

"Such cloistered cemeteries (says Forsyth) as this, were the field where painting first appeared in the dark ages, on emerging from the subterranean cemeteries of Rome. In tracing the rise and genealogy of modern painting, we might begin in the catacombs of the fourth century, and follow the succession of pictures down to those of St. Pontian and Pope Julius; then, passing to the Greek image-makers of the tenth and eleventh centuries, we should soon arrive at this Campo Santo which exhibits the art growing, through several ages, from the simplicity of indigence to the simplicity of strength.

Here the immensity of surface to be covered forbade all study of perfection, and only required facility and expedition. The first pictures shew us what the artist was when separated from the workman. They betray a thin, timid, ill-fed pencil; they present, corpses rather than men, sticks rather than trees, inflexible forms, flat surfaces, long extremities, raw tints, any thing but nature. As you follow the chronology of the wall, you catch perspective entering into the pictures, deepening the back-ground, and then adjusting the groups to the plans. You see the human figure first straight or rather stretched; then fore-shortened, then enlarged: rounded, salient, free, various, expressive. Throughout this sacred ground, painting preserves the austerity of the Tuscan school: she rises sometimes to its energy and movement, she is no where sparing of figures, and has produced much of the singular, the terrible, the impressive;—but nothing that is truly excellent.

All the subjects are taken from Scripture, the Legends, or Dante; but in depicting the life of a patriarch or a saint, the artists have given us the dress, the furniture, and the humours of their own day. A like anachronism has introduced some portraits of illustrious Tuscans, which are rather fortunate in such works as these. But how many anachronisms disfigure the first paintings in Italy! How painful it is to see, in the finest Nativities and Crucifixions, a St. Francis, or St. Dominic, or the *donatore*, or the painter himself, or the painter's

mistress, looking out of the picture and impudently courting your remark!" *

The histories of Job, of Esther, and of Judith—the frail, perhaps the impious attempt to represent the creation—the awful events of the book of Genesis—the adoration of the Magi—Belshazzar's feast—the universal judgment, in which Solomon is represented as dubious whether he shall be placed on the right or the left hand of the Saviour—but above all, the horrible scenes illustrating the TRIUMPHS OF DEATH, excited in my mind any thing rather than the cool and calculating criticisms of the pictorial artist! The vanity and the nothingness of man are recalled at every step round this vast repository of human ashes, where the silence of the scene is well calculated to engender melancholy reflections, and draw a gloom of sorrow over the sinking heart!

Famed CAMPO SANTO! where the mighty dead
Of elder days, in Parian marble sleep,
Say, who is she that ever seems to keep
Watch o'er thy precincts; save when mortal tread
Invades the awful stillness of the scene?
Then struggling to suppress the heavy sigh
And brushing the big tear-drop from her eye,
She veils her face—and glides yon tombs between.
'Tis GRIEF! by that thick veil the maid I know,
Moistened with tears which never cease to flow!

The city of Pisa is the most silent city I have ever visited—except Pompeii. She seems to mourn her fallen greatness more than Rome herself—perhaps because that greatness has more recently vanished! The streets are wider and cleaner than those of Italian cities generally—the inhabitants appear mild and obliging—and altogether it seems a peaceful abode for a sickly stranger who wishes to evade the Winter blasts and gloomy skies of Northern regions.†

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* "This practice was ancient: Pliny reprobates Aurelius for introducing his mistresses into sacred pictures."

† The feelings of an invalid are important documents upon such occasions. Mr. Matthews who was of this description, remarks—"I believe that Pisa is the very best place on the Continent, during the Winter, for complaints of the chest; and

The hospitable master of the "Ussero" having engaged for me an honest and civil vetturino (no very easy task) to conduct me in a little cabriolet (or carricello) with one horse, from Pisa to Nice in six days (for the sum of 130 francs, including bed and supper) having the option to stop two days at Genoa, if I pleased ; the high contracting parties were at the door of the Albergo before Aurora, "daughter of the dawn," had given any intimation of her approach. While Galliardi (for this was my vetturino's name) was stowing away my very light travelling equipage, I could not help casting a look of scrutiny at the little animal which was to carry us 300 miles in six consecutive days " over mountain, over flood," without a single day's rest ! It was a slender, and rather graceful little creature, neither a horse, a mule, nor an ass ; but a kind of abstract of these different animals, possessing the mettle of the first, the sagacity of the second, and the patience of the third. I wish I could recollect its name, that I might recommend it to any of my countrymen under similar circumstances, as well as its master, for whom I entertain a kind of fraternal affection.

While I seated myself, and adjusted my books and telescope, Galliardi kissed his wife—crossed himself—muttered a short prayer to the Virgin—perched himself with the agility of a monkey on the front cross-bar of the carricello—and, in a few minutes, we were cantering over the plain that separates Pisa from its friendly and sheltering mountain. The sun had risen over the Apennines before we crossed the Serchio. Thence we ascended through a romantic country to a narrow pass in the mountain, from whose gorge we saw the Maremma and the Mediterranean at our feet. Descending a steep but fine zig-zag path, we trotted merrily along a level road at the very verge of the Maremma, the steeps on our right hand rising abruptly, cloathed with olives, and crowned with villages, old castles,

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Nice, of which I speak from good authority, is perhaps the very worst. The air of the first, which is situated in a low plain, is warm, mild, and muggy—that of the second, is pure, keen, and piercing. The air of Montpellier is of this latter character;—it is as different from Pisa as frisky cider from milk and water, and every mouthful of it irritates weak lungs, and sets them coughing."—*Diary of an Invalid.*

churches, and monasteries. On the left, the Maremma itself, more than half reclaimed from the sea, exhibited an orchard of olives, with grain springing up between every line of trees. We reached Pietra Santa by mid-day—and here I dined, while the faithful BESTIA had his two hours' refection and rest. One regular system of itinerant economy governed this whole journey, with almost mathematical exactness. We always started at or before day-light—rested and refreshed man and beast, from twelve till two o'clock—and finished our task by six, or half-past six in the evening, when supper and bed proved equally desirable and delicious luxuries. Oh, that our gouty Aristocrats and punchy Aldermen, would just travel from Naples to London in 26 days, as I did, in the open air, including seven days of *laborious rest* at Rome, Florence, Pisa, and Genoa! Their fat would turn into muscle—their muscles into sinews—their sinews into bones—and their bones into iron! They would hardly know themselves at the end of such a journey, if they looked at their portraits on the walls of their chambers—and their friends would be startled at the metamorphosis.

At PIETRA SANTA, where I dined, I found it recorded in marble that the Emperor of Austria, Maria Louisa, and Leopold the Grand Duke, had dined in the same room. I hope they had a better dinner—but certain I am, that their Highness had not a better appetite than their humble servant. It is on this day's journey that we pass some tracts where there is no other trace of the road than the ruts of carriage-wheels. These defects, I am sorry to say, are all in the territory of the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa, who probably inherits the aversion to innovation which her imperial father is known to possess.

The "GRAND HOTEL DE LONDRES," at SARZANA, furnished us with bed and board, the first night. If France gives the tone to cooking, England is paramount in eating all over the Continent. For one "HOTEL DE PARIS," in Italy, we see five "HOTELS DE LONDRES." The French, indeed, are not a very travelling people. They are almost as much enamoured of their country as of themselves—and a more patriotic compliment I could not pay them! The English are every where—and English money makes the pot boil on every hearth of Europe. Well might we say—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

We might substitute *Thesauri* for laboris—but the latter is the parent of the former.

We were crossing the MAGRA before the least glimpse of day-light was visible—our little buona bestia appearing quite familiar with the crazy ferry-boat. Thence we ascended through a romantic country, where the olive and the vine are perpetually contending for the mastery—till the Gulf of Spezzia burst on the enraptured sight. The indescribable beauties of this bay are seen from various and advantageous points of view—but from none better than from the hill which we ascend after passing through the town itself, which is delightfully situated close to the shore. From the terraced and olive-clad hill over SPEZZIA, the eye wanders away by Lerici towards Leghorn, shifting from promontory to promontory, with unceasing delight. In the north-western direction, the headlands and mountains about the harbour of Spezzia, contrast finely with the magnificent sheet of ocean glittering under a meridian sun.

Taking a parting look at this enchanting gulf, we plunge away into a wild but romantic scene of mountain and valley, till we arrive at the bed of the roaring Magra, where the new road winds along the brinks of yawning precipices, while the foaming river is heard chafing against the rocks beneath. This road is not yet finished, and there are few parapet walls or stones; but the eye soon becomes familiarized to paths along the most perpendicular cliffs, when travelling among Alpine regions.

On approaching Borghetto, situated in a wild and savage-looking country, we encountered one of those mountain torrents so common in Italy, and which was foaming down a steep course, and falling into the Magra within a hundred yards of the place where we were to cross. The torrent had evidently been momentarily swelled by some rain that fell among the mountains in the night, and though, narrow, appeared to me to be rather dangerous. GALLIARDI was of a different opinion, and drove boldly into the stream. By the time we reached the deepest part of the bed, the water began to curl into the carricello, and the BUONA BESTIA was unequivocally tottering, and even lifted occasionally off the bottom. I saw at once that we were in imminent peril, and instantly threw off my cloak to swim for it. At this moment Galliardi sprang from the shaft into the torrent, and, floundering like a grampus, reached the farther bank in a twinkling,

leaving me and the mule to shift for ourselves! Seeing the MAGRA roaring along within a few yards on our right, and not wishing to leave my bones in that river at this time, I was on the point of following Galliardi's example, when he bawled out to me to keep my seat. I should have paid very little difference to this advice, being conscious that I could swim tolerably well, but, at this critical moment, the poor animal, lightened of half its load, and apparently encouraged by the sight of its master on the dry land, made two or three convulsive plunges, and obtained firm footing on the shelving bank, where Galliardi vigorously assisted him in dragging the cariccllo and myself out of the water! I confess that this little aquatic excursion gave me no great relish for the new road, although Galliardi assured me I should become quite reconciled to such incidents, especially between Genoa and Nice.

The forenoon journey and mountain air had caused such a keen appetite, that I could have eaten a piece of horse-flesh five minutes before; but this torrent had completely swept away all relish for food —and the "HOTEL DE LONDRES," at Borghetto, could only tempt me to a cup of coffee. This place reminded me of FONDI and ITRI, so wretched was its appearance. I wandered for an hour and a half round the town, and stumbled on a high arch erected over the torrent, two or three hundred yards above the place where we so narrowly escaped. There I found several of my countrymen and women, who, having been warned at Borghetto, were wisely preferring the rude bridge of granite, to the elegant *pont volant* constructed in Long Acre. I saw a large berline dragged with great difficulty by four horses through the torrent, which washed up to the pannels of the doors occasionally.

Our afternoon's journey, from Borghetto to Sestri, was over the BRACCO, an Appennine pass, little inferior to the Simplon in height, in distance, and in majestic scenery. The ascent is 12 miles, and the descent on the other side is eight miles. The village of Mattarano, like the village of the Simplon, is near the summit—and four miles beyond this forlorn cluster of human habitations and at the highest point of elevation, is a place of refuge in case of snow-storms. The road, which is excellent, winds along terrific precipices at one time, and, at another, is overhung by the most horrifying cliffs and crags on which human eye ever ventured to gaze. Any one of the hundred

jutting masses of marble that hang suspended, a thousand feet high, over the traveller on this route, would, if disrupted, overwhelm a whole city! The aspect of the mountains all around is wild and savage beyond description, or even imagination—and the loneliness of this desert, (for scarcely a human creature met our eye,) for twelve or fifteen miles, adds to the solitude, the silence, the gloom—and yet to the sublimity of the scene! Painters, poets, and romance-writers would find ample materials for contemplation and study between Pisa and Nice—and the Mountain of Bracco, would furnish them with a scene of the terrific at any time.* And not of the terrific only! for it is from the highest and wildest part of its summit that, all at once, the Bay of Rapallo, little inferior to that of Spezzia, with all its romantic shores, bursts on the view, awaking the most pleasant sensations by contrast with the gloomy horrors of the mountain—and by giving assurance that we have only a rapid descent of eight miles to the end of our journey, and comfortable refreshment in an excellent inn.†

The hotel at Sestri, which is most delightfully seated on the very verge of the Mediterranean, was not reached till some time after dark, so long and mountainous was this day's journey. I was glad to find that an English family were at supper in one of the rooms, to which repast I invited myself by sending in my card, and was kindly permitted to make part of the social circle for the evening. The Mediterranean waves fell lightly on the pebbles under my bed room window —a gentle breeze scarcely rippled the surface of the ocean—and the moon and the stars cast their mild and brilliant light over hill and dale. Not a single sound broke on the listening ear, except the murmur of the water on the long and shining beach that stretched away towards the white town of Chiaveri. Tired as I was by the day's journey, I

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* Mr. Linton's eye did not let this scenery escape his pencil.

† There can scarcely be imagined a more appropriate scene for robbery and assassination, than the pass of the Bracco. Travellers might here be shot or felled to the ground by hands unseen among the over-hanging crags; and when pillaged, their bodies might be hurled over precipices beyond all human search! Yet here are no guards—no patrole—and no more danger than between Dover and Canterbury!

sat half an hour at the window, enjoying this beautiful and tranquil scene, before retiring to repose.

The concluding run to Genoa was only 30 miles, and we were trotting along the beach of Rapallo as the sun rose over the Apennines. The rocks rising in massive walls on the right of the road, exhibiting numerous strata formed during the deluge, and twisted and disrupted by subterranean fires, furnish ample reflections for the geologist—indeed the whole road from Sestri to Genoa is highly interesting both to him and the mineralogist. From Chiaveri, we ascended through an extremely picturesque and fertile country, and at last, near Routa, drove through a grotto that pierces the solid marble rock for 80 or 90 yards, on the summit of a high hill overlooking the sea, when the whole bay and city of Genoa, with all its mountains, promontories, forts, palaces, pharoses, signal towers, villas, harbour, and shipping, burst unexpectedly on our view and lay stretched out at our feet! On this airy eminence, commanding one of the most superb prospects which eye ever beheld, we spent two hours, dining and resting at the inn, whose rooms command the whole of this enchanting scene. Drawing my table close to one of the windows, I enjoyed a delicious dinner of excellent fish fresh from the ocean—but still more, while quaffing my wine, did my eyes feast on the indescribable beauties of the varied scene before me. Never did I spend two hours of more unmixed happiness than at this inn—the view from whose windows would well repay a journey from London to Genoa—even if that were across the whole length of France!

Winding down from this eagle's nest, we drove for three hours along a road, the greater part of which is cut out of the face of the marble rock—sometimes in terraces, with the sea roaring beneath us—and cliffs frowning, or vineyards smiling above us—sometimes diving through grottos of green and yellow marble—sometimes winding in zig-zags up and down, among villages, villas, and castles white as snow—but always overhanging the placid Mediterranean on our left. In three hours from Routa, we entered the suburbs of Genoa, eyeing the bristling forts and batteries which crown every crag that raises its warlike head high over that magnificent city.

Though late in November, we hardly ever saw a cloud in the sky between Rome and Genoa. The air was balmy and delicious. I never once raised the hood of my calessino between Pisa and this

place; but sat in the open air, or walked up the hills, enjoying, with eye and telescope, the varied scenes of this highly interesting route. But just as we were approaching Genoa, I saw Galliardi unstrap his cloak, throw it round his shoulders for the first time, and whip his buona bestia smartly along the road. As the sun was still far above the horizon, and not a cloud in the sky, I wondered at this increase of speed; but soon found that the vetturino was more weather-wise than myself. In a few minutes a gust of wind—a regular *vent de bise*, or tramontane, came down from the North-East, so piercing cold that our faces looked in an instant like two fresh-plucked geese, so wrinkled and withered were they by the chilling blast! I was extremely glad to get into shelter among the narrow streets and high houses of the city, for no mufflings would keep the vital heat from flying off to mingle with this frigorific current of air from the Alps.

GENOA.

I could dedicate only two days to this place; but I had seen it before. These two days were days of labour. GENOA consists of one or two streets, and a thousand wynds or alleys—the houses being from 7 to 9 stories high—and from 7 to 9 feet apart from each other! There must be tens of thousands of the Genoese who live for many years, and die at last in this city, without ever seeing the face of the cheerful sun. The streets, generally speaking, are clean and well paved—and as neither carriage, cart, horse, mule, or ass, can penetrate them, we are only jostled by the currents of biped peripatetics, without danger of being splashed or run over by the quadruped race. Before the invention of gunpowder, no army, however numerous, could have penetrated Genoa against the will of the inhabitants. Every house is a fortress—every street is a deep trench.

I imagine that Genoa offers the closest resemblance to ancient Rome (public edifices and magnitude out of the question) that now exists in any part of the world. There was an edict issued in the former mistress of the world, that the houses should not exceed 90 feet in height, which, I think, is about the altitude of the Genoese houses. The streets of Rome could not have been narrower than those of Genoa. The effect of all this is very curious. We appear

to be traversing a subterraneous city, from the gloom and depth of which, we see narrow stripes of blue sky at an immense distance above us! The storm may rage, the lightnings may flash, the thunder may roar—but all is still and dark, and tranquil as the grave in these subterranean crevasses, where the sun never darts his rays, the wind is never felt to blow—and where even the rain can scarcely descend, except from the spouts of the houses. The consequence is, that the shopkeepers, the artizans, and all the sedentary inhabitants of Genoa, live in an atmosphere which is equidistant from the extremes of heat and cold. They are completely secured against the scorching beams of the sun, and the chilling blast of the tramontane. I could not believe the extent of this immunity till I drove out to the Pier, under the shelter of the houses, and exposed to a meridian sun. When I mounted the higher lighthouse, (Fanale,) perched on a rocky promontory near the commencement of the Mole, to enjoy the magnificent scenery of Genoa and its neighbourhood, the tramontane blast was so piercing, that, hardened as I was against atmospheric transitions, I was yet unable to withstand it for more than a few minutes at a time—and repeatedly was I obliged to retreat into the lantern to recover my breath, and elude the icy current of air from the mountains! The prospect was so enchanting, that I remained on this elevated situation for an hour, when a shivering fit and a violent paroxysm of coughing warned me that I had endangered my health—perhaps my life, for the gratification of my senses! Let no invalid ascend this tower during a tramontane! The CUSTODE at the bottom furnished me with a cup of coffee; and I walked back to the city at a quick pace, which restored the balance of the circulation, and preserved me from the effects of a chill which drove every drop of blood in my body from the surface to the centre of the animal machine! On entering the streets of Genoa, I was astonished at the difference of temperature. The tramontane was undistinguishable; and I breathed the gloomy but equable atmosphere, without any sensation of coldness, but rather of warmth. This fact illustrates the wisdom of constructing cities in Italy, and in all climates where great and sudden vicissitudes of temperature prevail, with high houses and narrow streets. It shews that the criticisms of the ancients on Nero's plan of building Rome with wide streets, (see pages 81 and 200,) were not without foundation in justice. I was informed by Dr. MOJON (a very talented physician of

this place) that GENOA, in consequence of its construction and peculiar site, is, in reality, one of the best localities for a pulmonary invalid along the whole line of this coast—and I believe his statement to be true. A person with weak lungs, or indeed, with any *organic disease*, cannot too sedulously avoid all sources of excitement. Light, noise, heat, and cold, when considerable in degree, are all excitants, or irritants; and, consequently, their opposites, darkness, silence, and equable temperature, are sedatives or soothers, very advantageous in complaints of an inflammatory or feverish nature. Those invalids who determine on a Winter or Spring at Genoa, would do well to select a low and sheltered, rather than a high or airy part of the town for their residence—and only venture forth in fine and still weather, when the wind is from the ocean, and not from the Alps.

The situation of Genoa is very similar to that of Naples, being built on the rugged face of a precipice that slants rapidly to the sea. But here every crag, and cliff, and peak, bristles with cannon, while a capacious harbour is crowded with shipping. The whole city is indicative of wealth and prosperity—and it is the only one which presents these indications between the Alps and Calabria. The whiteness of the houses, forts, and villas produces a fine effect when seen from the bay, the lighthouse, or any adjacent eminence; but the paintings on the walls of the houses are very unpleasant to the unaccustomed eye.

The STRADA NUOVA, or street of palaces, is generally the first object of attention and curiosity with strangers—but with me it was the last in order of visitation—for, to say the truth, I was now perfectly sated with palaces, paintings, statues, gildings, frescos, and all the attributes, appendages, and trappings of SPLENDID MISERY. These palaces are mere SHOW-SHOPS, the proprietors of which have no other enjoyment from them than the gratification of vanity—while the servants derive a large revenue from visitors, and no doubt pay well for their appointments to such lucrative offices. The master and mistress of the PALAZZO-SERRA came home in sedan chairs, and quietly ascended to their garrets, while we were stalking through "the finest saloon in Europe," unconscious of its master's presence, who bowed to us as he passed! "This celebrated object is oval in plan, the elevation a rich Corinthian; the walls are covered with gold and looking-glass; the floor consists of a polished mastic stained with oriental breccia." The ceiling alone is painted; and borrows while

it lends beauty to the splendour below. Half a day was dedicated to this, and to three or four other palaces, especially the Ducal, the Durazzo, the Balbi, the d'Oria, and the Spinola mansions. To a stranger, first visiting this part of the Continent, these costly and magnificent structures would afford no inconsiderable astonishment as well as pleasure; but, to those returning from the South, they are not so interesting. There is one thing, however, in their favour—they are not surrounded and contrasted with sordid hovels and the extremes of human wretchedness, as in Rome and other parts of Italy.

GENOA TO NICE.

Having summoned Galliardi to prepare for our journey to Nice, I was surprized and grieved to find that the tramontane blast or something else had disinclined him for the completion of his contract. He did not, indeed, refuse to go on with me; but he introduced to me a young friend of his, who was returning to Nice, with two good horses, and whom he wished me to engage for the remainder of the journey, on the same terms which I had contracted with himself. The proposal was reasonable, and I reluctantly released Galliardi from his engagement. He was the most faithful, obliging, and honest vetturino whom I ever met.

We started at day-light from Genoa; but before we passed the light-house, I discovered that, although two heads may sometimes be better than one, yet, on this occasion, one horse was far better than two. The vetturino tried them side by side, tandem way, and every way, but they could not be made to travel in any kind of unison; and they upset a dozen of asses with their panniers, fruit, and vegetables, before we got half a mile beyond the walls! Deeply did I now regret the loss of Galliardi and his "BUONA BESTIA"—for I saw that, on such a road as we had to traverse between Genoa and Nice, a pair of such refractory animals, would be almost certain to hurl us over some precipice into the Mediterranean!

I therefore peremptorily commanded the young Nizzard to return to Genoa forthwith, and leave one of the horses behind. This, he said, was quite unnecessary; and jumping down, he loosed the spare horse, gave him a tremendous blow on the nose with the but-end of

his whip, and sent him snorting for a dozen of yards in our rear;—then remounting, he went off at full speed with the more quiet of the two animals. I was rather puzzled at this procedure; but, on looking behind, I saw the refractory horse, who had forgotten or forgiven the insult, trotting after us with as much docility as a dog.

The vicinity of Genoa on this side, though not so romantic as on the other, was covered with villas, churches, and monasteries that conveyed the idea of great opulence and even luxury. The road was so good and so level, that we reached SAVONA, a distance of nine posts, without stopping, by one o'clock; and here we dined. A few miles on the Nicean side of Savona (near Noli) we encountered a fine specimen of the new route. The road, for more than a mile, was cut in the face of a precipice over-hanging the sea, and two or three thousand feet in height. The surges roared a thousand feet beneath us—the jutting rocks towered a thousand feet in perpendicular over our heads! The road was about twelve or fourteen feet broad, and rarely with any parapet! The young Nizzard often brought *my* wheel of the carricello within a foot of the horrid precipice, by way of doing me honour, as the Turks salute strangers by levelling the loaded cannon almost directly at their heads!

After dinner, at Savona, I rambled down to the harbour; and while I shivered under the chilling tramontane, I was struck with the peculiar aspect of the sky towards the Alps, and the horizon over the sea. The latter was hazy; but the heavens presented a lurid appearance which betokened something unusual. At this moment, I cast my eye on a column bearing the statue of the Virgin, and on the pedestal read the following couplet.

In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, MARIA, nostra benigna stella!

While returning to the inn, and repeating these lines, my attention was attracted by a huge female CHEMISE hung out at the door of a shop, and which appeared to me of very peculiar construction. It was nearly an inch in thickness, and lined with cotton-wool which seemed to defy the coldest tramontane that ever descended from the Alps. By some strange association of ideas, I jumbled together in my mind, a "subita procella," and this comfortable chemise, as a

"benigna stella," that might be as useful in a snow-storm on the Alps, as the Virgin herself in a tempest on the ocean. I instantly purchased the chemise—and I am very certain that to this article of female dress, I owe the preservation of my life. At the inn I amused myself for half an hour, in getting into this same chemise, though I had immense difficulty in compelling my clothes to button over it. When I summoned the waiter to pay my bill, the man stared at my sudden increase of size, and cast an enquiring glance at a bed that was in the room, evidently suspecting that I had made free with the blankets! I soon convinced him that I was possessed of nothing but my own property—and away we trotted for FINALE, where we arrived rather late. I could only see that this town lay at the foot of a very steep mountain, over whose bluff promontory, over-hanging the waves, we were to pass in the morning before day-light. At the HOTEL DE CHINA I fell in with my old fellow-traveller, the Polytechnic student, (travelling en voiturier,) and we supped together very comfortably by a blazing fire. I was awoke several times in the night by strange noises, as if all the doors and window-shutters in FINALE were in motion; and at four o'clock in the morning, when roused for a long journey to ST. REMO, I perceived that sleet was falling, and that a high wind prevailed.*

The cold was severe, and the night, or rather morning was dark as

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* The master of the HOTEL DE CHINA is an extortionate knave. He had the conscience to demand 20 francs for my supper, bed, fire, and coffee! I asked him if he thought I was a Mandarin, or a Hong merchant, loaded with pagodas, and a proper object for being fleeced at his CHINESE HOTEL? He shrugged up his shoulders. I demanded the items. With all his ingenuity he could only make out a bill of 15 francs. I pulled out from my pocket a plan of POMPEII, and made some pencil marks on the walls of that city. The fellow stared. I told him I was travelling this road, on purpose to report to my countrymen on the inns of the new route, and that the HOTEL DE CHINA should be marked in black letter. The knave's face lengthened four inches. I threw him down a Napoleon and refused the change. He will pay dearly for his five francs of extortion. Hic niger est—hunc tu Romane caveto!

I may here remark that it is of no use to have *bed and supper* included in the vetturino contract. If we do so, we shall have something much worse than "a salt eel for our supper." The first notice which I always gave, on arriving at an inn, was this:—"*I pay for my own fare.*" This made a wonderful difference!

pitch. I took care to wrap myself in all the warm clothing I possessed, not forgetting the "BENIGNA STELLA" of the SAVONA VIRGIN, with something like a presentiment of impending danger—a depression of spirits not unfrequently felt at the approach of a storm. As we slowly ascended the zig-zag path of the mountain, the wind increased in violence, and the sleet penetrated every crevice of our clothes. By the time we had got nearly to the summit, it blew a hurricane; and, the ground becoming covered with snow, all distinct trace of the road was soon lost! We heard the Mediterranean roaring beneath us, on our left, and saw the sheets of white foam sweeping along the shore—while stupendous rocks towered over our heads on the right—and we could perceive that we were winding along the brink of a horrible precipice, on a path not more than eleven or twelve feet in breadth, and apparently without any parapet! The NIZZARD, who, all along carefully led the horse, now made a full stop, and crossing himself, muttered some exclamation, or perhaps a prayer, which I could not distinctly hear or understand. After a few seconds of painful suspense, he acknowledged that he was afraid of proceeding, and thought we had better try to get back to FINALE. But the road was so narrow, that two carriages of any kind, could not pass, except at particular places where niches were hollowed out of the rock for this purpose. I then dismounted, and found, to my surprise and dismay, that my limbs were so benumbed, that I could scarcely support myself! He attempted to turn the carricello; but experienced great difficulty, as well as some danger, in this operation. And when, at last, he effected it, he soon became convinced that it was utterly impossible to make head against the storm of wind, sleet, and snow, which poured along this defile, in a direction contrary to our retreat! In the whole course of my life, I never experienced such sensations of cold. The tramontane blast came down from the Alps, so voracious of caloric, that it sucked the vital heat from every pore of my body! Here we lingered for full an hour, unable to get back, and fearing to proceed forward. We repeatedly heard fragments of rock detached from the precipices above us by the hurricane, crashing from steep to steep, and rolling into the sea beneath—and we expected, every instant, to be buried under a torrent of stones, or swept down into the roaring waves. Among the agonizing thoughts that rushed across my mind, in this perilous situation, the inscription on the pedestal of

the Virgin's statue at Savona, recurred to my memory; and, as the mental energies are often enfeebled by danger, doubt, and bodily fatigue, the very name of the place we had left—FINALE—suggested the superstitious and unmanly presentiment that this mountain pass and this snow-storm were destined to be the last scene of my mortal career! I now regretted, when too late, that curiosity had led me along this road at so advanced a period of the season, and in so hurried a manner—and, while shivering on this Alpine promontory, exposed to the freezing blast, and other dangers still more imminent, the thought of "friends and distant home," recalled to mind the picture which Thompson drew of a man perishing in a snow-storm—a recollection which added the misery of reminiscence to the peril and poignancy of present sufferings! The hour which passed in this situation, before the day glimmered upon us, appeared to be an age—and here I became convinced that the article of clothing which I purchased at SAVONA, was mainly instrumental in preserving my life. This sudden reflection threw a gleam of hope over the dreary scene, long before the beams of the sun illumined our path; and a *superstitious* emotion contributed to revive my drooping spirits, as it had previously tended to depress them.

When I say that the additional article of dress proved a preservative of life on this trying occasion, I am aware that nothing would have been effectual, had I not been inured to atmospherical vicissitudes by three months' travelling in the open air previously. Yet as—

> Whatever link we strike,
> Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike;—

so I am deeply impressed with the conviction that, to the VIRGIN of SAVONA *or* to her holy CHEMISE, I owe my salvation on the mountain of FINALE. On my arrival at Nice, I found a courier laid up with dangerous, if not fatal inflammation of the lungs, from exposure to the same storm on the same mountain.

At length the dawn appeared, though the hurricane continued with unabated violence, and the Mediterranean was one immense sheet of foam. The poor nizzard, who was almost as lifeless as myself, assisted me into the carricello, and we cautiously pursued our jour-

ney.* The exhaustion and terror of this morning induced such an irresistible propensity to sleep, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep myself from falling into a fatal lethargy, till we got to a village beyond the mountain, where coffee and a blazing fire recruited our exhausted frames. But during the whole of that day, I felt that I was on the verge of a serious illness—and, it was not till after a good night's sleep at St. Remo, that I shook off the effects of the most terrible exposure and imminent danger which I had ever before encountered.

As I ascended this mountain in darkness, lingered on its summit in terror, and descended from it in a state of stupor, I can form no clear idea of its locality. Probably it offers nothing remarkable or formidable, by day-light and in fine weather ; but a hurricane of sleet in the darkness of night, makes a wonderful difference on an Alpine pass. I imagine this must be the place mentioned by Forsyth, in the following words :—" Here we left the felucca, and crossed on foot a mountain, which modern geographers class among the Apennines, though D. Brutus describes it as the last of the Alps. Jacet inter Apenninum et Alpes, impeditissimus ad iter faciendum. This pass, which appeared to Dante one of the four worst in Italy, brought us round the promontory to a gap in the summit, when a hurricane meeting us with all the advantage of a blast tube, threatened to blow us back into the sea." Be this as it may, I would not again cross the mountain of Finale, in such a night, for ten thousand pounds !†

The storm raged with fury all the way from Finale to Oneglia, and scarcely a creature was to be seen in the towns of Lovano, Albenga, and Langueglia, through which we passed, so piercing was the cold,

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* When the sun rose, we perceived the whole country, in every direction, covered with snow.

† It is clearly this mountain pass that was traversed by the spirited authoress of " Sketches of Italy," on her third day's journey from Nice. " We gladly left an abode so forlorn (Lovano) to commence our third day's journey; in the course of which, after climbing a mountain by a zig-zag path, so steep that we could hardly keep our own seats, or the baggage could be prevented falling over the mule's shoulders, the whole length of the coast of Italy, backed by lofty snow-covered mountains, and studded with towns and villages broke on our view, stretching away into remote distance."—*Vol.* 1. *p.* 168.

and so penetrating the sleet. Those who are unacquainted with Alpine regions can form no idea of the frigorific effects of a *storm* when the wind comes down from the snow-clad mountains. The heat of the body is carried off with a velocity proportioned to that of the wind, by the rapid succession of cold atmospheres with which we are encircled.

At ONEGLIA, where we dined, the NIZZARD met his master, conveying a large English carriage, with an equally large English family, bound for Italy. The Nizzard and the two horses which had brought us from Genoa, were now transferred to the berline, again to repass the mountain of Finale! The poor Nizzard cast a significant and dejected look at me, on receiving this order from his hard-hearted master—as much as to say, *you* know what we suffered this morning on the mountain! I gave him something to comfort him on the road.

"Haud ignarus mali miseris succurrere disco."

At this place the storm ceased—the sun broke out—and we had a delightful drive along the margin of the sea to ST. REMO, where I supped, in company with an English family travelling leisurely towards Italy, and where seven hours of restorative sleep removed the effects, though nothing but death can obliterate the memory, of the preceding night.

We started at sun-rise from ST. REMO—breakfasted at MENTONE—and dined at NICE, where I was not sorry to come once more in contact with a TABLE D'HOTE and the French language.

The route from Genoa to Nice is equally interesting, as that between PISA and GENOA, though exhibiting a very different cast of scenery. Were I to attempt a short graphic sketch of its more prominent and characteristic features, to which nothing but the pencil of a Linton, however, can do justice, I would say that, the broad, the blue, the boundless, and the tideless Mediterranean, here chafing against the wave-worn rocks, there murmuring on the golden sands, always in view, always in close proximity, forms the grand and glorious feature of the prospect, on one hand, to which the eye repeatedly turns for refreshment, and on which the imagination loves to roam, as well as to rest. On the other hand, and in magic contrast, Alps and Apennines rise in every variety of form, capped with everlasting snows,

girdled with mighty forests, and based with perennial verdure. Between these majestic scenes, the towns and villages, white as Parian marble, are seen stretched in lengthened curves along the sinuosities of the bays; perched in irregular clusters on airy cliffs; or clinging, in fearful suspension, on the precipitous descents of the hills. The road now steals, in quietude and smoothness, along the very verge and level of the placid ocean—now creeps up the forbidding acclivity of a rugged steep, in slow and labouring zig-zags—winds along the furrowed brow of a lofty mountain—dives through the solid marble, and emerges on the edge of a giddy precipice, a thousand feet perpendicular above the murmuring surge, on one side; a thousand feet beneath overhanging and gigantic masses of rock on the other. Anon, the road strides, arch upon arch, over a frightful chasm, or impassable ravine—descends, by tortuous but gentle windings, the horrid steeps of a wild, a gloomy defile—and loses all trace of its existence on the broad and rugged bed of a mountain torrent.

These are a few of the characteristic features of this new road to and from Italy—features which are varied, combined, and multiplied, *ad infinitum*. So far from being exaggerated, they are, from poverty of language, curtailed of their fair proportions, as every one will testify, who has travelled along this romantic and sublime route. The road is perfectly safe and pleasant for all who journey be easy stages, and at proper seasons. The beds of the mountain torrents, which are, in some places, half a mile in breadth, and tremendously rocky, are the only parts that are calculated to alarm the nervous traveller, especially after rains have fallen in the mountains. But, by waiting a few hours, in any of the neighbouring towns or villages, the river will run by, and leave only a fordable though rapid stream in the centre of its bed. I was amused, and, (remembering the scene at Borghetto,) rather alarmed, one day, on descending from the precipitous street of Porto Maurizio, to behold several small boats surrounding a huge English family coach, which had stuck fast in the bed of a neighbouring torrent, obliging the affrighted passengers to *embark* for the opposite side. Although the stream (from the melting of the snow on the mountains) was quite deep and rapid enough; yet it was evidently from the immense size and weight of the vehicle, rather than from the depth of the current, that the horses were unable to drag this heavy load of live and dead lumber up the rocky and shelving bank. This was the spot

where our fair countrywoman (authoress of Sketches of Italy) experienced no small dismay, and certainly some danger, a few years previously.

"Thus we went floundering on through mud and mire, and over rocks and stones, at the imminent peril of our limbs for above two hours, when turning an angle of the road, the bright lights of Porto Maurizio met our delighted view, shining from the opposite side of a little bay. But a wide roaring river lay between us and this haven of repose. On descending to its borders, the muleteers, after some discussion among themselves, resolved not to hazard crossing it so close to the sea in its present swollen state, but rather endeavour to make their way to another ford higher up the stream. The night, however, was so dark that no path could be discerned; but as, by this time, we had all remounted to cross the river, they attempted to drive the mules along its banks; and, after tumbling about for a short distance on the top of a low wall, they took advantage of a convenient breach to drive the animals down into the torrent, and then ran away to cross it themselves, by a foot bridge at some distance! The sure-footed creatures carried us safely down the broken wall, though the plunge they made in the exploit was desperate enough;—but thus left to themselves in the dark, we could hardly force them to proceed further into the rushing river, and were, indeed, uncertain whether our next step might not be our last! The only sound too which we heard—the awful roaring of the waves within a few yards distance—tended to increase rather than alleviate the horrors of the moment; and it seemed little less than a miracle that we got across this rapid torrent at all, and were able to bless Heaven for escaping in safety from a situation of such imminent peril."

It was at this spot—at a much later period of the year—and I believe in a more swollen state of the waters, that we crossed this torrent. The carricello was full of water in an instant, and again I prepared to swim; but the horse which we now had, was a high and powerful animal, and soon dragged us to dry land. I would advise all travellers, and especially invalids, to dismount at these places, and cross by some foot-bridge, which is almost always to be found in the vicinity, both to lighten the carriage and to avoid perturbation of mind, as well as some bodily danger.

NICE.

It is on the road between St. Remo and Nice that the attention of a medical traveller, in particular, is often arrested by smiling and romantic valleys, opening on the ocean to the South, and screened from the Alpine blast on the North, by steep and olive-clad mountains —presenting localities that would seem to promise restoration of health to the phthisical invalid, if restoration were possible ; or, at all events, a friendly and salutary retreat from the cold, damp, gloomy, and changeful skies of Northern Europe, but especially of Great Britain, during Winter and Spring. St. Remo, Mentone, Villa Franca, and Nice, were the places which appeared to afford the greatest number of topographical advantages for those who seek for health on this part of the Mediterranean coast. Villa Franca is certainly the most closely sheltered by protecting mountains ; but is too open to the Eastern blast, from its position. Mentone appeared to me superior in point of geography to Nice, as the circumambient hills are nearer to the town ; but it is destitute of accommodation. Nice is the great rendezvous of English invalids ; and certainly it is a most lovely place. Enclosed, on the land side, by a semicircle of hills and mountains, it sweeps round the base of a steep rocky mount, which stands in the midst of it, on the very verge of the sea, commanding a beautiful and extensive view of land and ocean. On the Eastern side of the castle-crowned promontory, the little harbour of Nice lies secured from the storm by a pier—and from its Western base, a raised terrace or promenade, stretches along, and surmounts the sandy beach, for nearly a mile, sheltered by the town itself, from the Northern winds, and commanding a delightful view of the Mediterranean. Through the town, and somewhat parallel to this beautiful terrace, runs a mountain torrent, after rains ; but whose bed is nearly dry at all other times. On each side of this stream, the usual 'Lung Arno—or rather 'Lung Paglione, forms other promenades, when that along the ocean is inconvenienced by strong Southerly winds. The old town, clustered round the castellated rock above-mentioned, presents a series of as narrow and almost as dirty streets as any small place in Italy can boast ; but the Western suburb, called the Croix de Marbre, or more properly speaking, the English quarter, contains handsome houses, and pleasant villas, which, in my humble

opinion, are infinitely less adapted for protection against cold winds—in other words, for the preservation of invalid health, than the town itself. The line of houses directly behind the marine terrace, and between it and the PAGLIONE, is that which I would select, were HEALTH my object. But, alas! here, as well as elsewhere, fashion, and pride, and CUSTOM, too often interfere with more substantial and valuable objects!

As the climate of Nice, for phthisical invalids, is an object of interesting investigation, I shall here introduce an extract from Professor Foderé, of Strasbourg, who resided six years there, for his health, and who has published an able work on the Maritime Alps. At page 266, *et seq.*, of the second volume, will be found the original, of which this is a translation.

"As tubercles must be considered the main cause of pulmonary consumption, and as a good system of hygiene is the best part of the treatment, it seems rational to enquire, in the first instance, whether a warm or a moderately cold climate be best calculated to retard the developement of the said tubercles. From what I saw at Nice, I am convinced that the moderately cold climate is preferable to the warm, for phthisical invalids. It is much to be feared, however, that ROUTINE has too much influence in the choice of climate, on these occasions; and that neither patients nor physicians make themselves properly acquainted with the facts on which their selection of residence ought to be based. Yes, it is FASHION and CUSTOM which establish the rule; and perhaps it would be cruel to deprive consumptive patients of the consolation of that hope which they so ardently entertain of preserving or prolonging their lives. This hope renders them happy during the whole of their journey to a foreign clime, and for a short time after their arrival at the place of destination. Such is the physical influence of this idea that they believe themselves cured—soon to be plunged in disappointment!"

Although I do not accord with Dr. Foderé in the abstract opinion that a warm climate is calculated to accelerate the growth of pulmonary tubercles; yet I have no doubt that it hastens the fatal catastrophe, *after a certain period of their developement*, and especially after they have begun to soften down. Dr. F. gives the preference to Hyeres, which is three miles from the sea, and less exposed in Winter than Nice. "But, on the other hand," says he, the vicinity of

marshes, the tanks and salines, the nastiness of the streets, and the badness of the water, are great draw-backs on the salubrity of Hyeres." In fine, M. Fodcré is at a loss to recommend any particular place for the consumptive invalid. Judging from his own feelings, he would prefer a sheltered valley, open to the sun, covered with vegetation, and abounding with herds. In such a locality, at least, he found that he could breathe freer, and enjoy better health than in any other.

My friend Dr. Clark does not draw a particularly favourable picture of Nice, as far as consumption is concerned. The mean temperature of Winter is 48°, or nine degrees warmer than London. But notwithstanding the sheltered situation of this town, and the beauty of its Winter climate, "it is (says he) by no means exempt from cold winds during the Winter, and still less so during the Spring."

"In *consumption*, the disease with which the climate of Nice has been chiefly associated in the minds of medical men in this country, little benefit I fear is to be expected. When this disease is complicated with an inflammatory, or highly irritable state of the mucous membranes of the larynx, trachea, or bronchia, or of the stomach, Nice is decidedly an unfavourable climate; and, without extreme care on the part of such patients, and a very strict regimen, the complaint will in all probability be aggravated by a residence here. Indeed, the cases of consumption which ought to be sent to Nice are of rare occurrence. If there are any such, it is when the disease exists in torpid habits, of little susceptibility, or not much disposed to irritation; and when it is free from the complications which have been just mentioned. Even the propriety of selecting Nice as a residence for persons merely threatened with consumption, will depend much upon the constitution of the individual."

There is no doubt, however, that the change of air and scene—the novelty of a residence under the brilliant skies of this beautiful place—and the ability to be a great deal in the open air, must have very considerable and salutary effects on many people whose *general health* is deranged, but whose lungs are not *materially* affected. His Sardinian Majesty was enjoying the air of Nice in preference to that of his capital of Turin, and no doubt with advantage. The whole of the surrounding mountains, and even the hills close to Nice, were hoary with snow when I passed through—though December had not

quite set in. The year 1829 was, however, remarkable for premature and severe cold, as I dearly experienced on the mountain of FINALE, the ESTRELLES, and the cheerless plains of PROVENCE.

But it is time to take my departure from a place, where the beauty of the earth, the sea, and the skies, forms a striking contrast with that of the inhabitants. Men, women, and children are here as ordinary a race of beings as one would wish to encounter. In Italy—even among the bandits of Itri, Fondi, and Velletri, there is something interesting, if not positively handsome, in the black eyes, roguish expression, and *killing* looks of the women. But, at Nice, the stunted growth, the mahogany complexion, the distorted features, the nothingness of countenance, and the pyebald head-dresses of the females, would sicken a sailor who had just arrived from a three year's cruise round the world, without ever seeing a petticoat.

NICE TO PARIS.

We started from Nice about mid-day in the stage, and drove over the long, narrow, and crazy bridge of the VAR, where we came into terrible collision with a huge English berline, stuffed, like Noah's Ark, with numerous bipeds and quadrupeds—with parroquets, pug-dogs, ladies' maids, and lazy footmen—together with a quantity of luggage, that must have gladdened the heart of every custom-house officer between Dover and Nice. On the western bank of this river, we once more set foot on LA BELLE FRANCE, and soon brought up at the DOUANE. But from us of the DILIGENCE, the keen-scented douaniers expected nothing but trouble for trouble—a species of commerce which they evidently disrelished—and, consequently, our baggage was despatched with as much celerity as our passports, and we were *en route* in less than twenty minutes! We drove through the gates of Antibes before sunset, and, after threading the mazes of many wretched streets, were set down in a stinking yard, ankle deep in dirt, from whence we carried our trunks on our own shoulders to an inn, which was little superior to an Italian LOCANDA! The TABLE D'HOTE was marked for eight o'clock, and I spent two hours in perambulating the ramparts, and taking a farewell look of the mighty and snow-clad Alps, of which there is a glorious view from the walls of this town.

At the inn we found two tables—the superior one for the military mess—the inferior for the travellers, and other blebeians. The martial hauteur engendered by the long war has not yet entirely subsided in France.

I hardly know whether I ought to congratulate or condole with myself, that *chance*, in early life, gave me a peep at the "art and mystery" of cooking, which curiosity—foolish curiosity I allow—afterwards repeated and enlarged in various countries. One result was, a firm resolution never to put any thing into my mouth which had been touched by the fingers of the cook. This may look like self-condemnation to the doom of Tantalus—and so it proved on many occasions, as well as on the present! In England, however, one can always get an inside slice of meat, and the interior of a potatoe, to satisfy the demands of appetite. Not so in France or Italy. It is said, indeed, that every individual has a certain quantity of a certain article to consume in the course of his life—and the sooner the tribute is paid the better. I can swear that whoever sojourns in the aforesaid countries, will very soon liquidate *this* portion of his debts—whatever may be the case with his other pecuniary obligations! I had often seen the Bengal professor of culinary science grease the toast for his master with rancid GHEE, taken out of a kedgeree pot by means of a dirty piece of rag, or the equally dirty wing of a fowl—but that was cleanliness, compared with the revolting manipulations and unutterable combinations of a Continental CUISINE!

From one end of the long TABLE D'HÔTE to the other, not a single article untortured from its native taste, could I find, unless we except that horrible hybrid composition—the fat of a BOAR engrafted on the flesh of a BULLOCK—and misnomered BŒUF AU NATUREL! Where did Nature ever produce such a monstrous conjugation! Well! as I could get neither animal nor vegetable substance in any thing like a state of nature, I went to bed supperless, as one of the many penalties inflicted on me for my prying curiosity.*

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* My countryman, Mr. Matthews, though, perhaps, much more observant, was much less squeamish about these matters. "The kitchen (says he) of an inn in Languedoc is enough to damp the strongest appetite. While the host, who played as many parts as Buskin, in the farce, was killling the devoted fowl, his cat ran away with the sausages intended to garnish it. Poor chanticleer was laid down to

Leaving Antibes before day-light, and with no great reluctance, we drove through Cannes, the scene of Napoleon's debarkation from Elba, and, after casting a look at the gloomy tower of St. Marguerite, a prison overhanging the sea, and in which two noted personages had had their residence—the man in the iron mask, and Napoleon's favourite Mameluke—we ascended the Estrelle mountains, where the cold was intense, the ground covered, in many places, with snow, and the scenery the most interesting of any I had ever seen in France. Descending thence, we crossed a plain to Frejus, and passed under a venerable Roman aqueduct before we entered the town. Here we halted to dine; and here I almost expected to end my days with hunger—for nothing could I find on the table that I was able to touch! By dint of bribery and flattery, I procured half a dozen of eggs—and as I was perfectly certain that the cook's fingers had not penetrated the shells, I was set up for the ensuing journey to Aix.

I have alluded, on a former occasion, to the indignity that was offered to one of the most delicate, useful, and retiring goddesses of antiquity, when she crossed the Alps on her way to the North, after the fall of Rome. It was at Frejus I learnt the astounding intelligence that, in Provence, no other temple than the fields, was dedicated to her worship! Napoleon, who resided three days here, previous to his embarkation for Elba, must have often blessed the Romans, as I did from my very heart, for having erected an amphitheatre in the neighbourhood—the ruins of which, will be visited by every traveller —from more motives than mere curiosity!*

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finish his death-song as he could, while the host pursued puss to her retreat, which was so well chosen, that a third of the sausages were gone before he discovered her. Puss, however, paid dearly for it in the end— for, in endeavouring to make her escape under a door, her hind legs and tail was left on the hither side of it, upon which mine host wreaked his vengeance by stamping most unmercifully. At last we sat down to Grimalkin's leavings, while the landlord contrived, some how or other, to furnish a very tolerable breakfast." If Mr. Matthews had seen the sausages made, he would have wondered how even Grimalkin could have taken such a liking to them! Poor puss must have had many a *banyan* day, such as I experienced at Antibes, before necessity compelled her to this unhallowed banquet on a French sausage!

* "Three days did he live in Frejus before he sailed, and if one place was better

In the whole course of my existence, I never spent a more miserable five days and nights, than those which were occupied in travelling, (with only one night's repose,) between Antibes and Chalons. PROVENCE is a disgrace to France and to Europe! I wonder where Mrs. Ratcliffe picked up her romantic and glowing descriptions of Avignon and Languedoc! Even AIX, the capital, though rather handsome at a distance, is poor and cheerless when entered. The VENT DE BIZE was blowing bitterly, during the few hours I staid here waiting for the TOULON DILIGENCE—for there was no possibility of getting a place in the mails—and the boiling steam issuing from the middle of the principal street, or rather square of AIX, was the most comfortable spot I saw in PROVENCE. How this town, subject as it is to the cutting MISTRAL, could ever have been selected as a place for consumptive invalids from England, I cannot imagine. It is still more inconceivable that people in health, could leave the cheerful and busy hum of man—the clean, comfortable and warm houses and hearths of their own country, to rot and rust away a portion of their existence, in one of the most dull, cold, insipid, and uninteresting cities of Europe!

At AVIGNON we came upon the banks of the Rhone—not the clear, blue, and rapid river that darts through the city of Geneva—but the turbid and contaminated flood formed by its unfortunate junction with the muddy Saone. At the name of AVIGNON, Petrarch and Laura rise upon the memory, and we listen for the lays of Love and Harmony from the lyres of the Trobadours. But the church of the Cordeliers, where Laura's body was interred, has long been destroyed by Time's relentless hand—and with it her tomb, and Santa Clara, where the enthusiastic Petrarch first beheld the object of his affections. We are soon woke from our romantic dream, by the sight of a most wretched and melancholy town, where "the streets are overgrown with grass, the houses are deserted and empty; the frames dropping from the open windows—the doors decaying on their rusty hinges." —Such is Avignon, where we dined at a tolerable TABLE D'HÔTE, to

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calculated than another to give him a disgust to the country he was on the point of quitting, this little town might have been specially fixed on for the purpose."—*Sketches of Italy, Vol.* I. *p.* 108.

pursue our "long rough road" along the banks of the Rhone to Lyons. Such was the state of the highways, with snow, mud, water, and sand, that three dreary days, and two most horrible nights were consumed in the abominable diligence-waggon between Avignon and Lyons! I had hitherto travelled nearly 3000 miles in the open air, with scarcely a feeling of fatigue, except that salutary lassitude which conduces to oblivious but restorative repose. Between Antibes and Lyons, the pressure of six people in each compartment of the infernal machine— the impossibility of stretching one's limbs—the poisonous atmosphere which we breathed, (for no window could be kept open in consequence of the drifting sleet,)— the total want of sleep—all combined to induce such a feverish exhaustion of body, and prostration of the mental powers, as I had never before experienced in all my peregrinations! Throughout this wretched journey, two unfortunate Scotch sailors travelled on the summit of the diligence, exposed day and night to the pelting of the pitiless storm, with a very scanty supply of clothing, and with scarcely any money except what they paid for their passage! They had been discharged from their ship by some inhuman skipper at Genoa, and were making their way to Calais—neither of them able to speak a single word of any language but broad Scotch! I am very certain that these two poor wretches would have perished on this journey, from the effects of cold and hunger, had I not lent them my water-proof cloak, and supplied them with food and drink the whole way. The consolation of diminishing the sufferings of my pennyless countrymen, was the only thing that cheered my drooping spirits, though it could not alleviate my corporeal fatigue, on this diabolical route. I arrived at Lyons in an actual fever—and went to bed under the full conviction that I had tried my constitution a little too far, and that now at last I should pay the penalty, by a long and perhaps fatal illness. I was equally surprised and overjoyed, on awakening next morning, to find that I was in perfect health and good spirits! Such is the elasticity of animal power conferred on the human frame by a three months' system of travelling exercise. But I was determined not to tempt Fortune too far—and going to the Bureau, I pre-engaged the whole of the coupe', that is, three places, from Lyons to Paris, with the express stipulation to go up the Saone by the steamer, as far as Chalons, there to meet the diligence.

And now I had time to view, not for the first time, this celebrated laboratory of silk and sans-culottes—of red hot republicans and rank Bonapartists—strange combination !—strange enthusiasm for the extremes of licentious LIBERTY and iron DESPOTISM ! The true key to this paradox will be found in national VANITY. It matters little who is the MAN, or what is the MEASURE, provided the chord of national glory or Gallic aggrandisement be struck ;—whether it be by a Bonaparte or a Bourbon—a Collot D'Herbois or a Louis Philippe—a citizen king or a citizen butcher—the conquest of a Barbary pirate, or the annexation of a Belgic province— whatever exalts the horn of a Frenchman's pride will ensure the approbation of a Frenchman's judgment. This will be proved in time !

Lyons, like many other Continental cities, is beautiful when surveyed at some distance ; but mean and dirty when narrowly explored —advantageously situated by nature—but wretchedly constructed by art. It has been characterized by two travellers of different sexes, different tastes, and different sentiments, and nearly in the same terms.

" Behind the splendid row of houses, which I have just described betwixt the Quay du Rhone, and the line of the Saone, lies the crowded part of the city ; and here disorder and filth meet the eye in every quarter. Gloomy streets, crooked courts, ruined monasteries, smoked walls and patched windows, give the idea of inconceivable poverty and wretchedness. In all but its distant aspect, Lyons is a miserable place. On every side are tokens of desolation and decay. To the thousands of sallow beings sitting at the looms weaving silk, or drawing gold-wire, nothing seemed to give animation, but the suspense and agitation awakened by the sounds of revolt." JOHN BELL.

" Lyons, the second city of France, placed in a temperate climate, and occupying one of the finest situations in Europe, at the junction of the two great rivers which flow through it, is yet, beyond all description, vile, dirty, and wretched. It has all the faults of Continental cities carried to excess ;—the narrowest streets, the highest houses, and the most filthy of smells, uniting to destroy all the charms of its singular and beautiful situation between the steep romantic banks of the Saone on the one hand, and the rich wide plain which here borders the Rhone on the other." *Anonymous Sketches of Italy.*

THE SAONE—STEAMER—COCHE D'EAU.

It was at five o'clock on a December morning, while torrents of rain came down, en masse, from the heavens, that I paced the streets of Lyons to reach the steamer. The banks of the Saone for many miles above Lyons, are very beautiful; and we soon flew past the COCHE D'EAU that had started long before us. Will it be believed that the great French people continue to navigate the great Rivers, Rhone and Saone, to this day, by means of canal barges, tow-ropes, and horse-flesh? Will it be credited that nine-tenths of the volatile French travellers prefer these wretched tubs to the STEAMER that plies between Lyons and Chalons; because they thus save a few francs, at the expense of 15 or 16 hours' additional purgatory—and the loss of a night's rest at Maçon, enjoyed by the steam passengers! Such is the fact. It was on this passage that I first saw a nondescript species of steamer, which excited wonder as well as laughter. It was a long black vessel, resembling a very large and ugly coal-barge, with the paddles, or rather the paddle, behind instead of at the sides. From a round hole in the stern of this WATER WITCH, there burst forth, about every two minutes, a tremendous explosion of gas, smoke, wind, and water, forming a long and stinking train in her wake. The whole resembled some huge, mis-shapen sea-monster, or over-grown hippopotamus, crawling along the surface of the river, and amusing itself by letting off PETARDS from its stern ports. If it be by such steamers as these that a certain MARTIAL DEPUTY intends to invade the British dominions, I apprehend the attempt will prove but a harmless explosion of gas—a vapoury bravado!*

I was agreeably surprised to find that the steamer in which we were embarked, was impelled by English ENGINES—and commanded by a BRITISH TAR! This might be one reason why the French prefer going by the miserable COCHE D'EAU! We arrived at MAÇON in time

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* "With steam-boats (said M. Maugin in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 28th Jan. 1831) we could carry arms and battalions into Ireland."—*Vide* page 33 of this work.

for a comfortable supper; and while I was anticipating the refreshment of a good night's rest, I was petrified on learning that the DILIGENCE, in which I had taken the whole of the COUPE', and for which I had paid 220 francs at Lyons, was not in correspondence with the STEAMER, but with the opposition COCHE D'EAU; and that, as the *latter* would travel all night, and get to Chalons some hours before the steamer, *my* diligence would, in all probability, be on its way to Paris by the time I arrived at Chalons! Here was a piece of agreeable intelligence! Here was a precious specimen (as I imagined) of Lyonese candour. The clerk of the Bureau well knew that I was going by the steamer, but never let drop a hint that I might thereby lose my passage in *his* diligence, although I had paid a triple fare! The following remark of Mr. Matthews flashed across my mind, and excited some indignation. "Lyons is filled with a manufacturing, money-getting tribe, who wear their hearts in their purses. The sight of an Englishman is wormwood to them." There was but one way of extricating myself from this dilemma, and of avoiding the risk I might run by sleeping at MAÇON—that was, to embark in the execrable COCHE D'EAU, which was expected in a couple of hours, and travel on all night. This I did—and of all the horrible nights I ever spent, this was the worst! The vessel was crowded to excess—a storm of sleet and snow rendered it impossible to keep on deck—and the complication of mephitic odours below, threatened death to the whole of the passengers. But this was not all. The right bank of the Saone, along which we were towing against a strong current, became lined with vessels piled with wood, which had taken refuge from the storm and the darkness of the night. The tow-rope was perpetually getting entangled with these vessels; and every time the steersman sheered the COCHE D'EAU off into the middle of the stream, to avoid these wood-barges, the poor horses were either dragged into the water by the sudden jerk, or the passage-boat itself was brought nearly on her beam-ends, in consequence of the tow-rope being fastened to the mast head, and thus acting as a powerful lever upon an unballasted and flat-bottomed vessel! Fifty times were we on the verge of being upset, and all precipitated into the foaming SAONE, during a storm of sleet and in the middle of a dark night! Meantime the crowded state of the 'tween-decks, where many of the women and children were sick from the violent sallies and oscillations of the boat, as well as from

the insufferable heat and stench of the place, rendered this infernal PONTON a perfect focus of pestilent and suffocating exhalations, which must have bred a plague had the voyage continued 24 hours! I had pitied Horace's sufferings, while the bard was towed along the Appian Canal by a lazy mule; but gladly would I have exchanged my shipmates of the COCHE D'EAU for the "*mali culices ranæque palustres*" of the Pontine Fens!

At length we reached CHALONS, more dead than alive, and procured a good breakfast. I had the pleasure of seeing the steamer arrive, after all, half an hour before we started, and thus of finding that I might have avoided the horrors of the COCHE D'EAU, and slept comfortably at Maçon! I could not, however, have safely trusted to this chance—and was uncharitable enough to suspect that the clerk of the Bureau, at Lyons, wilfully or carelessly involved me in the danger of losing my place. But it is very probable that I was wrong—and, therefore, I absolve the Lyonese scribe from any premeditated mischief.

When the passengers of the various other compartments of our new vehicle learnt that I had taken the whole of the COUPE' for myself, they were not a little astonished, and cracked some witty jokes at my expense—all turning on the point, that JOHN BULL or JOHN FOOL and his money are soon parted. I made my bed in the COUPE' very contentedly, and was soon fast asleep—so that I lost the pleasure of seeing the environs of CHALONS. When I awoke, I perceived that the snow was at least a foot deep on the road, and that the horses could hardly ever go at a trot. To make a long story (if not a long journey) short, we were *four days and three nights* on the road from Chalons to Paris! Every part of the diligence was crowded to suffocation—and at the approach of the second night, a naval captain, who had been many years a prisoner of war in one of the PONTONS at Portsmouth, and who had indulged in some *jeu d'esprits* on our starting from Chalons, became all at once amazing civil to me at the table d'hôte, ultimately proposing to share with me the comforts of the COUPE', as he found the interior of the diligence far worse than the hulks of the prison-ship in England. I certainly pitied him; but I had become rather selfish, and declined the offer with as much politeness as a rude Anglais could be expected to shew on the occasion. One thing is certain, that by a timely foresight, and some pecuniary

sacrifice, I saved my own life. I am positive that three nights in a closed-up diligence, after the exhaustion of the COCHE D'EAU, would have killed me outright! Never did I spend 220 francs to greater advantage than on this journey. I read by day and slept by night, arriving in the capital of the grand nation as fresh as when I started from Naples.

Those who remember the early Winter of 1829, and who are acquainted with the state of the roads in France, may conceive what a journey this was in the month of December. On several occasions, the DILIGENCE stuck fast in the mud, and horses were obliged to be procured from neighbouring towns to extricate man and beast. On my making some observations respecting the state of the roads in France, I was answered by one and all that the fault lay with the BOURBONS! Were they better in the time of Napoleon? No, was the reply. Then how are the BOURBONS accountable for this national defect? *Answer.*—Because Napoleon had the concerns of the world on his hands, whereas the BOURBONS have nothing to do but to improve the internal state of the country! This may shew the state of feeling towards the late dynasty.

And now, having exhausted the reader's patience, and traversed a circuit of *three thousand five hundred miles*, in little more than three months, during which, the excitement of the mind was at least equal to the exercise of the body, I descried once more from the summit of Shuter's Hill, and with no unpleasant emotions, the grove of masts, the canopy of smoke, and the hundred spires of MODERN BABYLON.

It has often been my lot to hail the chalky cliffs, on returning from many a different and distant clime, as well as from more limited excursions; but I never set foot on British soil without feelings of pride and pleasure, on comparing it with other territories, however clothed in richer verdure—however canopied by brighter skies. In all my wanderings round this globe, (and Heaven has given my share,) from the rising to the setting sun, from "Java's palmy isle" to Iceland's dreary shores, I have never yet seen that spot on which I would fix my residence in preference to the much-abused Albion, with all its faults, its feuds, and its misfortunes! This sentiment was called forth in the candour of youth, and became confirmed with the caution of age. Time has not weakened it—experience has not altered it—

prejudice has not warped it. How often "on strands remote," beneath the dazzling ardour of a tropical sun, or the Cimmerian gloom of hyperborean skies, have I aspirated to my far distant COUNTRY, the affectionate address of the wandering poet to his beloved brother!

> Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
> Still to my COUNTRY turns, with ceaseless pain,
> And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain!

THE INFLUENCE

(MORAL, PHYSICAL AND MEDICINAL,)

OF AN

ITALIAN CLIMATE & RESIDENCE,

IN

SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH.

SECTION THE FIRST.

PHYSICAL INFLUENCE.

The influence of climate, not only on the complexion, but on the features and on the whole organization of man, as well as of animals and vegetables, is now unquestioned. The inhabitants of Italy, notwithstanding the unlimited admixture of Gothic, Grecian, Afric, and Asiatic blood, are almost as uniformly nationalized, in respect to colour, features, and even moral character, as the inhabitants of Spain, Greece, Egypt, Hindostan, or China. It is impossible to attribute this national stamp or impress *entirely*, or even principally, to race or hereditary descent in any country—and least of all in Italy, which, from the circumstance of its universal domination at one time, and complete subjugation at another, became an immense human menagerie, where specimens, nay, colonies, of every people on the face of the earth were commixed and blended together *ad infinitum*. Climate, then, assisted by some other physical causes, and many of a moral nature, has effected as homogeneous a people, mental and corporeal, in Italy, as in most other countries.

Italy, indeed, is very singularly situated in respect to climate. With its feet resting against the snow-clad Alps, and its head stretching towards the burning shore of Africa, it is alternately exposed to the suffocation of the sirocco, from the arid sands of Lybia, and the icy chill of the tramontane from the Alps or the Apennines. The elevated ridge of mountains that bisects the whole of Italy longitudinally, operates powerfully in modifying her climate.

Against the summits of this rugged and lofty chain of Apennines the sea-breeze that has swept the Mediterranean or even the Atlantic Ocean, on one side, or the Adriatic on the other, strikes often with great violence; but is, on the whole, impeded in its course—more especially the lower strata of air—hence the stillness of the atmosphere so remarkable at Rome and many other parts of the western plains and valleys of Italy. This stillness is by no means advantageous, in point of salubrity, to a country where deleterious exhalations are hourly issuing from the soil in the Summer season, and which are dissipated by winds and concentrated by calms. Thus, then, this Apennine ridge affords no protection from the chilling blast of the Alps, or the enervating sirocco of Africa; while it diminishes the utility, by obstructing the current of sea-breezes, from whatever point they may blow. But the Apennines themselves, when they annually resume their caps of snow, become the source of most piercing and cutting winds, more chilling than those from the Alps, on account of their greater proximity to the plains. The Apennine, therefore, is one of the agents which produce those excessive transitions of temperature, to which the atmosphere of Italy is subjected.

The belt of ground, or series of plains and valleys, on the western side of the Apennines, is very differently circumstanced from that on the eastern. The lime-stone stratum, on the Adriatic side, is prodigiously thick; and prevents the issue of subterranean fires, in the form of volcanos. That stratum covering the primitive rock, on the western side of the Apennines, is infinitely less dense. No vestiges of volcanos have ever been found on the Adriatic declivities—while the western slope, on which all the great cities are built, presents craters in abundance. The geology of the Roman environs, and of Italy generally, shews, *first*, the operation of some tremendous subterranean fire that hove up the Apennines themselves;—*secondly*, the operation of the sea on all the grounds lower than the Apennine ridges;—

thirdly, the operation of fire again, in heaving up and disrupting the marine depositions;—*lastly*, the operation of stagnant *fresh waters*, as evinced by the various depositions from that source. In Rome and its immediate neighbourhood, the operation of the last three causes has been clearly traced by Leopold, Von Buch, and others.

From the relative situation, then, of the Alps, the Apennines, and the sands of Africa, it may be said that almost every breeze in Italy comes over a volcano or an iceberg—and, consequently, we are alternately scorched by the one and frozen by the other.

There is a vast difference between the *variability* of climate in England and in Italy. In England, the changes (barometrical, thermometrical, and hygrometrical) are very *frequent*, but they are also very *limited in their range*. In Italy, it is just the reverse—the transitions are *not* very frequent; but, when they do occur, the range is often most extensive. Now the *frequency* of alternations in England, and the moderate range of these alternations, are the very circumstances which render them comparatively innocuous. We have cloud and sunshine, heat and cold, winds and calms, drought and rain, twenty times in one day at home; but the British constitution becomes inured to them, and safely so, from the rapidity of their recurrence and the limitation of their range. Nay, this perpetual scene of atmospheric vicissitudes not only steels us against their effects, but proves an unceasing stimulus to activity of body and mind, and, consequently, to vigour of constitution. Hear the words—the last words, of one of the most talented philosophers of our own days.

"Of all the climates (says Sir Humphry Davy) of Europe, England seems to me most fitted for the activity of the mind, and the least suited to repose. The alterations of a climate so various and rapid, continually awake new sensations; and the changes in the sky, from dryness to moisture, from the blue etherial to cloudiness and fogs, seem to keep the nervous system in a constant state of excitement. In the changeful and tumultuous atmosphere of England, to be tranquil is a labour—and employment is necessary to ward off the attacks of ennui. The English nation is pre-eminently active, and the natives of no other country follow their objects with so much force, fire, and constancy."*

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* Consolations of Travel, 1830.

The above is fact—the following is a good deal tinctured with fancy, if not fiction.

"In the mild climate of Nice, Naples, or Sicily, where, even in Winter, it is possible to enjoy the warmth of the sunshine in the open air beneath palm trees, or amidst the evergreen groves of orange trees, covered with odorous fruit and sweet-scented leaves, mere existence is a pleasure, and even the pains of disease are sometimes forgotten amidst the balmy influence of Nature, and a series of agreeable and uninterrupted sensations invite to repose and oblivion."*

Yes! but when we come to be startled from this bed of roses by the SIROCCO or the TRAMONTANE, we find to our cost, that the longer the series of agreeable sensations, the more susceptible do we become to the deleterious influence of the enormous transition in the climate.† The rapid, the frequent, but the *tiny* vicissitudes of an English atmosphere, are no more to be compared to the mountain blast superseding the sirocco, than a squall at Spithead can be likened to a typhoon in the Indian ocean.

It is to be remembered that the usual Summer temperature of Italy approaches very near to that of the West Indies, without the advantage of the regular land and sea-breezes of tropical countries bordering on the ocean. This is a peculiarity which the cold of the neighbouring Alps, so often poured down on the fervid vales of Italy, renders a most dangerous anomaly among the climates of the earth. Sir Humphry Davy travelled with the curiosity of a philosopher, rather than with the discrimination of a physician, or the sensitiveness of an invalid. Let us hear what a clergyman of erudition, talents, and keen perception—himself a valetudinarian, says of the "balmy influence" of Italian skies.

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* Consolations of Travel, 1830.

† Lady Morgan, with her usual acuteness, draws, in a few words, a more accurate picture of the climate of Naples than the philosopher.

"In Rome and its surrounding deserts, every thing depicts the death of Nature; in Naples and its environs, all evinces her vigour and activity—*an activity that preys on itself—a feverish vitality that consumes while it brightens. The air is fire, the soil a furnace. Sun-beams bring death! and the earth, when struck, sends up burning vapours!*"

"*February* 11*th*. The weather is beautiful (says Mr. Matthews) and as warm as a June day in England. We sit at breakfast without a fire, on a marble floor—with the casements open—enjoying the mild breeze.

"*February* 12*th*. Oh this land of Zephyrs! Yesterday was warm as July ;—to-day we are shivering with a bleak easterly wind, and an *English black frost*. Naples is one of the worst climates in Europe for complaints of the chest. Whatever we may think of sea-air in England, the effect is very different here. The sea-breeze in Devonshire is mild and soft—here it is keen and piercing."

"*March* 14*th*. ÆGRI SOMNIA—If a man be tired of the slow lingering progress of consumption, let him repair to Naples ; and the *denouement* will be much more rapid. The *Sirocco* wind, which has been blowing for *six days*, *continues with the same violence*. The effects of this south-east blast, fraught with all the plagues of the deserts of Africa, are immediately felt in that leaden oppressive dejection of spirits, which is the most intolerable of diseases. This must surely be the "*plumbeus Auster*" of Horace."*

If, thermometrically speaking, we say that the Summer heat of the Italian vallies approaches the temperature of the tropics†—while the tramontane blast of Winter depresses the mercury as much as a Caledonian North-easter—we convey a very inadequate idea of the *feelings and the physical effects* occasioned by these opposite conditions of the atmosphere in Italy. I have alluded to this subject, under the head of Naples, and also on the journey from Genoa to Nice. The thermometer, in fact, is no index or criterion of our feelings under the influence of the SIROCCO and TRAMONTANE. The *former* appears to suspend, exhaust, or paralyze the nervous energy of the body,

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* *Diary of an Invalid.* The Sirocco did not escape the observation of Homer, who speaks of—

"Vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
"Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death."

† Dr. Clark states the mean temperature of the Mediterranean generally, in the month of August at 80° Fahrenheit, which is very little less than the mean annual temperature of the Indian ocean.

and the sensorial vigour of the mind; both of which fall prostrate beneath the flood of enervating steam engendered by the aerial current sweeping over burning sands and evaporating seas. The *latter*, or tramontane, comes down from the Alps or Apennines, with such a voracious appetite for caloric, that it sucks the vital heat from every pore—shrivels up the surface of the body—impels the tide of the circulation, with great violence, upon the internal organs—and endangers the lungs or whatever other structure happens to be weakest in the living machine.

We have seen in the quotation from Mr. Matthews—that a SIROCCO blew for six days uninterruptedly at Naples, and *that* in the month of March. What must be the consequence of a chilling Tramontane, after a relaxing vapour-bath of six days and nights' duration? In the the same month, and in the same page, we find the following astounding memorandum.

"Seized with an acute pain in my side. Decided pleurisy. Summoned an English surgeon. High fever. Copious bleeding. Owe my life, under Heaven, to the lancet. I find pleurisy is the *endemic* of Naples.*"

The very circumstance, in short, which forms the charm, the attraction, the theme of praise in the Italian climate; is that which renders it dangerous, because deceitful—namely, the *long intervals of fine weather between vicissitudes of great magnitude.* This is the bane of Italy, whose brilliant suns and balmy zephyrs flatter only to betray. They first enervate the constitution; and, when the body is ripe for the impression of the TRAMONTANE, that ruthless blast descends from the mountains on its hapless victim, more fierce and destructive than the outlawed bandit on the unsuspecting traveller!

Italy boasts much of the dryness of her climate. In some places, as at Pisa, there falls as much rain as in Cornwall. In Rome, about one-third less of rain falls than at Penzance, and the number of rainy days is one-third less—being about 117 in the year. This is a poor counterbalance for the *steam* of the Sirocco, and the oppressive stillness of the Roman air. The fogs of England and its cloudy skies furnish constant themes of querulous complaint; but they would be

* Diary of an Invalid, p. 205.

rich treats in Italy, as defences against the torrents of liquid fire that pour down on her vales from a nearly vertical sun in Summer. As rains fall in Italy more seldom than in England, they make up for this infrequency, by precipitating themselves in cataracts, that form mountain torrents which overflow their banks, flood the plains, and saturate every inch of ground with humidity. The deluge over, a powerful sun bursts forth, and rapidly exhales into the air, not only the aqueous vapour from the soil, but the miasmata generated by the decomposition of all the vegetable and animal substances which the rains have destroyed, the floods carried down from the mountains, or the gutters swept out of the streets. If these exhalations rise into the air perfumed with the aroma of ten thousand odoriferous shrubs, breathing their balmy influence over the face of a smiling landscape, they are not the less, but the more dangerous on that account.

Northern strangers, and more especially INVALIDS, unaccustomed to an azure sky and a genial atmosphere in the depth of Winter, sally forth to enjoy the glorious sunshine or resplendent moonlight of Italy —and, like the Grecian shepherds—

> ——————Exulting in the sight,
> Eye the blue vault, and bless the cheerful light!

But they have, too often, reason to curse, in the sequel, the seductive climate of this classic soil, which mingles the poisonous miasma with the refreshing breeze, and thus conveys the germ of future maladies on the wings of fragrant Zephyrs.*

And now having glanced rapidly at the physical features of the climate of Italy, it is natural to enquire what are its general effects on the inhabitants of that renowned territory?

The records of antiquity afford scanty materials for estimating the

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* "This must suffice for the pure, the bright, the fragrant, the classical air of Italy, the Paradise of Europe. To such a pest-house are its blue skies the canopy —and where its bright sun holds out the promise of life and joy, it is but to inflict misery and death. To him who knows what this land is, the sweetest breeze of Summer is attended by an unavoidable sense of fear—and he who, in the language of the poets, wooes the balmy Zephyr of the evening, finds death in its blandishments."—*Macculloch.*

influence of climate on the ancient Romans. And if these records were more complete, they would probably throw but little light on the present inquiry. The climate of Italy has undergone nearly as great a revolution as the political power or moral circumstances of its inhabitants, since the commencement of the Christian æra. In the time of Ovid, the Black Sea, on whose dreary shores the effeminate poet ended his days in hopeless, and rather unmanly exile, was sometimes locked up in ice for years in succession. Pliny, the younger, informs us that he was unable to raise the olive and myrtle, *in the open air*, at his country seat in Tuscany, where they now flourish so luxuriantly. The poets are full of descriptions of the frozen Tiber, and the cold of Italy, during Winter. The cold is still felt; but the ice and snow of the plains and rivers have nearly disappeared. The land itself has undergone great revolutions by earthquakes and subterranean fires. The eastern, or Adriatic side of Italy appears to have become elevated, and the western shore depressed, within the last 2000 years. Ravenna, which was once the Portsmouth of Italy, is now some miles from the sea. The Pontine Marshes, which can hardly keep their heads above water at present, (and which, it is to be hoped, will soon be covered by the Mediterranean wave,) were once the seat of some half a hundred cities or towns!! These revolutions have been ridiculously attributed to the encroachment or retrocession of the ocean. Foolish hypothesis! Water will always preserve its level, however land may rise or sink.

The earliest authority, on the subject of longevity, among the Romans, is Ulpianus, secretary and minister of Alexander Severus. According to him, a register was kept of the age, sex, diseases, and death of the Roman Citizens from the time of Servius Tullius to Justinian, comprehending a period of ten consecutive centuries. The mortality of the great mass of the population, however, consisting of slaves, &c. is left out of sight—and, consequently, Ulpianus' tables relate to what may be termed *picked* lives.

"From observations formed on 1000 years, the expectation, or mean term of Roman life, has been fixed at *thirty* years. To make a just comparison of the value of life in Rome and in England, we must select subjects in England similarly circumstanced, of a condition relatively easy: and the result discloses an extension of life remarkably in our favour. Mr. Finlayson has ascertained, from very

extensive observation, on the decrement of life prevailing among the nominees of the *tontines*, and other life annuities granted by authority of Parliament, during the last forty years, that the expectation of life is above *fifty* years for persons thus situated, which affords our easy classes a superiority of *twenty* years above the Roman citizen. The expectation of life for the whole mass of Britain is at least one in *forty-five*, which affords to all our classes a superiority of *fifteen* years above even the easy classes of the Romans."*

But, descending at once from antiquity to our own times, let us compare the decrement of human life in the two Modern Babylons, Rome and London. "On an average (says Hawkins) of the ten years from 1816 to 1826, the annual mortality, in Rome, was 1 in $24\frac{3}{4}$." That is, out of every 25 individuals, in the Eternal City, one was annually buried. In Naples the ratio of mortality is somewhat less—being 1 in $28\frac{1}{4}$ annually. Let us now look to London. The rate of mortality there is, annually, 1 in 40. In England generally it is 1 in 60. In Paris, it is 1 in 32—in France generally it is 1 in 40 (the same as London, and 20 more unfavourable than England). In Nice, it is 1 in 31—in Glasgow, it is 1 in 44.—In the Pays de Vaud, 1 in 49, or 11 more unfavourable than England generally.†

These statistical facts substantiate, in the most unequivocal manner, the conclusions which an attentive observer would naturally draw from a survey of the inhabitants, an examination of the soil, and an experience of the climate of Italy—namely, that this portion of the earth is much less favourable to the health and longevity of man than England. But the question may be raised—is the climate of Italy injurious to strangers who are only temporary residents in that country? This question, I conceive, hinges essentially on the extent of the temporary residence. If the sojourn continues during a whole year—that is, throughout the entire range of the seasons, I think injury, of greater or less amount, will be sustained by the constitution—not per-

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* Hawkins' Statistics, p. 7.

It appears, from the same author, that the probability of life, for the whole population of Florence (one of the healthiest parts of Italy) is the same, at this time, as that of the easy class of Romans in the days of Ulpianus—namely, *fifteen years* less than that of the inhabitants of the aspersed climate of Great Britain!

† Hawkins' Statistics.

haps in the shape of immediate or actual illness, but in the reception of those germs of disease which are afterwards to take on activity and growth.

The opinions which have been broached or entertained by medical writers, both in this and other countries, respecting the medical effects of certain places of resort, should be received with caution, if not with distrust. If half the diseases which are said to be cured by Cheltenham, Bath, Harrogate, and other places, were really arrested in their course, we cannot help wondering that any one should be suffered to die in these islands. But however delicious may be the climates of Rome, Naples, Pisa, &c. we find that the greater number of medical practitioners, as well as English families, leave these interesting spots in the Summer, and place the Alps between them and fair Italy. Of those who remain on the Italian side of these mountains, all who can afford the time or expense, remove to certain localities, where the air is more cool, and the malaria less prevalent than in the cities and on the plains.

There are some, whose circumstances or inclinations induce them to remain permanently in Florence, Rome, and Naples. Very few of these last fail to exhibit the marks of a deleterious climate in their countenances.* Even those who enjoy the advantage of migration to Switzerland during the malarious season, acknowledge that they begin to feel the depressive and injurious effects of the Roman air from the time they cross the Apennines on their return to the Eternal City.

That people in health may wander through Italy, in safety, at all periods between September and June, I can have no doubt. Nor is it probable that even a sedentary residence in that classic land would be injurious during the Winter, with common precaution against the climate. If this view of the subject be correct, it abridges not the rational pleasure of a tour through the most renowned country on the surface of this globe—a tour capable of affording instruction as well as pleasure—and what, perhaps, is superior to both—a conviction, on

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* I have recently seen three or four examples of paralysis in young gentlemen who travelled through Italy in the Summer, and consequently were exposed to malaria at the time when it is most in activity.

returning, that ENGLAND, with all its faults and imperfections, has little cause to envy the nectarious grapes, the savoury olives, the cloudless skies, or the scented gales of Italy.

It is not for me, in this place, to predicate the influence of frequent travels or protracted sojourns in a climate so celebrated, in all ages, for its enervating effects on the minds and bodies of its inhabitants—a climate which unmanned not only the conquering Romans but the conquerors of Rome—a climate which, by melting down, amalgamating, and moulding into Italian models, the rugged forms, the savage manners, and the ruthless features of the African and Goth, of the Vandal and the Hun, has performed more astonishing metamorphoses than the pen of Ovid, or even the wand of Moses! Is it entirely beyond the range of possibility, that a climate, possessing such wonderful powers, should, in process of time, be adequate to the conversion of a blunt and artless JOHN BULL into a smooth-tongued and wily ITALIAN?

SECTION THE SECOND.

MEDICINAL INFLUENCE OF AN ITALIAN CLIMATE.

WE now approach a very important subject of inquiry, involving the health—perhaps the lives, of hundreds, or even thousands of our countrymen and women, annually, besides the happiness or misery of a still wider circle of their friends. The God of Nature has so deeply implanted the LOVE OF LIFE in every human breast, that no torture of the body, no anguish of the soul, can, for a moment, suspend its influence over the mind, while Reason bears sway. This instinctive principle of self-preservation, in man as well as in animals, is joined, in certain circumstances now under consideration, by another passion, not less instinctive, and scarcely less impulsive—PARENTAL AFFECTION.

When health is assailed, and life menaced in tender youth, the solicitude of parents is ever ready to make any sacrifice for warding off the danger;—and it is at this critical period, that a remedial or preventive measure, difficult in its execution, hazardous in its result, and

too often erroneous in its principle, is put into operation on a slender foundation of hope, and perhaps on a doubtful accuracy of discrimination.

Fortunately for the sufferings of British invalids, the question respecting a foreign climate in PULMONARY CONSUMPTION has lately been narrowed very much—since it is now universally acknowledged that, when the disease actually exists, viz. where tubercles of the lungs (constituting the essential cause of the malady) have softened down, and begun to appear in the form of purulent expectoration, a southern climate is not only useless, but injurious. The advocates of Italy or the South of France, now limit the utility of those climates to a somewhat undefinable state of the human constitution, termed—"disposition towards consumption"—"tubercular cachexy"—in short, to *delicate health*, without any tangible disease. This cachectic habit has been characterized by pallor of the complexion, subject to sudden changes—pearly whiteness of the eyes—languor of the countenance—dryness of the skin, or alternate dryness and moisture—quickness of the pulse—various derangements of the digestive organs—and a readiness to be put out of breath on taking exercise. In cases like these, I have little doubt that a journey to Italy, or a Winter's residence there, would be often beneficial to the general health; but there are very few who would think of going to a foreign climate, solely for the purpose of correcting a delicacy of health corresponding with the foregoing statement.

But when, to this condition of health, are superadded cough, pain in the chest, shortness of breath in exercise, and feverish symptoms, the important question then comes to be agitated—are there, or are there not TUBERCLES in the lungs? It is often extremely difficult to solve this question, after the most careful examination of the symptoms and the most accurate investigation by the stethoscope—notwithstanding the confidence with which some medical men determine the point.

Supposing, however, that we have strong reason to calculate on the existence of tubercles (which, unfortunately, is but too often the case) how are we to ascertain the *progress* which they have made, between the size of millet-seeds and that of nutmegs—between induration and fluidity? These bodies may be perfectly inert in themselves, though of considerable magnitude and in great numbers, producing little other

inconvenience than that of merely diminishing the capacity of the lungs for air by their presence: or they may be softening down, and on the very point of bursting forth into the air-tubes, and thus exhibiting the fearful criterion of confirmed consumption—still without any alarming symptoms. The difficulty, then, of ascertaining the *advance* which these tubercles may have made, and the degree of inertness or activity in which they exist, is extremely great—and yet it is unquestionably upon an accurate discrimination of this point, that the propriety or impropriety of emigrating to a southern climate hinges. Without any other than the symptoms of general delicacy of health, before alluded to, or the superadded ones of a dry cough, &c. the tubercles may be so ripe and so softened down, that before the invalid passes the Alps or the Apennines, they may burst forth, and then the discovery is made, when too late, that the patient is in a worse climate for PULMONARY CONSUMPTION than the one which has been abandoned at so great a sacrifice! This is an every-day occurrence; and the chance of such an event is a fearful drawback on the benefits of a warm climate in affections of the chest.

But, granting that the pulmonary tubercles are in a quiescent state, (in which state we know they very often remain during a long life, and with little inconvenience,) do we run no risk of their being excited into activity by those excessive atmospheric transitions which occur in Italy? I have endeavoured to shew, that the longer the intervals between these vicissitudes, and the greater their range when they take place, the more dangerous they are, and the more likely to kindle up inflammation in the chest, and thus accelerate the march of the tubercular affection. To these draw-backs, we are to add the discomforts and inconveniences of Italian houses, which are all calculated to shade us from heat rather than protect us from cold—the ardent suns of Summer being a still greater nuisance than the chilling winds of Winter.

The experience of an invalid is sometimes equivalent to the theory of a doctor; and those who think of travelling to Italy for the purpose of evading cold or dampness, and of enjoying sunshine and dry air, had better persue the following sentiments of Mr. Matthews, who laboured under a pulmonary affection himself, and whose accuracy and veracity cannot be questioned, before they start on this eventful journey.

"*Rome, Dec. 20th.* The more I see of Italy, the more I doubt whether it be worth while for an invalid to encounter the fatigues of so long a journey, for the sake of any advantages to be found in it, in respect of climate, during the Winter. To come to Italy, with the hope of *escaping* the Winter, is a grevious mistake. This might be done by getting into the southern hemisphere, but in Europe it is impossible; and, I believe, that Devonshire after all, may be the best place for an invalid, during that season. If the thermometer be not so low here, the temperature is *more variable*, and the winds are *more bitter and cutting*. In Devonshire too, all the comforts of the country are directed against cold;—here, all the precautions are the other way. The streets are built to exclude as much as possible the rays of the sun, *and are now as damp and cold, as rain or frost can make them.* And then,—what a difference between the warm carpet, the snug elbowed chair, and the blazing coal-fire of an English Winter evening; and the stone staircases, marble floors, and starving casements of an Italian house!—where every thing is designed to guard against the heat of Summer; which occupies as large a portion of the Italian year, as the Winter season does of our own. The only advantage of Italy then is, that your penance is *shorter* than it would be in England; for I repeat, that during the time it lasts, *Winter is more severely felt here, than at Sidmouth*, where I would even recommend an Italian invalid to repair, from November till February;—if he could possess himself of Fortunatus's cap, to remove the difficulties of the journey.

Having provided myself with a warm cloak,—which is absolutely necessary, where the temperature varies *twenty degrees between one street and another*,—I have been proceeding leisurely through the wonders of Rome."*

To the foregoing testimony of an invalid, let us add the following statement from a physician (Dr. Clark) who had practised ten years at Rome, and who has written a valuable work on the climate of Italy.

"Inflammatory affections of the chest rank next, in point of frequency, among the diseases of *Winter and Spring* at Rome. *Acute*

* Diary of an Invalid, p. 72.

inflammation of the lungs appeared to me more violent and more rapid in its course, than in England and other northern countries. This remark does not apply to Rome only, but I believe to the whole of Italy, and to warm climates generally. When at Dresden, Dr. Kreysig, of that place, remarked to me that he had never witnessed such violent cases of pneumatic inflammation in Germany, as he saw during his stay at Pavia. In Rome, the obstinacy and mortality of pulmonary diseases are greatly increased, I believe, by their frequent complications with enlarged and otherwise diseased abdominal viscera, the consequence of malaria fever."

The sum total of our knowledge, then, on this important point, appears to stand thus:—I. In DELICATE HEALTH, without any proof of organic changes in the lungs—in what is called a "tendency to pulmonary affection," a journey to Italy, and a Winter's residence there, (under strict caution,) offer probabilities of an amelioration of health:—II. In cases where there is a suspicion or certainty of tubercles in the lungs, not softened down or attended with purulent expectoration, an Italian climate, *may* do some good, and *may* do much harm—the chances being pretty nearly balanced:—III. Where tuberculous matter appears in the expectoration, and where the stethoscope indicates that a considerable portion of the lungs is unfitted for respiration, a southern climate is more likely to accelerate than retard the fatal event—and takes away the few chances that remain of final recovery.

If this be a correct estimate (it is at least an honest one) of the influence of an Italian climate on constitutions disposed to, or affected by PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, it shews that medical men incur a fearful responsibility in proposing to the parents and friends of invalids, a measure which is fraught with danger, involved in uncertainty, and too often attended by the most destructive sacrifices of the feelings as well as the finances of the parties concerned!

Those who have not witnessed lingering illness and death-bed scenes in distant climes, can form no just conception of the tide of mournful emotions which daily rushes over the mind of the dying stranger in a foreign land. Death is deprived of more than half his terrors by the sympathy of friends, and the consciousness that our ashes shall be deposited in the land that gave us birth, near those whom, in life, we cherished, loved, or revered! This may be a pre-

judice—perhaps even a weakness; yet it is NATURAL—it is instinctive—and the instincts of Nature can seldom be entirely repulsed, even by the most philosophic minds.

"Expellas NATURAM furca tamen usque recurrit."

But the sigh of sorrow, perhaps of regret, is not always buried in the grave of the sufferer, on these occasions. The COMPANION, who counts the tedious hours of protracted disease, and closes the eyes of the departed friend in a foreign country, undergoes a terrible ordeal, always harassing to the feelings, and not seldom hazardous to life; —while the surviving relatives, at home, are subject to the painful anxiety of health suspense—sometimes to the poignant stings of remorse, for having suffered the victim of an irremediable malady to expire on a foreign shore!

Heaven forbid that, on such a momentous question as this, involving the lives of my fellow-creatures, I should throw the weight of a feather in the scale against the preservation, or even the prolongation of human existence; but I have lived too long, and seen too much, not to know the errors of discrimination and the fallacies of hope, that send PULMONARY invalids from the gloomy skies but comfortable abodes of England, to lands where comfort is unknown, even by name, and whose atmospheres cannot work miracles, whatever their saints may do. The balance, indeed, between permanent benefit and blighted expectation, or even actual injury, is so nearly poised, that a breath may turn the scale. That breath is as often one of error as of judgment. The consequences are obvious.

But there is a large class of complaints which *resemble* CONSUMPTION, and which, I have no doubt, contribute much to the reputation of southern climates, for the cure of that terrible scourge. These are bronchial affections, viz:—chronic inflammation or irritation of the mucous membrane of the lungs. The journey to Rome or to Pisa, and the mild air of the Winter in those places, with care to avoid sudden transitions, often cure or greatly relieve these complaints, and the individuals are said to be saved from tubercular consumption. The greatest care—sometimes considerable power of diagnosis, is required to discriminate the *bronchial* from the *tubercular* affection—and yet, upon this discrimination, often hangs the fate of

the patient, or, at all events, the propriety of migrating to a southern clime. The science of auscultation, now so ardently cultivated, will prevent much injudicious advice being given by the profession, and much serious injury being sustained by invalids.

It is also probable that, in some cases where there is a very partial or circumscribed tuberculation of the lungs, (the rest of the apparatus being unaffected,) a Winter's residence in Rome, Pisa, or Nice, might be beneficial. This is the opinion, at least, of Dr. Clark; but here the greatest care is to be taken, in examination with the stethoscope, to ascertain that the expectoration comes from a very small excavation, the lungs being elsewhere in a sound state.

There are several other infirmities, for the cure or mitigation of which, the climate of Italy is recommended. One of these is CHRONIC RHEUMATISM—and we have the testimony of Dr. Clark and others, that benefit is often derived, in this complaint, from a residence of some duration at ROME or NICE. This is probably the case; since the cold winds of Italy are dry, and the hot winds are moist—circumstances rather favourable to rheumatism. But it should be remembered that rheumatism is very closely allied to neuralgia, and produced, not seldom, by the same cause—MALARIA. We shall probably therefore be no greater gainers by depositing rheumatism in the Eternal City, and bringing back TIC DOULOUREUX, or some other malarious disease in its stead. Whatever advantage, then, the rheumatic invalid may derive from the climate of Rome or Nice, during the Winter, one position may be safely laid down—that he should avoid those seasons and those places where MALARIA obtains —in other words, that he should quit Italy in Summer.*

NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Under this vague term a host of dissimilar and really different maladies is comprehended. There is no doubt that a *journey* to

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* Dr. Clark, when speaking of rheumatism, as benefited by Italy, thus concludes:—"But even these cases seldom bear a second Summer in Italy. Indeed, by far the greater number of invalids who have derived benefit from the Italian Climate, during the Winter, will do well to quit it on the approach of Summer."

Rome would generally be beneficial to people affected with nervous complaints; but it is very questionable if a residence there would be productive of substantial good. It is a remarkable fact that the inhabitants of the Eternal City are characterized by a peculiar sensibility of the nervous system—evinced by a disposition to convulsive affections, from causes quite inadequate to the production of such phenomena in other people and in other countries. The inordinate sensitiveness of the Roman ladies to perfumes is well known, and might be almost taken for freaks of the fancy, were it not so well authenticated. It is a susceptibility, too, of recent origin. The Roman matrons of old were fond of perfumes—those of the present day often faint, or go into convulsions, on perceiving the odour of the most pleasant flower. And not females only, but effeminate males evince the same morbid sensibility to odoriferous emanations.* The causes of this phenomenon have given rise to diversity of opinions. The Roman physician (Mattæi) attributes it to "the daily increasing mobility of the nervous system, produced by the luxurious and listless life of the Roman people."† But Dr. Clark, while he admits that such a life may have tended to originate this morbid sensibility, and that, when once acquired, it may be transmitted from parent to progeny—believes that "*the climate of Rome has some specific effect in inducing this state of the nervous system.*" I have no doubt of it. And my only wonder is, that Dr. Clark, during ten years' residence there, did not find out what this something is. He says, in the same page:—"Even a temporary residence of some duration at Rome, produces a degree of the same morbid sensibility, and, in cases where the Roman mode of living cannot be adduced as the cause." I think I hear the reader ask, what is this cause, then, which has so much puzzled the doctors? If compelled to answer, I would say that it is the habituation to the STINK of the Roman streets, which perverts the sensibilities of the olfactory nerves—renders them unaccustomed

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* Dr. Mattæi (whom I had the pleasure of knowing in Rome) states, in his clinical work, as follows:—"Nostra vero ætate nervosæ affectiones, vulgo *tirature*, seu convulsiones *communissimæ* sunt, fœminis presertim, *effeminatisque viris*, quorum corpora a tam levibus causis commoveri solent, ut odorum licet gratissimorum vis ea facile perturbet ac male afficiet."

† "A molli inertique vita in Romanis incolis."

to decent smells—and throws them into convulsions on contact with a perfume. I accord entirely with Mr. Matthews, in the opinion that the former MISTRESS of the WORLD is now the dirtiest city in Europe —with the exception of Lisbon. This solution explains another part of the phenomenon which puzzles Dr. Clark. "It is to be remarked, (says he,) that it is not *disagreeable odours* which produce such effects on the nervous system, but the more *delicate*, and to northern nations, *agreeable odours* of flowers and other perfumes." No doubt of it. If mal-odorous exhalations had been capable of inducing convulsions, Rome would, long since, have cured the evil effectually, by removing from the presence of her insulted ruins, the cause of it—MAN!

But there is another and a much more formidable malady, or rather class of maladies, to which the Romans are peculiarly prone—namely, *sudden death*—or, as it is coolly called, ACCIDENTE—which is sometimes sporadic, sometimes EPIDEMIC in Rome.* Whether this terrific agent of the Grim Tyrant acts through the medium of apoplexy or diseases of the heart, the Roman physicians have not ascertained—but one thing is clear, that the climate of the Eternal City is extremely hostile to the brain and nervous system—and consequently all who have any tendency to fulness about the head should be shy of residence there. Dr. Clark observes that—"head-achs are common at Rome, and, among strangers, he has found them of very frequent occurrence." The same author, however, informs us that *bronchial affections* (chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane of the air tubes) are generally benefited by a Winter's residence in Rome—as also chronic rheumatism. But the passage which I have already quoted, some pages back, from Dr. Clark, respecting the frequency and severity of inflammatory affections of the chest, during Winter and Spring, in Rome, cast strong doubts on this utility of the climate in CHRONIC BRONCHITIS. That the Italian winds, like the satyr's breath, blow hot and cold, almost at the same moment, I am ready to grant; but, in a strictly medical sense, I leave my talented friend to explain how a climate, in which "acute inflammation of the lungs appeared more

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* "Subitanea scilicet mors, *vulgo* ACCIDENTE, quæ a diversis causis ortum ducens, modo sporadica, modo quasi epidemica obrepit."—*Mattæi.*

violent and more rapid in its course than in England," can possess the singular and felicitous property of relieving already existing inflammation of the tubes leading to the same organ. I bow to his authority, as to the *fact*—I only state the difficulty of the *explanation.** But I shall conclude the subject of apoplexy and nervous affections, with the following short and apposite sentence from the same author.

"For persons disposed to apoplexy or nervous diseases, ROME, of course, would not be selected as a residence—nor is it proper for persons disposed to *hæmorrhagic* diseases—or for those who have suffered from intermittent fevers."

I need hardly say that hæmorrhage, or bleeding from the lungs, is one of the most common precursors, causes, and accompaniments of pulmonary consumption ;—and this fact, taken in conjunction with all that has been offered respecting the climate of Rome—one of the most favourable of the Italian climates for consumption—ought to inspire serious doubts as to the propriety of directing phthisical invalids to the Eternal City—unless it be for the purpose of enjoying eternal repose near the pyramid of CAIUS CESTIUS.†

DISORDERS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

This comprehends a large tribe of those bottle and table imps which annoy frail man on his short journey through life. Those who are afflicted with the miseries of what are known under the designation of INDIGESTION—BILIOUS COMPLAINTS—STOMACH AFFECTIONS—or whatever other term may be given to this Proteian class of maladies, have an insatiable desire for change of scene, and a restless impatience of remaining long in the same place. It becomes then a very important question to determine whether or not a journey to Italy, and a

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* Dr. Potter (an English medical gentleman) and myself counted upwards of 70 cases of confirmed consumption in the wards of one hospital at Naples!

† The English burial ground—where a fosse or ditch, instead of a wall, surrounds and protects those "frail memorials" of our departed countrymen, which—

"Implore the passing tribute of a sigh,"

from every one who has a spark of feeling in the heart.—*See View from the Tower of the Capitol, p.* 179.

residence there might be beneficial? That the journey thither would be productive of benefit, I can have no doubt:—but that a Winter's residence in any one place, between the Alps and Sicily, would confer a permanent or even a temporary immunity from suffering, on the dsyspeptic invalid, is more than I would confidently assert, or peremptorily deny. Much would depend on the temperament, the taste, and the education of the individual. Italy supplies ample sources of excitement for the various faculties of the mind—but it is not less fertile in the production of deleterious agencies on the functions of the body. The HYPOCHONDRIAC has such a strong propensity to dwell on his own gloomy feelings, and so little inclination to indulge in the cheerful ranges of a discursive imagination, that classical and historical reminiscences, even if their foundations were laid in early life, are not readily called forth by the unfortunate DYSPEPTIC, unless his corporeal functions are kept in comparative vigour and activity, by frequent change of scene and regular exercise of the muscles.

It is to be remembered that I am now speaking of the means of recruiting the HEALTH of the BODY—and not those of improving or embellishing the acquirements of the mind. Dyspeptic and hypochondriacal invalids are seldom in the mood—not often, indeed, of the age or temperament, for deriving amusement or pleasure from antiquities, paintings, or sculpture. Nor are the acid wines and oily dishes of Italy very well calculated to tranquillize their stomachs or assist their digestion, while leading a sedentary, or at most, a sauntering, life among the solitudes of Rome. The air of the Campagna, at all times, has a depressing effect on the animal spirits—and the enervating SIROCCO is infinitely more suicidal in its tendency, than the November fogs of an English atmosphere. There is, however, one exceedingly curious and important circumstance, which has almost entirely eluded medical observation;—it is that impression of malaria on the nerves and digestive organs, by which their functions are disturbed, and by which disturbance, or by the original malarious impression, or both combined, a gloomy horror or despondency is occasionally generated, which is, perhaps, the most dreadful sensation to bear of any in the long black catalogue of human afflictions. That a considerable number of nervous and stomach-complaints are the result of malaria, even in England, I have had the strongest reasons to know for several years past—and hence, perhaps, one cause at

least of the benefit which "CHANGE OF AIR" confers on the nervous and dyspeptic invalid. While speaking of malaria, in a former section of this volume, I alluded to the *periodical* character which most of its disorders assume. This is peculiarly the case when it produces, or contributes to produce, through the instrumentality of dyspepsia, that terrible mental despondency—or, as I have heard it emphatically termed by some of its victims, that "utter desolation of heart," which suddenly overcasts the sunshine of the soul—prostrates the most energetic intellect—and converts, with magic wand, the smiling landscape of hope into the gloomy desert of despair.*

Those invalids who conceive that Italy and other southern lands can give out no morbific miasmata—that is to say—MALARIA, except in Summer, will find themselves very much mistaken. There are innumerable localities in that fair land, and many periods, even of a Winter's day in Italy, which are quite adequate to the production of minute doses of the invisible poison, that may lay the foundation of discomforts, or even disorders far more injurious than a regular ague. Residentiary invalids, then (for I do not speak of people in perfect health) should beware of four things—exposure to a hot sun—to night air—to fatigue, in sight-seeing—and to improper regimen. Either or

* A gentleman was exposed to the emanations from a drain or sewer, which had become obstructed in his own house in London. He was soon afterwards seized with an ague, although he had not been out of the metropolis for years. The ague was easily cured by the proper remedies; but, for a long time afterwards, it harassed him in quite a different shape—namely, in that of a sudden dread or horror of—he knew not what. It usually recurred at the same hour of the day, and would last from two to three or four hours, during which the individual suffered the miseries of the damned. Indigestible food, acid wine, or anxiety of mind, was sure to conjure up the ague fiend. It was always readily checked by change of air to the coast; but, like all malarious affections, was easily re-excited. I know hundreds of people who had been exposed to malaria in hot and unhealthy climates, and who were harassed, for years after their return to this country, by these periodical horrors—for I cannot give any other name to the malady. I know many who are affected with a periodical propensity to *suicide*, which generally comes on during the second digestion of food, and goes off when that process is completed. Several instances have come within my knowledge, where individuals have been so well aware of the periodical propensity to self-murder, that they always took precautions against the means of accomplishing that horrid act, some hours before the well-known hour of its accession.

all of these will frequently dispose the constitution to the impression of a malarious emanation which, under other circumstances, would make no impression at all.

Finally, I would say that the dyspeptic, nervous, or hypochondriacal invalid, cannot adopt a more salutary maxim or principle, in Italy, than that which the Home Secretary has laid down for the guidance of the New Police in England—"KEEP MOVING."

SECTION THE THIRD.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF AN ITALIAN CLIMATE AND RESIDENCE.

THE physical influences of a climate on the human constitution, in health or in disease, are matters of fact, or at least of observation; but the *moral* influence of climate and manners are not quite so tangible or obvious—and their nature and amount are more open to speculation and variety of opinion. I touch on this subject with much diffidence, and some reluctance—partly because it embraces topics which it is not pleasant to discuss—partly because I may be considered as going beyond my depth, or venturing into disquisitions for which I am not qualified. In respect to this last objection, I would beg to remark that he is not a good physician who explores the physical, to the exclusion of the moral nature of man—and, if I am not mistaken, the opportunities of studying the philosophy of the mind, enjoyed by the physician, are not inferior to those enjoyed by any other class of enquirers. In courts, and in company, men, and women too, wear masks. On the bed of sickness, danger, or death there is probably as much candour, and as little dissimulation used with the physician as with the priest. But, for obvious reasons, the *former* has infinitely better, as well as more numerous means of becoming acquainted with the operations of mind on matter, and of matter on mind, than the *latter*.

Be this as it may, I shall not presume to investigate systematically or minutely the moral influence of foreign residence on British minds and manners. I shall take but a very cursory view of the subject.

There is not an animal on the surface of this earth so prone to *imitation*, or so capable of accommodating itself to surrounding circumstances, as MAN. This proneness to imitation, and this pliancy of constitution, moral as well as physical, is greatest in youth, and progressively diminishes as age advances.

We see this every day exemplified. A youth cannot go on a week's visit to a relation, without imbibing and bringing back some peculiarity that had been witnessed while away. The youth who travels—and more especially he who sojourns for some time in foreign countries, has an additional impulse given to the natural propensity for imitation —the desire to shew what he has picked up on his peregrinations. The everlasting cigar, in the mouths of all who have crossed the channel—and all who wish to be thought travellers, is an illustration, of which we have ocular and olfactory demonstration daily.

If the propensity in question, evinced itself solely, or even chiefly, by the imitation of good instead of evil example, all would be well. But the very reverse is the case! It is true that vice, depravity, indecency, tyranny, slavery, &c. excite aversion, or even horror, at the first view; and it was probably this obvious and natural sentiment which induced the Spartan parent to exhibit the drunken slaves to his children, under the idea or belief that the sight would act as a preventive to intoxication. If this moral tentative was limited to a single exposure, it is probable that the result was beneficial—but, if such spectacles were often presented to the eyes of the Spartan youth, there is not a doubt that the moral consequences were diametrically the reverse of what were expected. This principle of human nature has been embodied by the poet in the following lines—and never did poetry contain a more solid, though melancholy truth than is here propounded!

> Vice is a monster of such horrid mien
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen—
> Yet seen *too oft*, familiar with his face,
> We soon endure, and, in the end, EMBRACE.

Now what is here said of VICE, applies to every thing, the imitation of which is reprehensible. It may not, therefore, be unprofitable to inquire how far the maxims of the Spartan legislator and the British

poet will bear on a journey through, as compared with a residence in a foreign, and more especially an Italian climate.

I shall arrange the few observations I have to offer, under the following heads, viz. Cleanliness and Delicacy—Industry—Patriotism —Morality—Religion.

CLEANLINESS AND DELICACY.

I do not mean to elevate cleanliness to the rank of a cardinal virtue —though certainly it deserves no mean station among the minor ones. That it is conducive to health, there can be no question; and that its opponent, or contrast, is disgusting to more senses than the sight, till they become *habituated* to its presence, is a position which few will dispute. That *habituation* blunts, and ultimately obliterates all feeling of repugnance to the various grades of uncleanness, from personal MALPROPRETE' to pestilent FILTH, is a fact which every philosophic observer must have verified. It is remarkable that, in a climate, whose high range of temperature so loudly calls for cleanliness, the most abominable effluvia should constantly assail our olfactories, while their still more disgusting sources perpetually offend the eye. It is not less astonishing than true, that the English eye, male and female, will, in the course of a single Winter, become perfectly familiarized to sights and scenes of indescribable nastiness! Look at the PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, the Portland Place of Rome, and the favourite rendezvous of the English. There we see the crystal stream, pure as ever issued from the fountain of Egeria, flowing, day and night, to quench the thirst and cleanse the skins of the Roman population in its neighbourhood. He who walks round this fountain, and who may have travelled in the East, will be reminded of the Indian tanks or jeels, on whose borders the worship of Cloacina is daily and hourly performed! Or, let him lift his eyes to the Chiesa della Trinita di Monti, and ascend the marble stairs of the Pincian Hill. What he may there see, feel, or smell, I shall not attempt to describe; but if, in such a place as the PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, the most obnoxious filth presents itself to our senses, what may be expected in the less Anglicized parts of the Eternal City? A quotation or two from Forsyth may answer this question.

"Whichever road you take, your attention will be divided between magnificence and filth. The inscription, "IMMONDEZZAIO" on the walls of palaces is only an invitation to befoul them. The objects which detain you longest, at TRAJAN'S COLUMN, the FOUNTAIN of TREVI, &c. are inaccessible from ordure."—*Forsyth.**

"Some travellers have compared the PIAZZA DI SPAGNA—the focus of fashion, and the general resort of the English, to Portman Square; —but it is little more than an irregular open space, *a little less nasty* than the other Piazzas in Rome, because the habits of the people are somewhat restrained by the presence of the English. Still there is quite enough left to make me believe the Romans to be the nastiest people in Christendom—if I had not seen the Portuguese."—*Matthews.*

Where general cleanliness is neglected, we can hardly be surprised at personal MALPROPRETE'. But as this is a topic which I dislike to dwell on, I shall dismiss it with a single testimony. National manners are fair game; but personal habits are tender subjects, which should rarely be touched upon. It is impossible, however, to entirely avoid such topics in the train of investigation which I am now pursuing. The civility which I received from the Italians, during my short sojourn among them, forbids me to say any thing personally disadvantageous to them from myself; but the nature of the inquiry compels me to support my postulates by the authority of others.

"The fair Florentines still persist in habits which have been long banished from English society. You will see very elegant women take snuff, spit on the floor, blow their resounding noses in snotted handkerchiefs, clap gentlemen on the thigh, keep conversation continually fluttering on the brink of obscenity—and often pass the line." —*Forsyth.*

What, we may ask, is likely to be the result of protracted residence in Italy, as far as cleanliness is concerned?—an illustration of the SPARTA-POETIC maxim. We are first disgusted with the sight of filth —soon accustomed to its presence—and ultimately *reconciled* to the evil.

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* This is not the case at present. By keeping a good look out, and not trenching too closely on the sides of streets, you may escape pollution in most of the places where the English and other foreigners go daily to see sights.

INDUSTRY.

"*Employment*, which Galen calls '*Nature's physician*,' is so essential to human *happiness*, that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery."—BURTON.

There are few people in the world more industrious than the English—and the nation is not a little indebted for its pre-eminence to this very quality. It is with individuals as with nations:—idleness brings poverty, misery, and various vices in its train; while health, happiness, and competency are sure to pursue the steps of industry. Now, whoever wishes to take lessons in laziness, should go to Italy, where he may study it in perfection among all classes of society, from the haughty Roman patrician down to the half-naked lazarone—the former lounging in his gloomy and stinking palace—the latter basking under the canopy of heaven.

Numerous moral and political causes, in fact, have combined with the burning skies of an Italian Summer, and the mild atmosphere of Winter to relax the corporeal energy and intellectual vigour of the permanent inhabitants;—and, that a portion of this inactivity—this *vis inertiæ*, is communicated, partly by the force of example, partly by the operation of climate, to all who reside for any length of time beneath the skies of Italy, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. This effect is not peculiar to that country alone, but is seen in all hot climates, operating with more or less force, on those who migrate thither from northern regions. Among the consequences, then, of a protracted sojourn in Italy, this principle of inactivity infused into the vigorous minds and bodies of Englishmen, though devoid of culpability, is not to be considered as quite harmless. Idleness has always been recognized as the moth of the mind—and it is so, in a great measure, from its injurious effects on the body.

The Sparta-poetic precept is illustrated by this subject as clearly as by any other. We are first surprised, and somewhat disgusted by the inactivity—or what we often designate by the coarser epithet, *laziness* of the Italians. But TIME and CLIME reconcile us to the habits of the people among whom we sojourn, and not seldom lead to an adoption of them!

PATRIOTISM.

So the loud whirlwind and the torrent's roar
But bind them to their native skies the more.

That the attachment, which man and all animals evince for the land that gave them birth, is an instinctive principle or propensity instilled into the first rudiments of their organization by the hand of Nature, I will not maintain. I rather think that it is the effect of various moral and physical causes acting on the plastic constitution of mind and body in early youth, fostered and confirmed by the precepts of education, and the inferences of reason, in manhood and age. Patriotism is probably only an extended sphere of that local attachment which we feel for the spot where we first drew breath—or rather for the spot associated with all those youthful impressions and emotions so indelibly stamped on the memory, and so hallowed as well as mellowed by the lapse of years.

But however the sentiment of patriotism may be first generated, there can be no doubt that it is equally honourable to the individual and beneficial to society at large. As no private family ever prospered without concord and fidelity among its members; so no nation has ever acquired or maintained either happiness or power, without a strong sense of love of country diffused among its population.

That residence in foreign climes, and especially in Italy or France, undertaken for the selfish purposes of pleasure or economy, (for the *latter* resolves itself into the *former*, after all,) tends to sap the foundation, or, at least, to weaken the force of British patriotism, is as clear as the sun at noon-day. It cannot be otherwise; nor do those who practise voluntary expatriation take much pains to question the inference, or rebut the accusation. With them, the INDULGENCE of the SENSES, in the halcyon days of peace, and the SAFETY of their PERSONS, in the iron times of war, form the Alpha and Omega of their creed—the compass and chart by which they steer!

That numerous heads of English and Irish families have domiciliated in France and Italy, for the laudable purpose of affording to their

progeny a more extended sphere of education and accomplishments than was compatible with their means in England or Ireland, I am well aware. I revere their motives; but they must pardon me if I do not approve their judgment. I am ready to give them full credit for the honourable and parental solicitude of doing that which appears most likely to contribute to the happiness and prosperity of their offspring. But, if some knowledge of the world, and some insight into human nature, induce me to dissent from the conclusions which they have drawn, and to candidly state that dissent, they are bound, in return, to give me credit for honest intentions.

But there is a large class of individuals who have expatriated themselves, during the peace; and who can offer no other reason for so doing, except that of inclination—or rather self-gratification, untinctured by patriotism, or parental affection. This class, I well know, will laugh at the idea of "LOVE of COUNTRY," as a term exploded from the cosmopolitan vocabulary—excepting as it indicates the wisdom of procuring post-horses between Paris and Calais, whenever the country in which they have been squandering their wealth, appears less calculated to afford the means of securing the indulgence of the senses, than their native islands!

MORALITY—VIRTUE.

Frequent compositions with our creditors generally winds up in final bankruptcy. It is the same in morals as in commerce. That religion cannot offer very formidable checks to immorality, or even crime, which hangs up "PLENARY INDULGENCE" on every chapel door. He who can easily clear the board of his conscience on Sunday, has surely a strong temptation to begin chalking up a fresh score on Monday or Tuesday.

I do not deny that there may be Catholic countries where morals are as rigid and continence as austere as in Protestant states—but, where this is the case, the skies must be cooler than those of fair Italy. As this favoured country can boast of more intercessors with Heaven than all Europe besides, it would be strange—indeed it would be somewhat ungrateful, if such inestimable advantages were to be thrown away. This certainty of salvation, therefore, in a land pos-

sessing the keys of Heaven, is one cause, at least, of latitude of conscience on earth.

Two or three extracts from recent writers, will suffice as illustrations of the state of morality and virtue in Italy.

"Prisoners for life to etiquette, the unmarried women of rank are never seen in the Florentine circles,* and their bloom and their hopes wither together in the cell of a convent, or the garret of the palace. The life of the young married dame is, however, as free from restraint, as that of the hapless victim of celibacy is enslaved. After the birth of the son and heir, who is to carry a name registered in history, she legislates for herself, independent of her husband, as her husband is of her: she forms her social establishment—places her *cavaliere servente* at the head of it—and issues that great law of Florentine society to all her subjects—to "*Vivere senza suggezione.*" To this *vivere senza suggezione*† all yields—all submits—even vanity and the toilette strike their labours; and mornings are passed, even by the most determined coquette, on a sopha or couche, in a déshabillé, to which the *senza suggezione* is most perfectly applicable. To this indolent indulgence, a walk in the Mercato Nuova, (the Bond Street of Florence,) or the Lung-Arno, and most frequently alone, or with the *cavaliere servente*, forms an occasional interruption: the robe de chambre and large wrapping shawl are then exchanged for the smart French *douillette* and large bonnet, which frequently shades such eyes and faces as are not always to be found under the chapeaux of the Rue Vivienne."—*Lady Morgan.*

Speaking of the same fashionable residence of the English, Mr. Forsyth observes as follows:—

"Cecisbeism, though, perhaps, as general, is not so formally legalized here as at Naples, where the right of keeping a gallant is

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* "I have, however, seen a matron-mother enter a Florentine assembly between her *cavaliere servente* and her young and innocent bridal daughter, who was thus sent into the world with this fatal example before her eyes. No exposure, no reprobation is adequate to this shameless and unblushing libertinism: to such a mother as this, the hapless victim of circumstances, the libertine of necessity, is a respectable personage."

† "'To live without ceremony.'"—*See*, also, Lord Byron's character of the Italian ladies.

often secured by the marriage-contract; yet here no lady can appear in fashionable company, or before God, without such an attendant. She leaves her husband and children at home, while her professed adulterer conducts her to church, as if purposely to boast before heaven the violation of its own laws. This connection is generally ludicrous, where it is not wicked. The cecisbeo seems vain of the servilities which his mistress studies to impose on him. I once saw a lady bid her Signor Cavaliere stir up her fire, 'Atizzate il mio fuoco.' At the word of command he put his hand under her petticoat, removed the chafing dish, stirred the coals with a small silver shovel which he kept in his pocket, replaced the pan, and re-adjusted her dress.

Let no man tell me that Italian manners should not be tried by English laws. Virtue is of no country. Infidelity is every where vice; nor will its frequency excuse individuals, for individuals have made it universal."

Let us now look to Naples, the other great rendezvous of the British, both male and female.

"Dancing, it would seem, is more unholy than singing, or gambling; for the gaming-hell, under the same roof with the opera, and under the sanction of government, has been allowed to go on without interruption.

'Noctes atque dies patet atri Janua Ditis.'

This is a very large establishment; it holds its daily session in a house in the Corso; and adjourns in the evening to a splendid suite of rooms in the upper part of the opera house. The Neapolitans are devoted to play, and they pursue it with a fatal energy, that hurries many of them to the last stage of the road to ruin.—The relaxation of morals, as you advance towards the south, is very striking.—I am afraid to believe all that I hear of the licentiousness of Naples; but I see enough to make me think nothing impossible.

The plain-speaking of the Neapolitan Ladies is truly surprising;—they call every thing by its right name, without any circumlocution;—and in the reality of a story, whatever be the character of the incidents, there is nothing left to be collected by inference, but the facts are broadly and plainly told, with the most circumstantial details."

If we apply the Sparta-poetic precept in this case, we shall probably

come to the conclusion that, however the system of "PLENARY INDULGENCE" may excite a smile of pity, or even of contempt, in the mind of the transitory passenger, *familiarity* with the precepts and practice of that system may operate a great change in our moral feelings, and induce us ultimately to look with a very indulgent eye on a doctrine which we were at first inclined to condemn!

RELIGION.

I approach this sacred subject, not as a BIGOT, who condemns every mode of faith that differs, even in shade, from his own; nor as a SCEPTIC, who believes in no religion—but as a philosopher, who wishes rather to estimate the moral influence of different systems of religion on earth, than to weigh their intrinsic merits in the eye of Heaven. The latter task, not less dangerous than difficult, I leave to the province of the divine. The fundamental objects of every religion I imagine to be these—first, to foster the good and check the evil propensities of man's nature in this world—and, secondly, to procure him immortality and happiness in the next. How far the Catholic system of faith and worship, as professed and practised on the classic soil of Italy, is calculated to secure the salvation of the soul, I will not venture to judge, for the reason above-mentioned. But I deem it not out of my province to form some estimate of its influence over virtue and vice—and of its tendency to good or evil actions in the common affairs of life.

I humbly conceive that there are two radical defects in the Catholic religion, as practised in Italy—first, the facility of absolution, before alluded to—and secondly, the perpetual intervention of saints and angels between the human heart, whether in a state of contrition or adoration, and the throne of our Creator. I need not repeat what I have already said, as to the baleful effects of cheap and easy remission of sins, through the medium of heartless ceremonies, if not virtual bribery. It is now pretty well ascertained that, in proportion as the duty on a contraband article is diminished, the consumption will increase, so as that the revenue loses nothing by relaxation of its demands. I believe the same maxim will hold good as to moral articles of contraband—especially where no worldly *dishonour* attaches

to breaches of the law. It is impossible to view the facilities with which sins are washed away in Italy, (not to speak of the *permissions* to commit them,) without coming to the conclusion that one of the most effectual checks to vice which religion affords, is thus rendered not only inefficient, but absolutely conducive to the evil which it is intended to remedy.

Forsyth, while speaking of certain scenes which took place at Naples during a memorable epoch still fresh in the recollections of the present race, has the following passage.

"They reeled ferociously from party to party, from saint to saint, and were steady to nothing but *but mischief and the church.* Those cannibals, feasting at their fires on human carnage,* would kneel down and beat their breasts in the fervour of devotion, whenever the sacring bell went past to the sick; and some of Ruffo's cut-throats would never mount their horses without crossing themselves and muttering a prayer."

The perpetual intercession of saints and angels, not to speak of priests and relics of the dead, in pardoning sins and saving souls, must inevitably diminish, if not destroy that awful solemnity which attends, or ought to attend, a direct appeal from man to his Maker.

In respect to the pompous formalities, the gorgeous imagery, the superstitious rites, the solemn mockeries, and the sickening delusions of Italian WORSHIP, whatever influence they may have on people im-

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* "Modesty must draw a veil over those lovely young women who, to gratify two passions at once, were led naked to mutilation and death. Another outrage, too horrible for modern language, I shall leave Juvenal to describe *literally.*

———— Ut multis mortuus unus
Sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit
Victrix turba.

A gentleman, whom I knew at Naples, had unguardedly entered a street where a circle of such cannibals stood revelling round a fire. He wished to retreat; but he was afraid of appearing afraid. He, therefore, advanced towards the crowd, who instantly seized and threatened him with the fate of a rebel. In vain did he protest his loyalty to the king and cardinal. 'You must prove it,' said they; 'here, take this broiled slice of a jacobin's haunch and eat it before us.' He shuddered at the idea and hesitated for a moment, till one of the monsters forced it in his mouth, and thus created a perpetual loathing of all animal food."

mersed in ignorance and trammeled in priestcraft—they can have but one of two effects upon Englishmen—that of turning the Romish religion into ridicule, in strong minds—or that of overpowering and *converting* minds that are weak! The *latter* is probably the less deplorable of the two evils.* I suspect that the habit of despising religions different from our own, does not always strengthen our veneration for that which we ourselves profess. I speak of those who have travelled through various countries, and who have contemplated the superstitions, as they call them, of the people among whom they have sojourned. Experience, not very limited, has convinced me that the genuine precepts and doctrines of Christianity inculcated in early life at home, have not gained, *in general*, by intercourse with foreigners, whether Christian or Heathen.

"There is no more *pleasant or fantastic* sight (says a talented modern writer) than that presented by the groups which ascend the Quirinal on Sunday mornings; some on foot, some in carriages, but all bending towards that shrine of weekly pilgrimage to foreign visitants, the Pope's Chapel. Members of all churches, and professors of all sects, cardinals and their suites in their gaudy glass-coaches, monks on foot, and carabineers on horseback, all pour through massive portals, which are still guarded by 'gigantic Switzers,' habited in the same trunk hose, buff jerkins, laced ruffs, and leathern bonnets, as they wore when they lost the Bicoque in the plains of Lombardy!—all urge their way through colonnades and hills till the temple is reached, at whose entrance the sexes separate. There the subaltern clergy of the chapel (in such a curious and grotesque variety of costume as might supply the carnival masquerades of Paris) present themselves to do the honours deputed to their care. *To the heretics of England is invariably assigned the place of distinction*; while, if some devout Italian Catholic appear, (a rare event,) he is elbowed off; for here the joy is literally for the arrival of the sinner,

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* Were I asked what is the *state of religion* in France? I would answer by asking another question:—What is the *religion of the state*? Certainly there is not much chance of our English youth being converted to the Catholic or to any other *faith* in France:—but whether they may come back to their native land improved in the principles and practices of their national religion, is a question which I leave for others to solve!

not for the just; and Mother Church sets aside the claims of her legitimate children, in favour of the spurious offspring of Luther, Calvin, or—Joanna Southcote.

The Chapel of the Quirinal is at last filled to suffocation. The tribunes on either side are occupied by *the elegantes of London and Paris, Petersburgh and Vienna, Cracow or New York.* In the central nave the throng is composed of abbots, priors, and dignitaries in grand costume,—the Mamelukes of the church! Roman generals, all armed for the military service of the altar, the only service they have ever seen—monks, guards, friars, Swiss soldiers, and officers of state!—Outside a *cordon*, drawn round the choir, are placed the foreign gentlemen. The choir, the scene of action, all brilliant and beautiful, is still a void. When the signal is given, the crowd divides! and the procession begins!—'Mutes and others' form the *avant-garde* of the pageant, and lead the way. Then comes, personified Infallibility! feeble as womanhood! helpless as infancy! withered by time, and bent by infirmity; but borne aloft, like some idol of Pagan worship, on the necks of men, above all human contact. The Conclave follows, each of its princes robed like an Eastern Sultan! Habits of silk and brocade, glittering with gold and silver, succeeded by robes of velvet, and vestments of point lace, the envy of reigning empresses. The toilette of these Church exquisites is perfect: not a hair displaced, not a point neglected, from the powdered toupee to the diamond shoe-buckle. The Pope is at last deposited on his golden throne: his ecclesiastical attendants fold round him his ample caftan, white and brilliant as the nuptial dress of bridal queens! they arrange his dazzling mitre: *they blow his nose; they wipe his mouth, and exhibit the representation of Divinity in all the disgusting helplessness of drivelling caducity.* His Holiness being thus cradled on a throne to which Emperors once knelt, the Conservators of Rome, the caryatides of the Church, place themselves meekly at its steps, and the manikin, who represents the Roman senate, precisely in his look and dress resembling Brid'oison, in the '*Mariage de Figaro*,' takes his humble station near that Imperial seat, more gorgeous than any the Cæsars ever mounted. Meantime the demigods of the Conclave repose their eminences in their stalls on velvet cushions, and their *caudatorj* (or tail-bearers) place themselves at their feet. In the centre, stand or sit, on the steps of the high altar, the bishops, with

their superb mitres and tissued vestments. Then the choir raises the high hosannahs; the Pope pontificates; and the Temple of Jupiter never witnessed rites so imposing, or so splendid. Golden censers fling their odours on the air! harmony the most perfect, and movements the most gracious, delight the ear and eye! At the elevation of the host, a silence more impressive than even this 'solemn concord of sweet sounds' succeeds; all fall prostrate to the earth; and the military falling lower than all, lay their arms of destruction at the feet of that mystery, operated in memory of the salvation of mankind.

The ceremony is at last concluded. The procession returns as it entered. The congregation rush after; and the next moment, the anti-room of this religious temple resembles the saloon of the opera. The abbots and priors mingle among the lay crowd, and the cardinals chat with pretty women, sport their red stockings, and ask their opinions of the Pope's Pontification, as a *Merveilleux* of the Opera at Paris takes snuff, and demands of his *Chère-Belle*, '*Comment trouvez vous ça, Comtesse?*' Bows, and courtesies, and recognitions—'nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles'—fill up the waiting-time for carriages; and then all depart from the Quirinal to re-congregate at St. Peter's, to hear vespers, give rendezvous, and make parties for the Opera, with which the English—*the Sunday-loving English—close their Sabbath-day in Italy.* For English cant is left on English shores; and the most rigid observers of forms at home, '*being at Rome, do as Rome does!*'"

Such is the FINISH which modern manners have rendered essential for the youth of our English nobility and gentry! It will produce glorious fruit in the course of time! Let fathers and mothers reflect on this, and be convinced that no sacrifice is too great, in procuring for their sons and daughters such an admirable basis on which their religious and moral principles may repose.

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